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A BOOK OF CAMBRIDGE VERSE

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Clare Bridge

A BOOK OF CAMBRIDGE VERSE

Edited by

E. E. KELLETT

Cambridge :
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1911

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So he that takes the pain to pen the booke
Reapes not the giftes of goodly golden Muse;
But those gain that who on the worke shal looke,
And from the sour the sweete by skill doth choose.

EDWARD, EARL OF OXFORD † 1604

Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote?

THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752—1770)

PREFACE

THIS book proposes to put before the reader a tolerably representative selection from the mass of verse in the English language that relates, more or less closely, to the University of Cambridge. Beginning with Chaucer and Lydgate, it includes specimens of almost every kind, descriptive, laudatory, satirical, or humorous, from the fourteenth century to our own. The interest, then, will be seen to be very various; it may be topographical or historical, as well as purely literary; the poems have been chosen, sometimes when their merit is of the slightest, because they illustrate some feature in the University of the past, or describe some building that has vanished, or are in any one of a dozen ways likely to appeal to a true son of Cambridge. In the belief that to a Cambridge man nothing Cantab can be alien, many verses, whose sole claim to notice is their representative and typical character, have been boldly inserted in this collection. The 'farrago' of the work, in fact, is all that is done or has been done by Cambridge men.

The *raison d'être* of such a book, then, is totally different from that of an ordinary anthology, the object of which is to choose the best. Had it been possible, it would not for our purpose have been desirable, to confine ourselves to poetry of a high order. The number and splendour of her poets is the chief of the many titles to fame possessed by Cambridge. Few of these were actually expelled, and quite a considerable proportion went so far as to take degrees. But not many of them have thought it worth while to commemorate in verse their ancient mother; and fewer still have written of her in their best manner. Of our very highest names, indeed, Wordsworth alone has devoted many pages to Cambridge. The plain and direct references to her even in Milton and Tennyson are scanty in comparison with what might *a priori* have been expected; those in Byron, written chiefly in his splanetic undergraduate days, are frankly sarcastic and depreciatory, and show besides no sign of genius. Dryden's one

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mention of Cambridge, it is needless to remind the reader, is made merely in order to lend emphasis to an eulogy of Oxford. Ben Jonson, again, who probably spent a few months at St John's, and who certainly received a Cambridge degree, mentions this University but twice, once to assert how little he owed to her, and a second time to dedicate *Volpone* to the 'two most noble and equal sisters, the two famous Universities.' To Gray, the most typically Cantabrigian of all our poets, the University was uncongenial and its surroundings actually repulsive; and, apart from his Inaugural Ode, which itself bears evident traces of having been done to order, his verses on the place are as little flattering as those of Byron himself. Thus, while for the trained eye it is easy to detect the underlying influence of a Cambridge education in almost everything that these poets wrote, direct allusion is rare or uncomplimentary. For some reason or other, a subject which might seem 'made to the hand' of writers who, like Cowper, often 'ransack for a theme of song much ancient chronicle and long'—this most obvious and promising of subjects has been passed by in a silence which seems almost wilful. Even the long and elaborate account of Cambridge life given in the *Prelude* deals less with the University than with the poet himself; it is full of that personal note which both gives to Wordsworth his surpassing value and also marks his limitation. No one, in fact, has done for Cambridge quite what Matthew Arnold, in *The Scholar Gipsy* and in *Thyrsis*, has done for Oxford: there is no single supremely great work of which Cambridge has supplied the inspiration. It has been left for the minor poets, almost exclusively, to express in verse their grateful love of Cambridge, and their admiration of her beauty; and though they have done their work loyally and unweariedly, though—as the most captious critic will see on glancing through these pages—much of their poetry is excellent, yet no true Cambridge man will admit that it rises *quite* to the height of its great argument. We are not likely to be satisfied with anything short of the very greatest. When, for example, we see what Tennyson, building on his memories of King's and Trinity, has made of the Princess Ida's nebulous and unsubstantial college, we could wish he had devoted more pages to the direct celebration of our more solid structures.

Satisfying poetry, then, is hard to find; and the more so through that change of taste which has made the writers of the eighteenth century, many of whom set themselves vigorously and voluminously to the task of eulogising the University, almost intolerable to modern ears. Some poems of Hughes, for example, once recited to applauding throngs in these very halls, are now, to borrow De Quincey's phrase,

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‘as dead as Gillman’s Coleridge.’ Stepney, Pattison, Taylor, Mason, and the rest, though often extravagantly praised in their own day, are in ours with difficulty endured even by the hardened student of literature. Yet it does not follow that they should be entirely omitted in such a collection as this ; for while the pleasure they give is small, they have the historic interest which belongs to a phase of literary taste, and often deal with *subjects* which deserve to be remembered. The same, or a similar, interest attaches to such pieces as Lydgate’s verses at the beginning of the book, or to many of the nineteenth century verses towards the end, in which, with more or less poetic talent, some event of importance is commemorated, or some man of distinction is referred to.

A qualification of the above remarks might well be made in favour of the University *Latin* poetry of these centuries, and particularly in favour of that of the seventeenth. It does not always conform to that strictness of technical correctness which is demanded of a modern prize-poem ; the laws of the subjunctive and the rules of prosody are not always exactly observed ; but the language is wielded like a native instrument by men of true poetic feeling ; and the verse often reflects the spirit of the place that gave it birth with more accuracy than does the English poetry of the same period. Cowley’s and Barrow’s hexameters, for instance, Milton’s elegiacs, Vincent Bourne’s dainty lyrics, obey the inspiration of the University far more readily, as a rule, than their few and dubious English poems. One great reason, indeed, why vernacular University poetry, during the early centuries, is so scanty, lies in the belief of the scholar-poets that only Latin was worthy to be the vehicle of their praise ; that, in fact, only a dead language had a chance of long life. Like Richardson’s Mr Walden, they would almost have grudged a non-University man the right of quoting Virgil or Tibullus ; and on the other hand they felt it a disgrace to write poetry, on Alma Mater, that did not imitate those classic authors. Thus during those centuries, and indeed till a comparatively recent period, Latin poetry flourished almost as it did in Italy at the time of the Renaissance. It would have been a pleasure to include in this volume many of these often excellent performances. But Latin poetry, after some hesitation, we have decided, rightly or wrongly, to omit from this collection. The difficulty of choice, amid an enormous mass of material, has already been great ; to have given an adequate selection of these poems would have swollen the book to an unwieldy size ; and to have offered merely a few specimens would but have defaced the unity of the book without largely increasing its value.

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Nevertheless, after all deductions have been made, how much true poetry is yet left! He must be hard to please who cannot find intense enjoyment in the Eclogues of Phineas Fletcher, in Cowley's epitaph on Harvey, in the Miltonic stanzas of Gray's Installation Ode, in a score of other pieces, grave, quaint, or classical in their allusiveness of phrasing. Especially grateful must we be to the number of poets, of exquisite feeling and easy mastery of form, who during the last fifty or sixty years have enriched the language with delicate and elegant verse, from which it has been only too difficult to choose because its quantity is so great and its merit so even. Of this we trust we have given a tolerably adequate selection; but it would have been easy to multiply it fourfold.

Of the many other selections, in which, as will be seen at a glance, literary merit has not been the main ground of inclusion, each must be its own apology. Every one, it is believed, has some peculiar interest, historical or other; and almost every one has been chosen as specially typical out of a number of competitors. Most of the decisive moments in the history of the University will be found to be commemorated. It may perhaps be thought that University humour—which has always had a marked character of its own, and which, as exhibited in verse, has been so noticeably expansive and fluent in recent years—is but charily exhibited here. Our reasons for this are manifold. Nothing more speedily loses its *bouquet* than ordinary topical humorous verse; and of the vast quantity recently written in Cambridge, much has been occasional and topical to a degree. It has been saddening, in reading over poems that at the time of their appearance seemed admirable, to find out how often, even when the circumstances in which they were written are fully remembered, they appear to have lost their charm. For readers of the present generation of undergraduates, many of these pieces, excellent for their purpose, would have required as elaborate notes as a play of Aristophanes, and it is no disparagement of their authors to say that the reward of the reader would not always be as great as that of the patient student of the *Frogs* or the *Wasps*. It was, moreover, obviously desirable as far as possible to avoid covering the same ground as that traversed by Mr Whibley in his *In Cap and Gown*, a work, as those who have followed Mr Whibley over his special field have good reason to know, remarkably comprehensive and thorough. It has of course been impossible, consistently with the plan of this work, to omit *all* Mr Whibley's selections; in some cases we have given different versions of the poems he has chosen; but in any case the reader will fully understand that this book is in no sense a rival of his.

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Fortunately our limits are wider than Mr Whibley's ; he begins with Milton and ends about 1880 ; and his book is 'Three Centuries of Cambridge *Wit*.' Ours, while giving many pieces outside his limits, is concerned with wit and humour only as a secondary factor in interest. Poems, in fact, whose *sole* claim on notice is their humour, fall outside our design.

At the conclusion of a task like this, so different from that of the ordinary anthologist, the editor may be permitted to make a special claim upon his readers' indulgence. He feels, indeed, as if his critical taste, such as it was, may well have been hopelessly vitiated after some months of attention to verse of the most mediocre kind. He has read or glanced at many thousands of lines in the dry desert of which shone scarcely a single beauty. He has had the gloomy task of perusing the blank verse poem called *Mirth* (1774)—a dreary and spiritless rejoinder to Warton's *Pleasures of Melancholy* ; he has ploughed through *A Farewell Ode on a Distant Prospect of Cambridge* (1794) by the author of *The Brunoniad* ; and Elegies, Satires, and Lyrics as innumerable, and as arid, as the sands on the seashore. More pathetic still has been the duty of looking at many hundreds of volumes of verse, some of them of no mean merit, which have appeared during the last half-century, and which have apparently fallen still-born from the press. Volumes printed 'to satisfy the importunities of friends' ; volumes printed at the author's expense ; volumes printed for no discoverable reason ; how many of these lie submerged in the boundless sea of public libraries, bearing with them how many hopes of immortality ! Amid this ocean the editor has lighted on many a set of verses inspired by a grateful memory of Cambridge, or by a genuine love of her thousand beauties. Most of them, pathetic in their very badness, he has regretfully restored 'to the dust from whence they sprung.' Others—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—he has drawn from their seclusion, trusting that the company they will keep in this book will perhaps help them to attain the life which their own merits seemed unable to give them. There is much true poetry in that which has to bear the unfortunate label of 'minor' ; and to have rescued, though but for a day, a single true poem from oblivion, is one of the consolations of the anthologist.

How much, on the other hand, of bad or indifferent poetry is mercifully concealed from most readers, can only be appreciated by reviewers and collectors. The quantity of nonsense, indeed, which one has read for the purpose of this book is very inadequately represented by the amount that may be found left in it : and the real gems of absurdity remain in their original abode. Many a writer, all

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but bursting with enthusiasm for his lofty theme, has entirely forgotten the desirability of an elementary acquaintance with the laws of grammar and metre, and has flung on to his paper collocations of words whose connection with their subject and with each other is as loose as their scansion is irregular. Indeed, however severe may be the criticisms passed on the book as it stands, it is wonderful how easy it would have been to make it considerably worse.

An apology may perhaps be necessary for the notes attached to some of the pieces. It was not without considerable hesitation that we decided to run the risk of encumbering our pages with what, to many readers, must seem an unnecessary obtrusion of the editorial personality. But it was thought that for many others *some* elucidation might be desirable, especially in the case of the more allusive poems ; and it seemed therefore an excess of fastidiousness to exclude notes altogether. We trust that in very few cases have we strayed beyond the limits of modest commentary ; and our aim has been to err rather on the side of brevity than on that of flourish. On the later poems annotation will be found scanty indeed.

The arrangement of the pieces is more or less chronological—that is, the *single* poems are arranged according to date, but where there are several by one author they are mostly kept together for the sake of convenience. Certain more or less definite divisions are marked. To one glancing through the volume there will thus appear a tolerable bird's-eye view of the different schools of poetry which have prevailed in England ; for no truer reflection of the dominant taste of a period can easily be found than in the University poetry of the time, which, from causes easily understood, is essentially imitative, and quick to catch the tone of leading writers. As a rule, indeed, undergraduate poetry is like what Pompilia calls marriage, ‘mere imitation of the inimitable’ : and—with reverence be it spoken—even that of their elders is usually of the same character. Were the works of the great English poets to be entirely lost, the *schools* they founded would still be seen clearly enough indicated in the series of their University imitators. Again, by arranging the poems in this order, we provide, more or less complete, a kind of versified commentary on the history of the University—a history full of the most various interest, biographical, political, and ecclesiastical.

That some, nay that many, poems which might well be included have not been passed over, either through ignorance or through lapse of attention at the due time, is too much to hope. That many, again, have been *deliberately* rejected on inadequate grounds, is also likely enough. On points like this the Editor appeals to the generous

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indulgence of his readers; an indulgence which those will be most ready to show who have ever undertaken a similar task. Should anyone light on poems of interest or merit which seem to deserve a place, the Editor hopes that they will be brought to his notice for inclusion in a possible future edition. But if, as the German poet-critic has said, 'seines Fleisses darf sich jeder rühmen,' he may be allowed to say that he has spent almost more time in keeping the volume within moderate limits than in collecting the material.

Finally, he hopes that with all its defects the work may be found not altogether unworthy of the place it celebrates, or of the men some of whose poems are collected here. He can at any rate honestly say that it has been to him a labour of love, and that he is unwilling to take leave of it. As he looks at the vast field over which he has perhaps too casually roamed, he feels as if he would like to traverse it again, and glean perhaps more of its best fruits. But such as the volume is, he offers it in token of affection to the ancient home of genius and virtue, whose hospitality he has enjoyed for more years than he cares to count. In the words of one of the greatest of the sons of Cambridge, he dedicates this book to the University,

*'Ut vestra virtute polo deducta sereno
Alma Salus, comitem non aspernata Camœnam,
Ad doctos pontes, tumidis quos alluit acer
Camus aquis, Camus quo non dilectior alter
Rivulus Aonidas conspergit rore puellas,
Carpat iter, matrique memor se impertiat almae,
Officiumque pii commendet nomine gnati.'*

There remains now the pleasing task of thanking those who have assisted me in my labours. Never, indeed, was anyone more fortunate than I have been in this respect. Nowhere have I applied for aid without meeting the most generous response. To thank all my benefactors individually would be impossible; I must content myself here with asking them to accept a general expression of gratitude. But I cannot refrain from special mention of one or two friends to whom I owe particular assistance. The first name is one which I cannot write without deep sorrow. It is that of the late Mr J. W. Clark, to whom, like everyone who has written on Cambridge topics during the last forty or fifty years, I am under the greatest obligations. Mr Clark not only, with characteristic kindness, placed his whole library, and more especially his splendid collection of Cambridge books and pamphlets, unreservedly at my disposal, but also manifested the deepest interest in the work from its inception, and gave up much

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of his valuable time to making it more complete. To Mr Robert Bowes I am indebted in only a lesser degree than to Mr Clark, both for permission to use his Cambridge collections and for many individual acts of kindness. Mr Charles Sayle not only allowed me to print some of his poems, which will be found in their proper place, but handed over to me the materials he had accumulated some years ago for a volume of Cambridge verse—materials which I need not say were found exceedingly useful. Professor Skeat—*il maestro di color che sanno*—gave me in the kindest manner information from his stores of knowledge on any point on which I consulted him. To the University Librarian, to Mr A. R. Waller, and to the staff of the Press for their unceasing vigilance, my thanks are also gratefully rendered.

Authors and publishers have been generous in allowing me the use of their wares. Only in a very few cases have conditions of copyright precluded me from utilising poems which I should otherwise have gladly inserted. In a few other cases I have been unable to discover the right persons to whom to apply for permission. If in any instance I have included copyright poems without due acknowledgment, the omission has been unintentional, and I trust this apology for it will be accepted.

The following is a list of authors and publishers to whom my thanks are due.

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Mr R. H. Forster, for 'The Cam,' from *Down by the River*.

Mr Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, for 'Tennyson' ('The Passing of Merlin,' from *England's Darling*).

Mr Alfred Cochrane, for 'Ballade of the Blues' (from *Leviore Plectro*).

Mr A. D. Godley, for 'The 1713 against Newnham.'

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Mr F. H. Lucas, for 'Ichabod' (from *The Granta*).

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E. E. K.

November, 1910.

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CHAU CER

First, sent from Cam's fair banks, like palmer old,
Came Tityrus slow, with head all silver'd o'er,
And in his hand an oaken crook he bore,
And thus in antique guise short talk did hold.

Monody on the Death of Pope.

1744

W. MASON

Pembroke College

1725—1797

At Trumpington, nat fer fro Cantebrigge,
Ther goth a brook and over that a brigge,
Up-on the whichë brook ther stant a melle;
And this is verray soth that I you telle.
A Miller was ther dwelling many a day;
As any pecok he was proud and gay.

* * * *

Gret soken hath this miller, out of doute,
With whete and malt of al the land aboute;
And namëliche there was a greet collegge,
Men clepen the Soler-halle at Cantebregge,
Ther was hir whete and eek hir malte ygrounde.
And on a day it happed, in a stounde,
Sik lay the maunciple on a maladye;
Men wenden wisly that he sholdë dye.
For which this miller stal bothe mele and corn
An hundred tymë morë than biforn;
For ther-biforn he stal but curteisly,
But now he was a thief outrageously,
For which the wardeyn chidde and madë fare.
But ther-of sette the miller nat a tare;
He craketh boost, and swor it was nat so.

Than were ther yongë povrë clerkës two,
That dwelten in this halle, of which I seye,
Testif they were, and lusty for to pleye.

circ. 1387

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, 1340(?)—1400

Reves Tale, A 3921—4004

VERSES ON THE FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

By trew recorde of the Doctor Bede,
That some tyme wrotte so mikle with his hande,
And specially remembringe as I reede
In his cronicles made of England
Amounge other thynges as ye shall understand,
Whom for myne aucthour I dare alleage,
Seith the translacion and buylding of Cambridge.

With hym accordinge Alfride the Croniclere,
Seriouslye who lyst his bookes to see,
Made in the tyme when he was Thresurere
Of Beverley an old famouse cytie,
Affirme and seyne the universitie
Of Cambridge and studye fyrst began
By their wrytinge as I reporte can.

He rehersing first for commendacion,
By their writinge how that old cytie
Was stronglie whalled with towers manye one,
Builte and finished with great libertie
Notable and famous of great auctoritie,
As their aucthors accordinge sayne the same,
Of Cantabro takyng first his name.

Like as I finde reporte I can none other.
This Canteber tyme of his lyvyng
To Pertholyne he was germayne brother
Duke in tho daies in Ireland a great Kynge,
Chieffe and principall cause of that building.
The wall about and towers as they stooode
Was set and builte upon a large floode,

THE FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

Named Cantebro a large brode ryver,
And after Cante called Cantebro,
This famous Citie, this write the Cronicler,
Was called Cambridge; rehersing eke also
In their booke their aucthors bothe twoe
Towching the date, as I rehearse can,
Fro thilke tyme that the world began.

Fower thowsand complete by accomptes clere
And three hundreth by computacion
Joyned therto eight and fortie yeare,
When Cantebro gave the fundacion
Of thys cytie and this famous towne
And of this noble universitie
Sett on this ryver which is called Cante.

And fro the great transmigracion
Of kynges reconed in the byble of old
Fro Iherusalem to babylon
Twoe hundreth wynter and thirtie yeares told,
Thus to writte myne aucthour maketh me bold,
When Cantebro, as it well knoweth,
At Atheynes scholed in his yought,

Alle his wyttes greatlye did applie
To have acquayntaunce by great affection
With folke experte in philosophie.
From Atheines he brought with hym downe
Philosophers most soveraigne of renowe
Unto Cambridge, playnlye this is the case,
Anaxamander and Anaxagoras

With many other myne Aucthours dothe fare,
To Cambridge fast can hym spede
With philosophers, and let for no cost spare
In the Schooles to studdie and to reede;
Of whoes teaching great profit that gan spreade
And great increase rose of his doctrine;
Thus of Cambridge the name gan first shyne

THE FOUNDATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

As chieffe schoole and universitie
Unto this tyme fro the daye it began
By cleare reporte in manye a far countre
Unto the reigne of Cassibellan,
A woorthie prince and a full knyghtlie man,
As sayne cronicles, who with his might[ie] hand
Let Julius Cesar to arryve in this lande.

Five hundreth yere full thirtie yere and twentie [nyne?]
Fro babilons transmigracion
That Cassibelan reigned in britayne,
Which by his notable royall discrecion
To increase that studdie of great affection,
I mean of Cambridge the universitie,
Franchized with manye a libertie.

By the meane of his royall favor
From countreis about manye one
Divers Schollers by diligent labour
Made their resorte of great affection
To that stoddie great plentie there cam downe,
To gather frutes of wysdome and science
And sondrie flowers of sugred eloquence.

And as it is put eke in memorie,
Howe Julius Cesar entering this region
On Cassybellan after his victorie
Tooke with him clarkes of famouse renowne
Fro Cambridg and ledd them to rome towne,
Thus by processe remembred here to forne
Cambridg was founded long or Chryst was borne,

Five hundreth yere thirtie and eke nyne.
In this matter ye gett no more of me,
Reherse I wyll no more [as] at this tyme.
Theis remembraunces have great auctoritie
To be preferred of longe antiquitie;
For which by recorde all clarkes seyne the same,
Of heresie Cambridge bare never blame.

circ. 1440
JOHN LYDGATE

THE CAIUS BREVIARY

Wher so ever y be come over all
I belonge to the Chapell of gunvyll hall;
He shal be cursed by the grate sentens
That felously faryth and berith me thens.
And whether he bere me in pooke or sekke,
For me he shall be hanged by the nekke,
(I am so well beknown of dyverse men)
But I be restored theder agen.

MS 394 in the Library of
Gonville and Caius College

Early 16th century

THE COURT OF LOVE

In art of love I wryte, and songes make,
That may be song in honour of the King
And Quene of Love; and than I undertake,
He that is sad shall than ful mery sing.

* * * *

'What is your name? reherse it here, I pray,
Of whens and where, of what condicion
That ye ben of? Let see, com of and say!
Fain wold I know your disposicion.'

* * * *

My name? alas, my hert, why [make it straunge?]
Philogenet I cald am fer and nere,
Of Cambrige clerk, that never think to chaunge
Fro you that with your heavenly stremes clere
Ravishsh myne herte and gost and all in-fere.

1520(?)

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

Presented to the Queenes Majestie, being then at Cambridge,
for the name of his degree.

A Prince, extracte from hautie house,
a Prince of pompous porte
Approacheth here, whose auncitours
triumphe in glories forte.

TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

Cum, noble lustic Poets, cum,
 strike up in regall rate ;
To pennes, to pennes, pursue the chase,
 ye have a game of state.
If wit maye win a woorthie name,
 if vertue purchesse praise,
If heavenlye hue deserve an hyer,
 her bruite then let us blase.
Eche Realme doth boste him of his prince :
 each wryter doth advaunce
His soveraigne : then happie we,
 thryse happie is our chaunce,
To whome the mightie puissaunte God
 hath lente a Queene of pryce,
Whose fame we justly maye procure
 unto the cloudes to ryse.
What pleasaunte smylinge twincklynge starres,
 what goddes of witte so greate
Coude fynde, for such excellent gifts,
 in place so small a seate ?
Well, nature, well, now maiste thou daunce
 and pastyme for a tyme ;
For never shalt thou creature woorke
 so quyte devoide of crime.
O, may not we full rightly tearme
 that sacred royal breste
A paradize, where chaste advice
 of godlinesse doth reste ?
Ye kynges, that rule by seas and lande,
 and ye infernall ghostes,
Bear witnesse now, we have a Queene
 of whome our Ilande bostes.
And Cambridge, now thou doest inclose
 (hye thanks to hym above)
A wyght, whom all the world adores,
 And God hym-selfe doth love.

1564
From T. Drant's translation
of Horace's *Satyres*, etc.

THOMAS DRANT
St John's College
1541 (?)—1578

ON DR SCOT

Whilst heresy the hound of hell the Englyshe harts did teare,
And spred her poyson perillously in places farre and neare,
Whilst good religious men it rackt, and holy houses rent,
And caught into her clynkyng chaynes the good and innocent,
Whilst every thing it did displace, and heaven with earth
confound,

And ledde the easy way to synne, to geve our soule a wound.
Then Cuthbert Scot of Briton bloud, a newe sprong starre
indeed,

At Chester very painfully his faithfull flocke did fede.
But heresy not yet content, wyth blood which she had shedde,
Began to spoyle th' unspotted shepe, which this good shepard
fed.

This shepard warred against the wolfe, and to his charge he
stande,

When he might well have toke his fete, he toke him to his
hande.

With reason he doth pleade his cause, she mesures all with
might,

Reply doth he, deny doth she, and thus they long do fyght.
Farre better learned the byshop was, but errour dyd excell,
By force, and by the peoples voice she bare away the bell.
For setting forth to waveryng wits, with lyes her forged
ware,

Inveigled soone lyght credite heads, to fall into her snare.

RICHARD SHACKLOCK
Trinity College

ON DR SCOT

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING

Whilst raging Rome that ruthfull rocke, that rent and sunk
the sales,
And brast the barge of frendles faith and freight her fleete
with tales;
Whilst tales were taught for trusty truth, and troden truth
did shrink,
Whilst painted pope our holy syre, dyd geve us errours
drinke :
Whilst error had through Britain land his mysty mantles
spred,
Whilst syn brought gain, and truth broght pain, whilst all
unclenenes bred;
One Cuthbert Scot the Chester flock auctorised to kepe,
Let louse the wolfes, and he most wolfe, with ravin rent
his shepe.
A cuttyng Cutbert sure he was, a cutter for the nones,
He cut the fleece, supt up the mylke, and broylde the flesh
and bones.
His sorie calends came at length : the princesse dyd require,
If that were fedyng of the flocke, to make them fede the
fyre.
Cuthbert that could enough of craft more than of learned
skill,
Disloyall to her royaltie dothe worke to wraste her will.

1565

THOMAS DRANT

TRINITY HALL

From Paules I went, to Eaton sent,
To learne streight waies, the latin phraies,
Where fiftie three stripes given to mee,

Nicholas
Udall
school-
master at
Eaton

At once I had :

For fault but small, or none at all,
It came to pas, thus beat I was,
See Udall see, the mercie of thee,
to me poore lad.

From London hence, to Cambridge thence,
With thanks to thee, O Trinitee,
That to thy hall, so passing all,

Trinitie
hall in
Cambridge

I got at last :

There joy I felt, there trim I dwelt,
There heaven from hell I shifted well,
With learned men, a number then,
the time I past.

Long sickness had, then was I glad
To leave my booke, to prove and looke,
In Court what gaine, by taking paine,
mought well be found :

Quartan
ague

Lord Paget than, that noble man,
Whose soule I trust is with the just,
That same was hee enriched mee,
With many a pound.

Lord Paget
good to his
servants

* * * *

When gaines was gon, and yeres grew on,
And death did crie, from London flie,
In Cambridge then, I found agen,
a resting plot :

The plague
at London
[1573 &
1574]

In Colledge best of all the rest,
With thanks to thee, O Trinitee,
Through thee and thine, for me and mine,
some stay I got.

Trinitie
College in
Cambridge

1573

THOMAS TUSSEK
Trinity Hall
1525 (?)—1580

DR CAIUS

Why should I think, O lerned Cay, that thou art clearly lost,
Syth that thy death excells our life, with stormy tempests tost ?
We stand amid ten thousand woes, and through our sinful will,
Both odious to God and world, in darknesse wander still.
But thou, to whom thy mortal corpse a prison did resemble,
Enjoyest God, and seest the light where Angels do assemble.
We caytifes in this wretched world our laboures lost bewayle,
To study artes that are despisde, alas, what doth avayle ?
Thou, following the course which God and fortune did thee
send,

In buildings great for sacred Muse thy life and wealth did spend :
And with thy learned bookes the world adorned thou hast,
That fame thou wanst, as virtue's meed, before thy life was past.
This life, O Cay, full happy was, more happy is thy grave,
Thrice happy would I thinke myselfe, if I such end might have.

From a printed memorial sheet (Lambeth MSS 720) dated London,
10 August 1573.

THE STEELE GLAS

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
I meane the worthy Universities,
(And *Cantabridge*, shal have the dignitie,
Whereof I was, unworthy member once)
That they bring up their babes in decent wise :
That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke,
Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries :
That *Logike* leape, not over every stile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
That *Sophistirie*, doe not deceive it selfe,
That *Cosmography* keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be, *Historiographers*,

THE STEELE GLAS

Trust not to much, in every tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialitie.
That *Phisicke*, thrive not over fast by murder :
That *Numbring* men, in all their evens and odds
Do not forget, that only *Unitie*
Unmeasurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
Til all their measures out of measure be :
That *Musike* with, his heavenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heavenly minde from heaven,
Nor set mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heavenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
That *Rhetorick*, learne not to overreache :
That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosives,
Yet pamper up hir owne with pultesses :
Or that she dote not uppon *Erato*,
Which should invoke the good *Caliope* :
That *Astrologie*, looke not over high,
And light (meane while) in every pudled pit :
That *Grammer*, grudge not at our english tong,
Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
And cannot be declined as others are.
Pray thus (my priests for universities).
And if I have forgotten any *Arte*,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there,
Pray you to god, the goode be not abuse,
With glorious shewe, of overloding skill.

1576

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

1525—1577

ENCOMIUM LAURI

What may I call this tree? A Laurell? O bonny Laurell:
 Needes to thy bowes will I bowe this knee, and vayle my
 bonnetto.

Who, but thou, the renowne of Prince, and Princely Poeta:
 Th' one for Crowne, for Garland th' other thanketh Apollo.
 Thrice happy Daphne: that turned was to the Bay Tree,
 Whom such servantes serve, as challenge service of all men.

* * * *

Now Farewell Bay Tree, very Queene, and Goddesse of all
 Trees,

Ritchest perle to the Crowne, and fayrest Flowre to the
 Garland.

Fain wod I crave, might I so presume, some farther ac-
 quaintance,

O that I might? but I may not: woe to my destinie there-
 fore.

Trust me, not one more loyall servant longes to thy Personage,
 But what says Daphne? *Non omni dormio*, worse lucke:
 Yet Farewell, Farewell, the Reward of those that I honour:
 Glory to Garden: Glory to Muses: Glory to Vertue.

From *Three Proper and*
Wittie familiar
Letters
 1580

GABRIEL HARVEY
 Pembroke Hall
 1545—1630

SPENSER

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,

By many a city and by many a towne,

And many rivers taking under-hand,

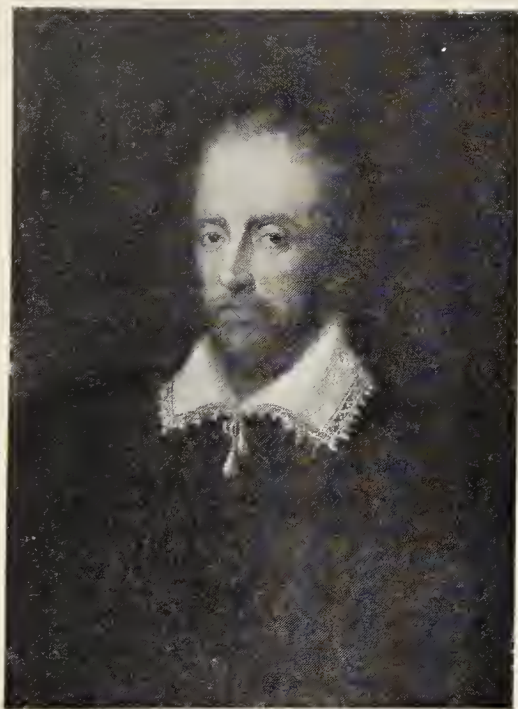
Into his waters as he passeth downe,

The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne,
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorned of it

With many a gentle Muse and many a learned wit.

EDMUND SPENSER
 Pembroke
 1552—1599



Edmund Spenser

JOSEPH HALL

Or if we list, what baser Muse can bide
To sit and sing by Granta's naked side?
They haunt the tided Thames and salt Medway,
E'ersince the fame of their late bridal day.
Naught have we here but willow-shaded shore,
To tell our Grant his banks are left forlore.

1597
Satires, I. 1.

JOSEPH HALL
Emmanuel College
1574—1656

In th' Heaven's high-Street are but dozen roomes,
In which dwells all the world, past and to come.
Twelve goodly innes they are, with twelve fayre signes,
Ever well tended by our star-divines.
Everie man's head innes at the horned Ramme,
The whiles the necke the black Bull's guest became,
Th' arms, by good hap, meet at the wrastling Twins,
Th' heart in the way, at the blue Lion innes.
The leggs their lodging in Aquarius got;
That is the Bridge-streete of the Heaven I wot.
The feet took up the Fish with teeth of gold;
But who with Scorpio lodg'd may not be told.
What office then doth the star-gazer beare?
Or let him be the Heaven's ostelere,
Or tapsters some, or some be chamberlaines.

1597
Satires, II. 7.

JOSEPH HALL

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

Cum petit Infantem Princeps, Grantamque Jacobus,
Quisnam horum major sit dubitatur amor?
Vincit more suo Noster : nam millibus Infans
Non tot abest, quot nos Regis ab ingenio.

1624

GEORGE HERBERT
Trinity College
1593—1632

Philomusus.

Band be those houres when mongst the learned throng,
By Grantaes muddy bancke we whilome song.

Studioso.

Band be that hill which learned witts adore,
When earst we spent our stock and little store.

Phil.

Band be those musty mewes, where we have spent
Our youthfull dayes in paled langu[i]shment.

Stud.

Band be those cosening arts that wrought our woe,
Making us wandring *Pilgrimes* too and fro.

Part III.

Act II. Sc. I.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

Academico. Wold it not gal a man to see a spruse gartered youth, of our colledge a while ago, be a broker for a living? This sweet Sir profered me much kindenesse when hee was of our Colledge, and now Ile try what winde remaynes in this bladder. God save you Sir.

Amoretto. By the masse I feare me I have seene this Genus and Species in Cambridge before now: Ile take no notice of him now: by the faith of a gentleman this is [a] pretty Ellegy. Of what age is the day, fellow? Syrrha boy, hath the groome saddled my hunting hobby? can Robin hunter tel where a hare sits?

Acad. Sir, a poore old friend of yours, sir, of S. [John's] Colledge in Cambridge.

Amor. Good fayth, Sir, you must pardon me. I have forgotten you.

Acad. My name is *Academico*, Sir, one that made an oration for you once on the Queenes day, and a show that you got some credit by.

Amor. It may be so, it may bee so, but I have forgotten it: marry yet I remember there was such a fellow that I was very beneficiall unto in my time....

Acad. Sir, I am imboldned, by that great acquaintance that heretofore I had with you, as likewise it hath pleased you heretofore—

Amor. Looke syrrha, if you see my Hobby come hetherward as yet.

Acad. To make me some promises, I am to request your good mediation to the Worshipfull your father, in my behalfe: and I will dedicate to your selfe in the way of thankses those dayes I have to live.

Amor. O good sir, if I had knowne your minde before! for my father hath already given the induction to a Chaplaine of his owne, to a proper man—I know not of what Universitie he is....

Acad. Sir, can you put me in any hope of obtayning my sute?

Amor. ...So, sir, when we had rewarded our Dogges.... What, is he gone? ha, ha, ha, ha, these schollers are the simplest creatures!

Act II. Sc. 6.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

Recorder.

You doe well Sir *Raderick*, to bestowe your living upon such an one as will be content to share, and on Sunday to say nothing, whereas your proud university princox thinkes he is a man of such merit the world cannot sufficiently endow him with preferment, an unthankfull viper, an unthankefull Viper that will sting the man that revived him.

Why ist not strange to see a ragged clarke,
Some start upp weaver or some butchers sonne :
That scrubd of late within a sleeveless gowne,
When the commencement, like a morice dance,
Hath put a bell or two about his legges,
Created him a sweet cleane gentleman :
How then he gins to follow fashions.
He whose thin sire dwell[s] in a smokye roufe,
Must take Tobacco and must weare a locke.
His thirsty Dad drinkes in a wooden bowle,
But his sweet selfe is serv'd in silver plate.
His hungry sire will scrape you twenty legges,
For one good Christmas meale on New-yeares day.
But his mawe must be Capon crambd each day,
He must ere long be triple beneficed,
Els with his tongue hee'l thunderbolt the world,
And shake each pesant by his deafe-mans eare.
But had the world no wiser men then I,
Weede pen the prating parates in a cage,
A chayre, a candle and a Tinderbox.
A thacked chamber and a ragged gowne, .
Should be their landes and whole possessions,
Knights, Lords, and lawyers should be log'd and dwel
Within those over stately heapes of stone.
Which doting syres in old age did erect.

Well it were to be wished that never a scholler in England might have above fortie pound a yeare.

Sir Raderick. Faith maister Recorder, if it went by wishing, there should never a one of them all have above twentie a yeare : a good stipend, a good stipend, maister Recorder.

Act III. Sc. 2.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

Philomusus.

Curst be our thoughts when ere they dreame of hope :
Band be those happs that henceforth flatter us,
When mischiefe doggs us still and still for aye,
From our first byrth untill our burying day.
In our first gamesome age, our doting sires
Carked and cared to have us lettered :
Sent us to Cambridge where our oyle is spent :
Us our kinde Colledge from the teate did teare :
And for'st us walke before we weaned weare,
From that time since [y]wandered have we still :
In the wide world, urg'd by our forced will,
Nor ever have we happy fortune tryed :
Then why should hope with our rent state abide ?

Part III.

Act III. Sc. 5.

Kempe. I was once at a Comedie in Cambridge, and there I saw a parasite make faces and mouths of all sorts on this fashion.

Burbage. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the University [men] pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Juppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Jonson* too.

Part III.

Act IV. Sc. 3.

Academico. Fayth *Ingenioso* : I thinke the University is a melancholik life, for there a good fellow cannot sit two howres in his chamber, but he shall be troubled with the bill of a Draper or a Vintner : but the point is, I know not how to better my selfe, and so I am fayne to take it.

Act v. Sc. 3.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS

Academico.

Adew you gentle spirits, long adew :
Your witts I love and your ill fortunes rue :
Ile hast me to my Cambridge cell againe,
My fortunes cannot wax but they may waine.

Ingenioso.

Adew good sheppards, happy may you live,
And if heereafter in some secret shade,
You shall recount poore schollers miseries,
Vouchsafe to mention with teare swelling eyes,
Ingeniosoes thwarting destinies,
And thou still happy *Academico*,
That still maist rest upon the muses bed,
Injoying there a quiet slumbering,
When thou repay[r]est unto thy Grantaes streame,
Wonder at thine owne blisse, pittie our case,
That still doe tread ill fortunes endless maze.
Wish them that are preferments Almoners,
To cherish gentle wits in their greene bud :
For had not Cambridge bin to me unkinde,
I had not turn'd to gall a milkye minde.

Philomusus.

I wish thee of good hap a plentious store,
Thy wit deserves no lesse, my love can wish no more.

Act v. Sc. 4.

1601

IGNORAMUS

Ronca. Where are you now ?

Pandolfô. In *London.*

Ron. Ha you found the glasse within that chamber ?

Pa. Yes.

Ro. What see you ?

Pa. Wonders, wonders: I see as in a Land-shap

An honourable throng of noble persons,

As cleere as I were under the same rooffe.

Seemes by their gracious browes, and courteous lookes

Something they see, which if 't b' indifferent

They'l fav'rably accept : if otherwise

They'l pardon : who, or what they be, I know not.

Ron. Why that's the Court at *Cambridge* fortie miles hence : what else ?

Pan. A Hall thrust full of bare-heads, some bal'd, some bush't,
Some bravely branch't.

Ron. That's th' Universitie

Larded with Townesmen.

From *Albumazar*, 1615

DULMAN

(the clerk of the lawyer Ignoramus)

in praise of Ignoramus

Non inter Plaïos gallantos et bene gaios,

Est alter Bookus deservat qui modo lookos,

O Lector Friendleie, tuos : hunc buye libellum,

Atque tibi Wittum, tibi Jestaque plurima sellam.

Hic est *Lawyerus*, simul hic est undique *Clerus*,

Et *Dulman* merus (quod vis non credere) verus.

Hic est *Latinum*, quo possis sumere vinum.

Hunc Bookum amamus, simul hunc et jure probamus.

Qui non buyamus, cuncti sumus *Ignoramus*.

Dulman Clericus tuus

a Desca sua

ENCOMIASTICON IN IGNORAMUM

Noverint Universities, quod hic est Ignoramus,
Jocorum hic diversities, est liber vere famous.
Per presentes Lawyeres est *bonum ac legale*
Angliae-Latinum, warrantizabo tale.
Hic sunt *statuta Regis*; hic est *Justinianus*;
Solicitorum greges; Attorney rusticanus;
Pandectas tibi *juris*, et *Chartam Magnam* dabo,
Cum *Tabulis duodecim*, et totas in octavo.
Tridecimo JACOBI hic liber *Grantæ* natus,
Spectando et ridendo rex tantum non splitatus.
Quod haec sit *billa vera*, Authorem qua Laudamus,
Causidici odere, sic satis hoc probamus.
Denariis octode¹—hoc *habeas corpus* Juris.
Te capiam pro Noddy, si velles emere pluris.
Germani mei Gibos non amplius laudabo:
Non quaero ego bribos; sed quod dixi jurabo.

Est Truthum, et totum Truthum,
et nihil nisi Truthum: Ita te
(*Lector*) Lawyerus adjuvet.

¹ *cim*, scribe cum dasho.

A CERTAIN POEM,

as it was presented in Latine by Divines and others before His Majesty in Cambridge, by way of Enterlude, styled Liber Novus de Adventu Regis ad Cantabrigiam. Faithfully done into English, with some liberal additions. Made rather to be sunge than read, to the tune of Bonny Nell.

It is not yet a fortnight since
Lutetia entertain'd our prince,
And vented hath a studied toy
As long as was the siege of Troy:
And spent herself for full five days
In speeches, exercise, and plays.

AN ENTERLUDE

To trim the town, great care before
Was tane by th' lord vice-chancellor ;
Both morn and even he cleans'd the way,
The streets he gravelled thrice a day:
One strike of March-dust for to see
No proverb would give more than he.

Their colledges were new be-painted,
Their founders eke were new be-sainted ;
Nothing escap'd, nor post, nor door,
Nor gate, nor rail, nor bawd, nor whore :
You could not know (Oh strange mishap !)
Whether you saw the town or map.

But the pure house of Emanuel
Would not be like proud Jesabel,
Nor shew herself before the King
An hypocrite, or painted thing:
But, that the ways might all prove fair,
Conceiv'd a tedious mile of prayer.

Upon the look'd-for seventh of March,
Outwent the townsmen all in starch,
Both band and beard, into the field,
Where one a speech could hardly wield;
For needs he would begin his stile,
The King being from him half a mile.

They gave the King a piece of plate,
Which they hop'd never came too late;
But cry'd, "Oh! look not in, great King,
For there is in it just nothing":
And so prefer'd with tune and gate,
A speech as empty as their plate.

Now as the King came neer the town,
Each one ran crying up and down,
Alas poor Oxford, thou'rt undone,
For now the King's past Trompington,
And rides upon his brave gray dapple,
Seeing the top of Kings-Colledge chappel.

AN ENTERLUDE

Next rode his lordship on a nag,
Whose coat was blue, whose ruff was shag,
And then began his reverence
To speak most eloquent non-sense:
"See how" (quoth he) "most mighty prince,
For very joy my horse doth wince.

"What cries the town? What we?" (said he)
"What cries the University?
What cry the boys? What ev'ry thing?
Behold, behold, yon comes the King":
And ev'ry period he bedecks
With En et ecce venit rex.

"Oft have I warn'd" (quoth he) "our dirt
That no silk stockings should be hurt;
But we in vain strive to be fine,
Unless your graces sun doth shine;
And with the beams of your bright eye,
You will be pleas'd our streets to dry."

Now come we to the wonderment
Of Christendom, and eke of Kent,
The Trinity; which to surpass,
Doth deck her spokesman by a glass:
Who, clad in gay and silken weeds,
Thus opes his mouth, hark how he speeds.

"I wonder what your grace doth here,
Who have expected been twelve year,
And this your son, fair Carolus,
That is so Jacobissimus:
Here's none, of all, your grace refuses,
You are most welcome to our Muses.

Although we have no bells to jangle,
Yet can we shew a faire quadrangle,
Which, though it ne're was grac'd with King,
Yet sure it is a goodly thing:
My warning's short no more I'll say,
Soon you shall see a gallant play."

AN ENTERLUDE

But nothing was so much admir'd,
As were their playes so well attir'd;
Nothing did win more praise of mine,
Then did their actors most divine:
So did they drink their healths divinely;
So did they dance and skip so finely.

Their plays had sundry grave wise factors,
A perfect diocess of actors
Upon the stage; for I am sure that
There was both bishop, pastor, curat:
Nor was their labour light, or small,
The charge of some was pastoral.

Our playes were certainly much worse,
For they had a brave hobby-horse,
Which did present unto his grace
A wondrous witty ambling pace:
But we were chiefly spoyl'd by that
Which was six hours of *God knows what*.

His lordship then was in a rage,
His lordship lay upon the stage,
His lordship cry'd, all would be marr'd:
His lordship lov'd a-life the guard,
And did invite those mighty men,
To what think you? even to a Hen.

He knew he was to use their might
To help to keep the door at night,
And well bestow'd he thought his Hen,
That they might Tolebooth Oxford men:
He thought it did become a lord
To threaten with that bug-bear word.

Now pass we to the civil law,
And eke the doctors of the spaw,
Who all perform'd their parts so well,
Sir Edward Ratcliff bore the bell,
Who was, by the King's own appointment,
To speak of spells, and magick oyntment.

AN ENTERLUDE

The doctors of the civil law
Urg'd ne're a reason worth a straw;
And though they went in silk and satten,
They, Thomson-like, clip'd the Kings Latine;
But yet his grace did pardon then
All treasons against Priscian.

Here no man speak ought to the point,
But all they said was out of joint;
Just like the chappel ominous
I' the colledge called *God with us*;
Which truly doth stand much awry,
Just north and south, yes verily.

Philosophers did well their parts,
Which prov'd them masters of their arts;
Their moderator was no fool,
He far from Cambridge kept a school:
The country did such store afford,
The proctors might not speak a word.

But to conclude, the King was pleas'd,
And of the court the town was eas'd:
Yet Oxford though (dear sister) hark yet,
The King is gone but to New-market,
And comes again e're it be long,
Then you may make another song.

The King being gone from Trinity,
They make a scramble for degree;
Masters of all sorts, and all ages,
Keepers, subcizers, lackeyes, pages,
Who all did throng to come aboard,
With "Pray make me now, Good my lord."

They prest his lordship wondrous hard,
His lordship then did want the guard;
So did they throng him for the nonce,
Until he blest them all at once,
And cryed, "*Hodiissimè* :
Omnes Magistri estote."

AN ENTERLUDE

Nor is this all which we do sing,
For of your praise the world must ring:
Reader, unto your tackling look,
For there is coming forth a book
Will spoyle Joseph Barnesius
The sale of Rex Platonicus.

RICHARD CORBET
bishop of Norwich
1582—1635

AN ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG IN LATIN AND ENGLISH

BY — LAKES

A ballad late was made,
But God knows who'es the penner,
Some say the rhyming sculler,
And others say 'twas Fenner.
But they that know the style
Doe smell it by the collar,
And doe maintaine it was the braine
Of some yong Oxford scholler.
At first he rails on Cambridge,
And thinkes her to disgrace,
By calling her Lutetia,
And throws dirt in her face:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For all the world must grant,
If Oxford be thy mother,
Then Cambridge is thy aunt.
Then goes he to the town,
And puts it all in starch,
For other rhyme he could not find
To fit the seventh of March:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For I must vail the bonnet,
And cast the caps at Cambridge
For making song and sonnet.

AN ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG

Thence goes he to their present,
And there he doth purloine,
For looking in their plate
He nimmes away their coyne:
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For 'tis a dangerous thing
To steal from corporations
The presents of a King.

Next that, my lord vice-chancellor
He brings before the prince,
And in the face of all the court
He makes his horse to wince.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For sure that jest did faile,
Unless you clapt a nettle
Under his horse's taile.

Then aimes he at our orator,
And at his speech he snarles,
Because he forced a word, and called
The prince "most Jacob-Charles."
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For he did it compose
That puts you down as much for tongue
As you do him for nose.

Then flies he to our comedies,
And there he doth professe
He saw among our actors
A perfect diocess.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
'Twas no such witty fiction,
For since you leave the vicar out,
You spoile the jurisdiction.

Next that he backes the hobby-horse,
And with a scholler's grace,
Not able to endure the trot,
He'd bring him to the pace:

AN ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG

But leave it, scholler, leave it,
For you will hardly do it,
Since all the riders in your muse
Could never bring him to it.

Polonia land can tell,
Through which he oft did trace,
And bore a fardell at his back,
He nere went other pace.
But leave him, scholler, leave him,
He learned it of his sire,
And if you put him from his trott
He'l lay you in the myre.

Our horse has thrown his rider;
But now he meanes to shame us,
And in the censuring of our play
Conspires with Ignoramus.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
And call 't not "God knows what,"
Your head was making ballads
When you should mark the plot.

His fantasie still working,
Finds out another crotchet;
Then runs he to the bishop,
And rides upon his rotchet.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
And take it not in snuff,
For he that weares no picadell
By law may weare a ruffe.

Next that he goes to dinner,
And like an hardy guest,
When he had cramm'd his belly full
He railes against the feast.
But leave it, scholler, leave it;
For, since you eat his roast,
It argues want of manners
To raile upon the host.

AN ANSWER TO THE FORMER SONG

Now listen, masters, listen,
That tax us for our riot,
For here two men went to a hen,
So slender was the diet.
Then leave him, scholler, leave him,
He yieldes himself your debtor,
And next time he's vice-chancellor
Your table shall be better.

Then goes he to the regent-house,
And there he sits and sees
How lackeys and subsisers press
And scramble for degrees.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
'Twas much against our mind,
But when the prison doors are ope
Noe thief will stay behind.

Behold, more anger yet:
He threatens us ere long,
When as the King comes back againe,
To make another song.
But leave it, scholler, leave it,
Your weakness you disclose;
For "Bonny Nell" doth plainly tell
Your wit lies all in prose.

Nor can you make the world
Of Cambridge praise to ringe,
A mouth so foul no market eare
Will stand to hear it sing.
Then leave it, scholler, leave it,
For yet you cannot say,
The King did go from you in March
And come again in May.

A COURTIER'S CENSURE of the King's Intertainment at both the universities

Now Cambridge is a merry Towne, and Oxford is another;
The Kinge was welcome to the one, and fared well at the
other.

And is not this strange, is not this strange?
That both exceeded, neither needed fooles for fooles to change.
So as I knowe not unto which the King is most a debter,
Though Oxford made him passing cheere, yet Cambridge score
is greater.

And is not this strange? etc.

In gay array the Oxford Men receiv'd him man by man-a;
And Cambridge spent in butter'd beere three pounds to sing
Hosanna.

And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford had good pleasinge songs, and some of them were
wittie,
And so had Cambridge, by my faith, an 'twere not for the
dittie.

And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford had good Comedies, but not such benefactours;
For Cambridge Byshopps whiflers had, and Preachers for
their actours.

And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford cried "God save the Kinge!" and "blesse him" too
cried some;
But Cambridge men more learnedly "Beholde the Kinge
doth come."

And is not this strange? etc.

Cambridge is a wittie Towne, and Oxford is a wise;
But neither's logicke could discern spectatours from the spies.

And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford they a Christ-church had to entertayne the Kinge;
And Cambridge had a Trinitie; but scarce one wise therein.

And is not this strange? etc.

A COURTIER'S CENSURE

"Most Jacob Charles," did Cambridge cry, "thou welcome
art to us";

An Oxford boy must have untruss'd if he had cried thus.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford her Vice-chancellour exceeded in a muffle;
But Cambridge in a rochet blewe, and for a fringed ruffe.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford her Vice-chancellour did take his usual place;
But Cambridge lay upon the stage at pawne for further grace.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford an oration had which made the Commons weepe;
Cambridge an wholesome Physicke Act which brought the
Kinge asleep.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford had King, Queene, and Prince, with all their noble
Traynes;
Cambridge had the King and Prince, but God knowes who
the gaynes.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford her Vice-chancellour no intertaynment spar'd;
Nor Cambridge with a good fat hen for to bumbaste the
Gard.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford comicke Actours had; Cambridge a lawyer foole,
Who Ignoramus christen'd was by men of her owne schoole.
And is not this strange? etc.

Oxford acts in toto were well pleasing unto some;
But Ignoramus pleased best the Kinge when it was done.
And is not this strange? etc.

Yet will his Grace renewe the same and awake himselfe will
keepe;
God grant they please him then no worse than when he was
asleepe,

Or else it will be strange, or else it will be strange,
That he his rest for such poore jest of Dull-man should
exchange.

A COURTIER'S CENSURE

But Oxford, as of wynter frute, of Cambridge sports may
say,
They did but bud the 7th of March and blossom'd at midd
May.

And is not this strange, is not this strange?
How the one doth put the other downe to see the newe
moone change.

Yet howsoe'er, I thus conclude, as friend to either place,
Both to be fooles until they leave each other to disgrace.

POLYOLBION

I was myselfe in either of them, and like them both so well, that
I meane not in the way of controversie to preferre any for the better in
Englande, but both for the best in the world, saving this, that Colledges in
Oxenford are much more statly for the building, and *Cambridge* much
more sumptuous for the houses in the towne, but the learning neyther
lyeth in the fine stones of the one, nor the fine streates of the other, for
out of them both do dayly proceede men of great wisdom....And let this
suffice, not to enquire which of them is the superiour, but that neither of
them have their equall, neither to aske which of them is the most auncient,
but whether any other bee so famous.

1581

JOHN LYLY
Magdalen College, Oxford
1553 (?)—1606

Of any in the world no story shall us tell
Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel...
The world might stand amaz'd in this our age to see
Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious we
Let every age decay; and yet we only live
By the great freedoms then those kings to these did give.

Wise Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us the seat
Of famous Cambridge first, then with endowments great
The Muses to maintain, those sisters thither brought.

By whose example next, religious Alfred taught,
Renowned Oxford built to Apollo's learned brood,
And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly flood,
Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers provide.

1612

Polyolbion, Song XI.

MICHAEL DRAYTON
1563—1631

THE LOVES OF GOGMAGOG

Whenas we met again
With one whose constant heart with cruel love was slain ;
Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,
Which, near to Cambridge set, o'erlooks that learned town,
Of Balsham's pleasant hills that by the name was known,
But with the monstrous times he, rude and barbarous grown,
A giant was become ; for man he cared not,
And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got :
Who long had borne good-will to most delicious Grant,
But doubting lest some god his greatness might supplant.
For as that dainty flood of Cambridge keeps her course,
He found the Muses left their old Bœotian source ;
Resorting to her banks, and, every little space,
He saw bright Phoebus gaze upon her crystal face,
And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked red,
To leave his loved nymph, when he went down to bed.
Wherefore this hill, with love being foully overgone,
And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,
Thus woos her, "Sweeting mine, if thou mine own wilt be,
I've many a pretty gaud I keep in store for thee,
A nest of broad-faced owls, and goodly urchins too ;
Nay, nymph, take heed of me when I begin to woo :
And, better yet than this, a bulkin two years old,—
A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been sold :
And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps tway,
Full dainty for my joy, when she's disposed to play ;
And twenty sows of lead, to make our wedding-ring ;
Besides, at Stourbridge Fair, I'll buy thee many a thing :
I'll smouch thee every morn, before the Sun can rise,
And look my manly face in thy sweet glaring eyes."
Thus said, he smugged his beard, and stroked up his hair,
As one that for her love he thought had offered fair :
Which to the Muses Grant did presently report,
Wherewith they many a year shall make them wondrous sport.

1622
Polyolbion, Song XXI.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

RINGDALE AND THE GRANTA

“Nor can I be compar’d so like to anything
By him that would express my shape, as to a ring ;
For Nature, bent to sport, and various in her trade,
Of all the British vales, of me a circle made :
For in my very midst there is a swelling ground,
About which Ceres’ nymphs dance many a wanton round.
The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,
Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn ;
And catching drops of dew in their lascivious chases,
Do cast the liquid pearl in one another’s faces.
What they in largeness have, that bear themselves so high,
In my most perfect form and delicacy, I,
For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my grass ;
This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale doth surpass.”

When more she would have said, but suddenly there
sprung
A confident report, that through the country rung,
That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled Grant,
Whose fountain Ashwell crown’d with many an upright
plant,

In sallying on for Ouse, determin’d by the way
To entertain her friends the Muses with a lay.
Wherefore, to show herself, ere she to Cambridge came,
Most worthy of that town to which she gives her name,
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she doth win :
Than which a purer stream, a delicatesr brook,
Bright Phœbus in his course doth scarcely overlook.
Thus furnishing her banks, as sweetly she doth glide
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth on either side,
And with the Muses oft did by the way converse ;
Wherefore it her behoves that something she rehearse.
The sisters that concern’d, who whisper’d in her ear
Such things as only she and they themselves should hear ;
A wondrous learned flood ; and she, that had been long,
Though silent in herself, yet vexed at the wrong,
Done to Apollo’s priests, with heavenly fire infus’d,
Oft by the worthless world unworthily abus’d ;
With whom in their behalf, hap ill or happen well,
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of hell ;

RINGDALE AND THE GRANTA

When humbly louting low, her due obedience done,
Thus like a satyr she deliberately begun.

"My invective," thus quoth she, "I only aim at you,
Of what degree soe'er, ye wretched worldly crew,
In all your brainless talk, that still direct your drifts
Against the Muses' sons, and their most sacred gifts,
That hate a poet's name, your vileness to advance ;
For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance !

***O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved town,
In glory flourish still to heighten thy renown ;
In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem right,
Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a light.

***O let the thrice three maids their dews upon thee rain,
From Aganippa's fount and hoof-plough'd Hippocrane !
Mount Pindus, thou that art the Muses' sacred place
In Thessaly, and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace
They chose for their own hill, then thou, Parnassus high,
Upon whose by-clift top the sacred company
About Apollo sit, and thou, O flood, with these,
Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides,
With Tempe, let thy walks and shades be brought to her,
And all your glorious gifts upon my town confer !"

This said, the lovely Grant glides easily on along
To meet the mighty Ouse.

1622
Polyolbion, xxi.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

WELL BORN AND WELL BRED

Lancashire gave him breath,
And Cambridge education.
His studies are of death,
Of heaven his meditation.

From
Ancient Funeral Monuments

J. WEEVER
1576—1632

EPITAPH ON DR PERSE

Christin, surnamde, Stephan Perse I hight,
Sole Life with God alone, my Crowne, my Light,
With living God, eternall Life I live,
This now my song : to sole God praise I give,
This Epitaph by me PERSE was deviz'd,
To none else my Thoughts better were compriz'd.

1615

STEPHEN PERSE
Caius College
† 1615

ON THE MASTER OF TRINITY

Thomas Nevyle.
Most Heavenly.

Long may you wish, and yet long wish in vain,
Hence to depart, and yet that wish obtain.
Long may you here in Heaven on Earth remain,
And yet a Heaven in Heaven hereafter gain.

Go you to Heaven, but yet O make no haste!
Go slowly, slowly, but yet go at last.

This anagram is
prefixed to
Giles Fletcher's *Poems*

F. NETHERSOLE

THE PURPLE ISLAND

Let his shrill trumpet, with her silver blast
Of fair Eclecta, and her spousal bed,
Be the sweet pipe, and smooth encomiast :
But my green Muse, hiding her younger head
Under old Camus' flaggy banks, that spread
 Their willow locks abroad, and all the day
 With their own watery shadows wanton play,
Dares not those high amours, and love-sick songs assay.

circ. 1610
From *Christ's Triumph*

GILES FLETCHER
Trinity College
1588—1623

The Shepherd-Boys, who with the Muses dwell,
Met in the Plain their May-lords new to choose,
(For two they yearly choose) to order well
 Their rural sports, and year that next ensues ;
Now were they sat, where by the orchard walls
 The learned Chame with stealing water crawls,
And lowly down before that royal temple falls.

* * * *

“But if you deign my ruder Pipe to hear,
 (Rude pipe, unused, untuned, unworthy hearing)
These infantine beginnings gently bear,
 Whose best desert and hope must be your bearing.
 But you, O Muses ! by soft Chamus sitting,
 Your dainty songs unto his murmurs fitting,
Which bears the under-song unto your cheerful dittyng,

“Tell me, ye Muses, what our father-ages
 Have left succeeding times to play upon :
What now remains unthought on by those sages,
 Where a new Muse may try her pinion ?”

1633

PHINEAS FLETCHER
King's College
1582—1650

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY

LOOKING FORWARD TO VACATION

Here must I stay, in sullen study pent,
Among our Cambridge fens my time misspending ;
But then revisit our long long'd-for Kent,
Till then live happy, the time ever mending.

circ. 1601

P. FLETCHER

To his cousin, W. R.

TO THOMALIN

(ON LEAVING CAMBRIDGE)

Since then to other streams I must betake me,
And spiteful Cham of all has quite bereft me ;
Since Muses' selves (false Muses) will forsake me,
And but this nothing, nothing else is left me ;
Take thou my love, and keep it still in store :
That given, nothing now remaineth more.

P. FLETCHER

A MARRIAGE HYMN

Chamus, that with thy yellow-sanded stream
Slid'st softly down where thousand Muses dwell,
Gracing their bow'rs, but thou more grac'd by them ;
Hark, Chamus, from thy low-built grassy cell ;
Hark, how our Kentish woods with Hymen ring,
While all the nymphs, and all the shepherds sing.
Hymen, oh Hymen, here thy saffron garment bring.

"Marriage of my most
dear Cousins, Mr W.
and M. R."

P. FLETCHER

AN EPISTLE

Willy, my dear, that late by Haddam sitting,
By little Haddam, in whose private shades,
Unto thy fancy thousand pleasures fitting,
With dainty nymphs, in those retired glades
Didst spend thy time (time that too quickly fades);
Ah, much I fear that those so pleasing toys
Have too much lull'd thy sense and mind in slumb'ring
joys.

Now art thou come to nearer Madingly,
Which with fresh sport and pleasure doth enthrall
thee;
There new delights withdraw thy ear, thy eye;
Too much I fear lest some ill chance befall thee;
Hark how the Cambridge Muses thence recal thee;
Willy our dear, Willy his time abuses;
But sure thou hast forgot our Chame and Cambridge
Muses.

Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn thee,
Will sit and sing among the Muses nine;
And, safely covered from the scalding shine,
We'll read that Mantuan shepherd's sweet complaining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdaining.

"To Master W. C."

P. FLETCHER

RENUNCIATION

But seeing now I am not as I wolde,
But here, among th' unhonour'd willows' shade,
The muddy Chame doth me enforced hold,
Here I forswear my merry piping trade:
My little pipe, of seven reeds ymade,
(Ah, pleasing pipe!) I'll hang upon this bough:
Thou Chame, and Chamish nymphs, bear witness of
my vow!

To his cousin, W. R.

P. FLETCHER

THIRSIL

A PISCATORY ECLOGUE

DORUS, MYRTILUS, THOMALIN, THIRSIL

Dorus.

Myrtil, why idle sit we on the shore?
Since stormy windes and waves intestine spite
Impatient rage of sail or bending oare;
Sit we, and sing, while windes and waters fight;
And carol loud of love, and love's delight.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, ah rather stormy seas require,
With sadder notes, the tempest's rage deplore:
In calms let's sing of love and lover's fire.
Tell me how Thirsil late our seas forswore,
When forc'd he left our Chame, and desert shore.

Dorus.

Now, as thou art a lad, repeat that lay;
Myrtil, his songs more please my ravish'd eare,
Than rumbling brooks that with the pebbles play,
Than murm'ring seas broke on the banks to heare,
Or windes on rocks their whistling voices teare.

Myrtilus.

Seest thou that rock, which hanging o'er the main
Looks proudly down? there as I under lay,
Thirsil with Thomalin I heard complain;
Thomalin, (who now goes sighing all the day)
Who thus gan tempt his friend with Chamish boys to
stay.

Thomalin.

Thirsil, what wicked chance, or luckless starre,
From Chamus' streams removes thy boat and mind?
Far hence thy boat is bound, thy mind more farre;
More sweet or fruitful streams where canst thou finde?
Where fisher-lands, or nymphs more fair or kind?
The Muses' selves sit with the sliding Chame:

THIRSIL

Chame and the Muses' selves do love thy name :
Where thou art lov'd so dear, so much to hate is shame.

Thirsil.

The Muses me forsake, not I the Muses ;
Thomalin thou know'st how I them honour'd ever :
Not I my Chame, but me proud Chame refuses ;
His froward sprites my strong affection sever ;
But like his swannes, when now their fate is nigh,
Where singing sweet they liv'd, there dead they lie ;
So would I gladly live, so would I gladly die.

His stubborn hands my net hath broken quite :
My fish (the guerdon of my toil and pain)

He causelesse seiz'd, and, with ungrateful spite,
Bestow'd upon a less deserving swain :
The cost and labour mine, his all the gain.
My boat is broke, my oares are crackt and gone ;
Nought has he left me, but my pipe alone,
Which with his sadder notes may help his master's moan.

Thomalin.

Ungrateful Chame ! how oft hath Thirsil crown'd
With songs and garlands thy obscurer head !

That now thy name through Albion loud doth
sound.

Ah, foolish Chame ! who now in Thirsil's stead
Shall chant thy praise, since Thelgon's newly dead ?
He whom thou lov'st can neither sing nor play ;
His dusty pipe, scorn'd, broke, is cast away :
Ah, foolish Chame ! who now shall grace thy holiday

Thirsil.

Too fond my former hopes ! I still expected
With my desert his love should grow the more :

Ill can he love, who Thelgon's love rejected ;
Thelgon, who more hath grace'd his graceless shore,
Than any swain that ever sang before.

Yet Gripus he preferr'd, when Thelgon strove ;
I wish no other curse he ever prove ;

Who Thelgon causeless hates, still may he Gripus
love.

THIRSIL

Thomalin.

Thirsil, but that so long I know thee well,
I now should think thou speak'st of hate or spite :
Can such a wrong with Chame, or Muses dwell,
That Thelgon's worth and love with hate they quite?

Thirsil.

Thomalin, judge thou ; and thou that judgest right,
Great King of Seas, that grasp'st the ocean, heare,
If ever thou thy Thelgon loved'st deare :
Tho' thou forbear a while, yet long thou canst not
bear.

When Thelgon here had spent his 'prentice yeares,
Soon had he learnt to sing as sweet a note
As ever strook the churlish Chamus' eares :
To him the river gives a costly boat,
That on his waters he might safely float ;
The song's reward, which oft unto his shore
He sweetly tuned : Then arm'd with sail and oare,
Dearly the gift he loved, but lov'd the giver more.

Scarce of the boat he yet was full possest,
When, with a mind more changing than his wave,
Again bequeath'd it to a wand'ring guest,
Whom then he onely saw : to him he gave
The sails and oares ; in vain poor Thelgon strave ;
The boat is under sail ; no boot to plain :
Then banisht him, the more to eke his pain,
As if himself were wrong'd, and did not wrong the
swain.

From thence he furrow'd many a churlish sea :
The viny Rhene, and Volgha's self did pass,
Who sleds doth suffer on his wat'ry lea,
And horses trampling on his icy face :
Where Phœbus, prison'd in the frozen glasse,
All winter cannot move his quenched light,
Nor, in the heat, will drench his chariot bright :
Thereby the tedious yeare is all one day and night.

THIRSIL

Yet little thanke, and lesse reward, he got ;
He never learn'd to soothe the itching eare :

One day (as chanc't) he spied that painted boat
Which once was his: though his of right it were,
He bought it now again, and bought it deare.
But Chame to Gripus gave it once again,
Gripus, the basest and most dung-hill swain,
That ever drew a net, or fisht in fruitful main.

Go now, ye fisher-boys, go learn to play,
To play and sing along your Chamus' shore :

Go watch and toil, go spend the night and day,
While windes and waves, while stormes and tempest roar ;
And for your trade consume your life and store :
Lo your reward: thus will your Chamus use you :
Why should you plain that lozel swains refuse you ?
Chamus good fishers hates, the Muses' selves abuse you.

Thomalin.

Ah, Thelgon ! poorest, but the worthiest swain
That ever grac'd unworthy poverty !

However here thou liv'dst in joylesse pain,
Prest down with grief and patient misery ;
Yet shalt thou live when thy proudemie
Shall rot, with scorn and base contempt opprest.
Sure now in joy thou safe and glad dost rest,
Smil'st at those eager foes, which here thee so molest.

Thirsil.

Thomalin, mourn not for him ; he's sweetly sleeping
In Neptune's court, whom here he sought to please ;

While humming rivers, by his cabin creeping,
Rock soft his slumb'ring thoughts in quiet ease :
Mourn for thyself ; here windes do never cease ;
Our dying life will better fit thy crying ;
He softly sleeps, and blest is quiet lying.
Who ever living dies, he better lives by dying.

Thomalin.

Can Thirsil than our Chame abandon ever ?
And never will our fishers see again ?

THIRSIL

Thirsil.

Who 'gainst a raging stream doth vain endeavour
To drive his boat, gets labour for his pain;
When fates command to go, to lagge is vain.
As late upon the shore I chanc't to play,
I heard a voice, like thunder, loudly say,
"Thirsil, why idly liv'st? Thirsil, away, away!"

Thou God of seas, thy voice I gladly heare;
Thy voice (thy voice I know) I glad obey;
Only, do thou my wand'ring wherry steer;
And when it errs, (as it will eas'ly stray),
Upon the rock with hopeful anchor stay:
Then will I swimm where's either sea or shore,
Where never swain or boat was seen afore;
My trunk shall be my boat, mine arm shall be my oare.

Thomalin, methinks I heare thy speaking eye
Woo me my posting journey to delay:
But let thy love yield to necessitie:
With thee, my friend, too gladly would I stay,
And live, and die: were Thomalin away,
——(Though now I half unwilling leave his stream),
However Chame doth Thirsil lightly deem,
Yet would thy Thirsil lesse proud Chamus' scorns
esteeme.

Thomalin.

Who now with Thomalin shall sit and sing?
Who left to play in lovely Myrtil's shade?
Or tune sweet ditties to so sweet a string?
Who now those wounds shall swage in covert glade,
Sweet-bitter wounds, which cruel love hath made?
You fisher-boyes, and sea-maids' dainty crew,
Farewel! For Thomalin will seek a new
And more respectful stream: ungrateful Chame, adieu!

Thirsil.

Thomalin, forsake not thou the fisher-swains,
Which hold thy stay and love at dearest rate:
Here may'st thou live among their sportful trains,

THIRSIL

Till better times afford thee better state :
There mayst thou follow well thy guiding fate,
So live thou here with peace and quiet blest ;
So let thy love afford thee ease and rest ;
So let thy sweetest foe recure thy wounded breast.

But thou, proud Chame, which thus hast wrought
me spite,
Some greater river drown thy hated name !
Let never myrtle on thy banks delight ;
But willows pale, the badge of spite and blame,
Crown thy ungrateful shores with scorn and shame !
Let dirt and mud thy lazy waters seize ;
Thy weeds still grow, thy waters still decrease ;
Nor let thy wretched love to Gripus ever cease !

Farewel, ye streames, which once I loved deare ;
Farewel, ye boys, which on your Chame do float ;
Muses, farewel ; if there be Muses here ;
Farewel, my nets, farewel my little boat :
Come, sadder pipe ; farewel, my merry note :
My Thomalin, with thee all sweetness dwell ;
Think of thy Thirsil, Thirsil loves thee well.
Thomalin, my dearest deare, my Thomalin, farewel !

Dorus.

Ah, haplesse boy, the fisher's joy and pride !
Ah, wo is us, we cannot help thy wo !
Our pity vain : ill may that swain betide
Whose undeserved spite hath wrong'd thee so.
Thirsil, with thee our joy and wishes go.

Myrtilus.

Dorus, some greater power prevents thy curse :
So vile, so basely lives that hateful swain ;
So base, so vile, that none can wish him worse.
But Thirsil much a better state doth gain ;
For never will he find so thanklesse main.

1633

Piscatory Eclogues, II.

P. FLETCHER

ECLOGUE

When the raw blossom of my youth was yet
 In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
 And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
 And guide my boat where Thame and Isis' heir
By lowly Æton slides, and Windsor proudly fair.
But when my tender youth gan fairly blow,
 I changed large Thames for Chamus' narrower seas:
There, as my years, so skill with years did grow,
 And now my pipe the better sort did please;
So that with Limnus, and with Belgio,
 I durst to challenge all my fisher-peers,
That by learn'd Chamus' banks did spend their youth-
 full yeares.

From
Piscatory Eclogues

P. FLETCHER

‘TO MR JO. TOMKINS’

(THOMALIN)

Thy strains to hear, old Chamus from his cell
 Comes guarded with an hundred nymphs around;
An hundred nymphs, that in his rivers dwell,
 About him flock, with water-lilies crown'd.

P. FLETCHER

AFFLICTION

One to the world so dead, that evermore
In the world's things he seemed stept out of doore.

On Samuel Bolton
Master of Christ's
1646—1654

JOSEPH SEDGWICK
Christ's College

One well-skilled to trace
The deep thoughts lying hid in homely words,
The secret treasures of the Word Divine.

On Dr Worsley
Master of Downing

E. H. PLUMPTRE

Whereas my birth and spirits rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
Not simp'ring all mine age,—
Thou often didst, with academic praise,
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweeten'd pill; till I came where
I could not go away, or persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food: thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me; not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree:
For sure then I should grow
To fruit, or shade; at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

circ. 1620

GEORGE HERBERT
Trinity College
1593—1633



George Herbert

ON BACON'S BOOK

PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY

Thou with thine Office this our time dost bless,
And with thy Book all future times no less;
And thus all ages join thy praise to express.
Thou with thine Office blestest this our day,
And with thy Volume countries far away;
All regions to thy praise their tribute pay.
These are the wings of thy illustrious Name:
Who such eternal glory e'er could claim,
Or the high meed of such a world-wide fame?

Translated by
R. Wilton, 1874

circ. 1621
GEORGE HERBERT

SQUARE-CAP

The words of the North-Briton—witty,
Foe of the Surplice, without pity—
The neighb'ring College-cap has heard,
And flies incont'nent, terror-stirr'd,
Right to the upmost part o' the head;
But even there astonied
It too must list—for naught escapes—
Sharp twittings from this Jack-o'-napes.
But, ah, if but ye will attend,
You and each North-Briton friend,
You will see our College-cap
Would better suit you far, mayhap,
Even than that close-fitting hood:
Why? To cool your hot brains' blood.

* * * *

But ye who treat our cap so badly,
Prating 'gainst it thus so madly,
Which our Church of old approves,
As she decent vestures loves;
Ah, we have reason much to dread,
Lest next ye should assail her HEAD!

Translated by
A. B. Grosart, 1874

GEORGE HERBERT
1604

ON MELVILLE'S ANTI-TAMI-CAMI-CATEGORIA

What a fine man thou art! a pretty word to say,
This "Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria"!
Thus Puritans in words and things love novelties;
What smacks of age or hoary time neglected lies.
To hammer-out some words now also grant to me;
The shop for forging them is not confin'd to thee.
Accept, since Puritanic fury rules the day,
My "Anti-furi-Puri-Categoria";
Or since you blamed the bowls which on James' altar lay,
Take "Anti-pelvi-Melvi-Categoria."

Translated by
Richard Wilton, 1874

GEORGE HERBERT
1604

QUARLES

REX PATER EST PATRIAE; MIHI CLARA
ACADEMIA MATER

Thus in the deare memorial of my dutye
Into the tender boosom of my mother
I light my father up. O let hir beuty,
Mixt with his strength, each day beare me a brother:
And let the springtydes of their fresh delight
Make every minute as a mariag night.

circ. 1620

FRANCIS QUARLES
Christ's College
1592—1644

ON THOMAS RANDOLPH

ON RANDOLPH'S POEMS

When a long Drought presag'd some fatal dearth
Thy unexhausted Founts gave us new birth
Of Wit and Verse ; when *Cham* or *Isis* fell,
Thy open'd Floodgates made their riv'lets swell
'Bove their proud Banks, where (planted by thy Hand)
Th' *Hesperian* Orchards, *Paphian* Myrtles stand,
And those sweet Shades where Lovers tell their Bliss
To th' whispering Leaves, and sum 'em up in Kisses.
There in full Quire the *Muses* us'd to sing
Melodious Odes, bathing in *Cham* their Spring.

circ. 1638

ANON.

Thus in the future it shall honour be,
That men shall read their names bound up with thee.

* * * *

So creatures, that had drown'd else, did embark
With Noah, and lived by being in his ark :
Or (if not thus) as when in royal state
Nobles attend kings to inaugurate :
Or as last year, when you both courts did see
Beget joy's noon i' th' University.
All the learn'd tribe in reverend habits meet,
As if the schools were turn'd into the street ;
Where each one strove such duty to put on,
As might give honour to their own sun's sun.

1637

OWEN FELLTHAM
1602—1678

A CAMBRIDGE ECLOGUE

Damon.

When I contented lived by *Cham's* fair Streams,
Without desire to see the prouder *Thames*,
I had no *Flock* to care for, but could sit
Under a willow Covert, and repeat
Those deep and learned Lays, on every part
Grounded on Judgment, Subtlety, and Art,
That the Great Tutor to the greatest King,
The Shepherd of *Stagira* us'd to sing—
The Shepherd of *Stagira*, that unfolds
All *Nature's* Closet, shows whate'er it holds :
The Matter, Form, Sense, Motion, Place, and Measure,
Of everything contain'd in her vast Treasure.

* * * *

Ah, *Tityrus* ! I would with all my heart,
Ev'n with the best of my carv'd Mazers part
To hear him, as he us'd divinely show
What 'tis that paints the divers-colour'd Bow :
Whence Thunders are discharg'd, whence the Winds stray,
What Foot through Heav'n hath worn the *Milky Way*.
And yet I let this true delight alone,
Call'd thence to keep the Flock of Corydon.

* * * *

And now I would return to *Cham*, I hear
A desolation frights the *Muses* there.

circ. 1630

THOMAS RANDOLPH
Trinity College
1605—1635

AD AMICUM LITIGANTEM

Would you commence a poet, sir, and be
A graduate in the threadbare mystery?
The *Ox's ford* will no man thither bring,
Where the horse hoofs raised the *Pegasian spring*;
Nor will the bridge through which low *Cam* doth run
Direct you to the banks of *Helicon*.
If in that art you mean to take degrees,
Bedlam's the best of *universities*.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (?)

THE DUN

Hark, reader, if thou never yet hadst one,
I'll show the torments of a Cambridge *dun*.
He rails, where'er he comes, and yet can say
But this—that Randolph does not keep his day.
What, can I keep the day, or stop the sun
From setting, or the night from coming on?
Could I have kept days, I had changed the doom
Of times and seasons that had never come.
These evil spirits haunt me every day,
And will not let me eat, study, or pray.
I am so much in their books, that 'tis known
I am too seldom frequent in my own.
What damage given to my doors might be,
If doors might actions have of battery!
And when they find their coming to no end,
They dun by proxy, and their letters send
In such a style, as I could never find
In Tully's long, or Seneca's short wind.**
You have the same style all, and as for me
Such as your style is, shall your payment be.

circ. 1630

THOMAS RANDOLPH

ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE TAVERN

Lament, lament, yee schollers all,
Each weare his blackest gowne,
The Myter, that held up your witts
Is now itself fall'n downe.

The dismal fire on London bridge,
Can move noe hart of mine,
For that but o're the water stood,
But this stood o're the wine ;

It needs must melt each Christian's harte
That this sad newes but heares,
To thinke how the poore hogsheads wept
Good sack and claret teares.

The zealous students of that place
Chainge of religion feare,
That this mischance may soone bringe in
A heresie of beere.

Unhappy Myter ! I would know
The cause of this sad hap :
Came it by making legges to low
To Pembroke's cardinall cap ?

Then know thyselfe, and cringe no more,
Since Poperie went downe,
That cap should vayle to thee, for now
The myter's next the crowne.

Or was't because our companie
Did not frequent thy cell
As we were wont, to drowne those cares
So forc't thyselfe and fell ?

Nay sure the divell was a dry,
And caused this fatall blow ;
'Twas he that made the cellar sinke,
That he might drinke below.

ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE TAVERN

And some say that the divell did it,
That he might drink up all,
But I thinke that the Pope was drunke,
And let the myter fall.

Rore, conquerors, at your owne disgrace;
The want of skill acknowledge
To let your taverne fall, that stood
At th' walls of your own colledge.

But whither walke we up and downe
For to injoy our wishes,
The Dolphin too must cast her crowne;
Wine was not made for fishes.

That signe a taverne best becomes,
That shewes who loves wine best;
The Myter's then the only signe,
For 'tis the scholler's crest.

Then drinke sacke, Sam, and cheare thy heart:
Be not dismay'd at all:
For we will drinke it up againe,
Though we doe catch a fall.

Wee'le be thy workmen day and night,
In spight of buggebeare proctors;
Before, we dranke like ffreshmen all,
But now wee'le drinke like doctors.

THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION OF CAMBRIDGE

Now Scholars look unto it,
For you will all be undon;
For the last week, you know it,
The Towns-men rid to *London* :
The Mayor, if he thrives,
Hath promised, on his word,
The King a pair of Knives,
If he'll give him a Sword ;
That he may put the Beadles down,
And walk in worship here,
And kill all scholars in the town
That thus do domineer.
And then unto the Court
They do themselves repair,
To make the King some sport,
And all his Nobles there.
He down upon his knee,
Both he and they together ;
A Sword, he cries, good King give me,
That I may cut a feather.
There's none at all I have at home,
Will fit my hand, I swear;
But one of yours will best become
A Sword to domineer.
These Scholars keep such wrecks
As makes us all afeard,
That if to them a Towns-man speaks,
They will pull off his beard :
But if your Grace such licence gives,
Then let us all be dead,
If each of us had not as lieve
He should pull off his head.
They call us silly drunkards too,
We know not why, nor where;
All this, and more than this, they do,
'Cause they will domineer.

THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION

A speech if I do make,
That hath much learning in't
A Scholar comes to take,
And sets it out in print ;
We dare not touch them for our lives,
Good King, have pity on us,
For first they play upon our Wives,
And then make songs upon us.
Would we had power to put,
And turn on them the jeer ;
Then we would do the best we could,
But we would domineer.
They stand much on their wit,
We know not what it is,
But surely, had we liked it,
We had got some of this.
But since it will no better be,
We are constrain'd to frame
Petitions to your Majesty,
These witty ones to tame.
A sword would scare them all, I say,
And put them in great fear ;
A sword of you, good King, we pray,
That we may domineer.
Which if your Grace permits,
We'll make them look about 'em ;
But yet they have such pleasant wits,
We cannot live without 'em.
They have such pretty arguments,
To run upon our score ;
They say fair words, and good intents
Are worth twice as much more.
And that a clown is highly grac't,
To sit a Scholar near ;
And thus we are like fools out-fac't,
And they do domineer.
Now if you will renew
To us your Grace's Charter,
We'll give a ribbon blew
To some Knight of the Garter.

THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION

A Cap also we want,
And Maintenance much more ;
And yet these Scholars brag and vaunt,
As if they had good store.
But not a penny we can see,
Save once in twice 7 year :
They say it is no policy,
Drunkards should domineer.
Now reason, reason cries, Alas,
Good Lord-lings, mark it well,
A Scholar told me that it was
A perfect parallel.
Their case and ours so equal stand
As in a way-scale true,
A pound of Candles on each hand,
Will neither higher shew.
Then prithee listen to my speech,
As thou shalt after hear :
And then I doubt it not, my Liege,
But we shall domineer.
Vice-Chancellors they have,
And we have Mayors wise,
With Proctors and with Taskers grave,
Our Bayliffs you may size :
Their silver Staves keep much adoe,
Much more our silver Maces ;
And some think that our Serjeant too,
Their Beadle-Squires out-faces.
And if we had a Sword I think
Along the street to bear,
'Twould make the proudest of them shrink,
And we should domineer :
They've Patrons of Nobility,
And we have our partakers ;
They've Doctors of Divinity,
And we have Basket-makers :
Their Heads, our brethren dear,
Their Fellows, our householders
Shall match them, and we think to bear
Them down by head and shoulders.

THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION

A sword give us, O King, we pray,
That we may top them there;
Since every Dog must have its day,
Let us once domineer.
When they had made the King to laugh,
And see one kiss his hand;
Then little mirth they make, as if
His mind they understand.
Avoid the room, an Usher cries,
The King will private sup;
And so they all came down like fools,
As they before went up.
They cry'd, God bless his Majesty;
And then no doubt they sware,
They'll have the Town made a City,
And here so domineer.
But wot ye what the King did think,
And what his meaning was;
I vow unto you by this drink,
A rare device he has:
His Majesty hath pen'd it,
That they'll be ne're the better;
And so he means to send it,
All in a Latine Letter,
Which when it comes for to be read,
It plainly will appear,
The Townsmen they must hang the head,
And the Scholars must domineer.

THOMAS RANDOLPH

RUSTICATION

I well content, where Thames with influent tide
My native city laves, meantime reside :
Nor zeal nor duty now my steps impel
To reedy Cam, and my forbidden cell ;
Nor aught of pleasure in those fields have I,
That to the musing bard all shade deny.
'Tis time that I a pedant's threats disdain,
And fly from wrongs my soul will ne'er sustain.
If peaceful days, in letter'd leisure spent
Beneath my father's roof, be banishment,
Then call me banish'd, I will ne'er refuse
A name expressive of the lot I choose.
I would that, exiled to the Pontic shore,
Rome's hapless bard had suffer'd nothing more ;
He then had equall'd even Homer's lays,
And, Virgil ! thou hadst won but second praise.
For here I woo the Muse, with no control,
And here my books—my life—absorb me whole.

Elegy to CHAS. DIODATI
Translated by COWPER

JOHN MILTON
Christ's College
1608—1674



John Milton

THE DEATH OF HOBSON

Would it not grieve a man of a good spirit to see Hobson finde more money in the tayles of 12 jades than a scholler in 200 bookes ?

1597

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus

Here lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt ;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one
He 's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.
And surely Death could never have prevailed,
Had not his weekly course of carriage failed ;
But lately, finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supped, and 's newly gone to bed."

1631

JOHN MILTON

ON THE SAME

Here lieth one who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move ;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on, and keep his trot ;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time ;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath ;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive the time away he sickened,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.
"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,
"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers."
Ease was his chief disease ; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light.
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That, even to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were pressed to death, he cried "More weight."
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas.
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.
His letters are delivered all and gone ;
Only remains this superscription.

1631

JOHN MILTON

FROM THE EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER

...Here, beside the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon,
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy hearse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,
Devoted to thy virtuous name...

1631

JOHN MILTON

IL PENSEROSO

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embow'd Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

1633 (?)

JOHN MILTON

LYCIDAS

Next Camus, reverend Sire, went footing slow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
In wrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah ; Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?

1637

JOHN MILTON

DR CHADERTON

Pardon (dear Saint) that we so late
With lazy sighs bemoan thy fate ;
And with an after-shower of Verse,
And Tears, we thus bedew thy Herse :
Till now (alas !) we did not weep,
Because we thought thou didst but sleep :
Thou liv'dst so long, we did not know
Whether thou couldst now dye or no :
We look'd still, when thou shouldst arise,
And ope' the casement of thine eyes :
Thy feet which have been us'd so long
To walk, we thought must still go on ;
Thine ears after an hundred year,
Might now plead custom for to hear.

Upon thy head that reverend Snow
Did dwell some fifty years ago,
And then thy Cheeks did seem to have
The sad remembrance of a Grave.

Wert thou ere young ! For truth I hold,
And do believe thou wert born old.
There 's none alive I am sure can say
They knew thee young, but always gray :
And dost thou now, venerable Oak,
Decline at death's unhappy stroak !
Tell me (dear son) why didst thou dye,
And leave 's to write an Elegy ?
We 'are young (alas !) and know thee not,
Send up old Abraham and grave Lot :
Let them write thine Epitaph, and tell
The World thy worth, they ken'd thee well,
When they were Boys, they heard thee preach,
And thought an Angel did them teach.

Awake them then, and let them come,
And score thy Virtues on thy Tomb ;
That we at those may wonder more,
Than at thy many years before.

circ. 1640

JOHN CLEIVELAND
Christ's College
1613—1658

SQUARE-CAP

Come hither *Apollo's* Bouncing Girl,
And in a whole Hippocrene of Sherry
Let's drink a round till our Brains do whirl,
Tuning our Pipes to make our selves merry;
A *Cambridge-Lass*, *Venus-like*, born of the Froth
Of an old half-fill'd Jug of Barly-Broth,
She, she is my Mistress, her Suitors are many,
But she'll have a Square-Cap, if e'er she have any.

And first, for the Plush-sake, the *Monmouth-Cap* comes
Shaking his Head, like an empty Bottle,
With his new fangled Oath by *Jupiter's* Thumbs,
That to her Health he'll begin a pottle:
He tells her, that after the Death of her Grannum
She shall have God knows what *per Annum*;
But still she replied, Good Sir *La-bee*,
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

Then *Calet Leather-Cap* strongly pleads,
And fain would derive his Pedigree of fashion:
The *Antipodes* wear their Shoes on their Heads,
And why may not we in their Imitation:
Oh! how the Foot-ball noddle would please,
If it were but well toss'd on Sir *Thomas* his Lees:
But still she replied, Good Sir, *La-bee*
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

* * * *

The Lawyer's a Sophister by his round-cap,
Nor in their fallacies are they divided;
Th' one milks the pocket, the other the tap,
And yet this wench he fain would have bridled.
Come leave these thred-bare Schollers, quoth he,
And give me livery and seison of thee.
But peace *John-a-Noke* and leave y^r Oration,
I never will be your Impropropriation.
I pray you therefore good Sir *La-bee*
If ever I have a Man, Square-Cap for me.

circ. 1640
(Printed 1687)

JOHN CLEIVELAND

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA

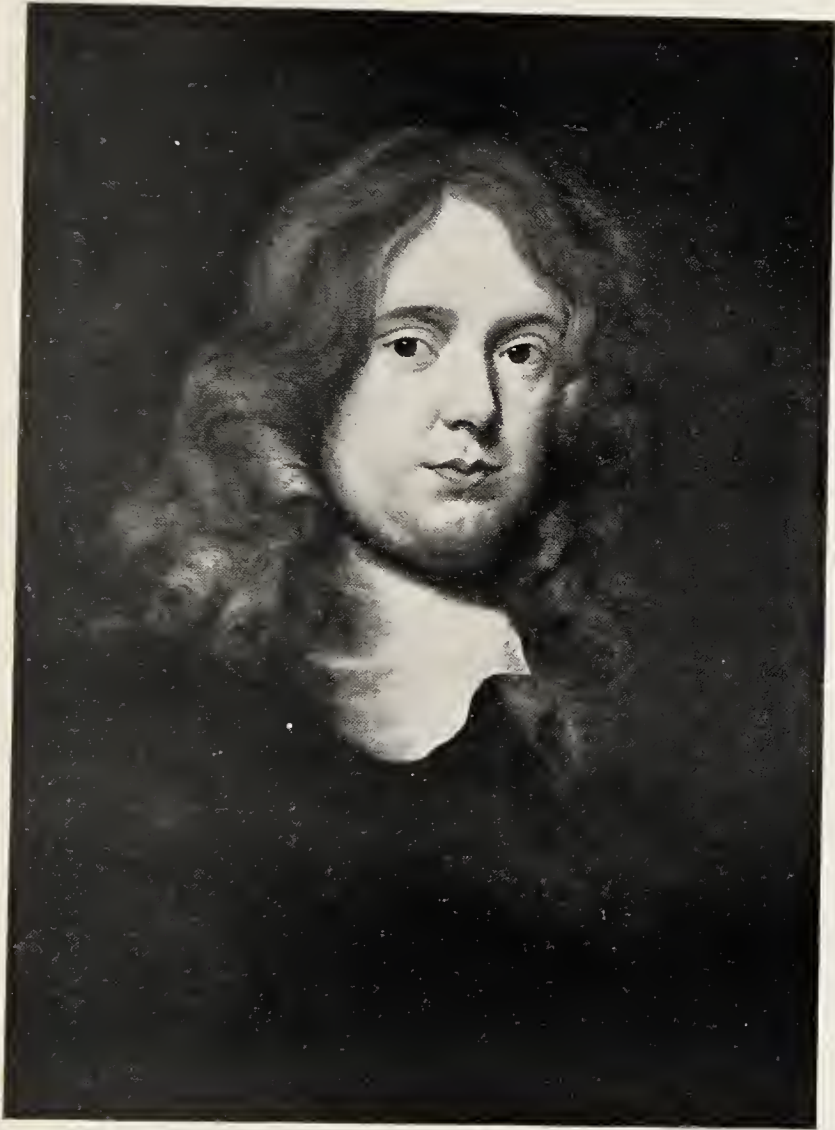
(AFTER HIS EJECTION, 1643)

Let all the common Rout of Books stand by,
The Vulgar of our Library;
Let 'em make way for COWLEY's Leaves to come,
And hang within this sacred Room.

On presenting Cowley's Poems
to the library
of Wadham College, Oxford

BISHOP SPRAT
Wadham College, Oxford
1635—1713

O name of Cambridge, O most pleasant sound !
Deep in my heart the love of thee is found.
Fair, without luxury, thy Halls are seen ;
And happy are the lives led there, I ween :
A splendid poverty, of meanness shorn,
A comeliness and beauty, noble-born :
Dearest abode of all, worthy the name
Of mighty kings—nay, worthy to proclaim
The Triune God, and spread abroad His fame !
O fields too richly piled with Ceres' gifts,
Which o'er her own loved Enna she uplifts !
O sacred fountains, and O sacred shades,
Where poets wander, nor the world invades !
While choirs of singing birds refresh the ear,
And all the tuneful Muses hover near.
O Cam, Apollo thee most pleasant deems,
Though poor, yet envied by gold-bearing streams.
Ah, if God would your dear delights restore,
The learn'd leisure on your happy shore ;
Such as you saw me, with a tranquil mind
Upon your bank, O Cam serene, reclined ;



Abraham Cowley

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA

And heard me soothe, with boyish song, your wave,—
Of little worth, to you it pleasure gave.
For I remember when each bank would deign,
Nay, all the woodland, to repeat my strain.
Then smooth and silent my life's course flowed on,
White as the light which on your waters shone.
Now dim my suns, and all my turbid days
Broken and vexed and roll'd o'er troubled ways.
For Seine or Thames or Tiber what care I?
Thou, Cam alone, my thirst canst satisfy!

ABRAHAM COWLEY
Trinity College
1618—1667

[Translated by Richard Wilton (†1903), St Catharine's College.
From *Benedicite*.]

ON THE DEATH OF MR WILLIAM HARVEY

Ye fields of *Cambridge*! our dear *Cambridge*! say,
Have you not seen us walking every day?
Was there a *Tree* about which did not know
The *Love* betwixt us *Two*?
Henceforth, ye gentle *Trees*! for ever fade,
Or your sad Branches thicker join,
And into darksome Shades combine,
Dark as the *Grave* wherein my *Friend* is laid.
Henceforth no learned *Youths* beneath you sing,
'Till all the Tuneful *Birds* t' your Boughs they bring;
No tuneful *Birds* play with their wonted *Chear*,
And call the learned *Youths* to hear;
No whistling *Winds* through the glad Branches fly,
But all, with sad Solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the *Grave*, wherein my *Friend* does lye.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ANSWER TO AN INVITATION TO CAMBRIDGE

I

Nichols ! my better self, forbear,
For if thou tell'st what Cambridge pleasures are,
The schoolboy's sin will light on me,
I shall, in mind at least, a truant be.
Tell me not how you feed your mind
With dainties of philosophy,
In Ovid's Nut I shall not find
The taste once pleas'd me.
O tell me not of logick's diverse cheer,
I shall begin to loath our crambo here.

II

Tell me not how the waves appear
Of Cam, or how it cuts the learned shire ;
I shall contemn the troubled Thames,
On her chief holyday, even when her streams
Are with rich folly gilded, when
The quondam dung-boat is made gay,
Just like the brav'ry of the men,
And graces with fresh paint that day,
When th' City shines with flags and pageants there,
And satin doublets seen not twice a year.

III

Why do I stay, then ? I would meet
Thee there, but plummets hang upon my feet :
'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,
But not till I deserve thy company :
Till then we'll scorn to let that toy
Some forty miles divide our hearts :
Write to me, and I shall enjoy
Friendship and wit, thy better parts.
Tho' envious Fortune larger hind'rance brings,
We'll eas'ly see each other : Love hath wings.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

THE COMPLAINT

In a deep vision's intellectual Scene,
Beneath a Bow'r for sorrow made,
Th' uncomfortable Shade
Of the black Yew's unlucky Green,
Mix'd with the mourning Willow's careful Gray,
Where reverend *Cham* cuts out his famous Way,
The Melancholy *Cowley* lay ;
And lo ! a *Muse* appear'd to his clos'd Sight,
(The *Muses* oft' in Lands of vision play)
Body'd, array'd, and seen by an internal Light.

circ. 1643

ABRAHAM COWLEY

THE ROUNDHEADS

Wee'l down with all the Versities
Where Learning is professt,
Because they practice and maintain
The language of the Beast ;
Wee'l drive the Doctors out of doors,
And parts what¹ ere they be ;
Wee'l cry all Arts and Learning down,
And hey then up go we.

1653

ANON.

¹ *where* ? Another reading is, 'And all that Learned be.'

A POEM

ATTEMPTING SOMETHING UPON THE RARITIES OF THE MOST RENOWNED UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

I

An harmless Country Life, and far from Care
I long had liv'd : free as the ambient Aire,
And Innocent as those first men of the golden Ages were.
Contented with my Ignorance and State,
In my Lethargick Dream secure I sate.
No News, no Changes fearfully I heard,
And nothing knew, and so I nothing fear'd.

Thus I sate still,

And as I did no good, I did no ill.
But glew'd toth' Earth, I seem'd to Envy All,
Ev'n Stones that had a life more dull, or we more torpid call :
Thus lay I down and would not rise, and so I could not fall :
Lulling my self in sweet security,
And as from cares, from praise and honour free.
In such a drowsy life (if one it might be nam'd,
Or whether more of Death it rightly claim'd)
Since there no business to my empty head did clime,
I us'd to lye, and sleep out half my time.
Nor did I dream, for my dull Soul did keep
So great a rest, as if with me, it too was fallen a sleep.
It chanc'd I slept (as I was use to do
Free as the Dead that never cares do know.
When an unusual Storm my Soul opprest,
And a dull weight lay on my troubled breast.
A dismall Scene did my sad thoughts pursue,
A blacker trembling fear yet never drew.

Night spread his wings on all was near,
And only so much light was there,
To let me see the cause I had to fear.

I saw by this unwisht for light,
What had before been buried up in the dark womb of night.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

A Wood it was, (if one might call it so
Though there nought but the Yew
And mournful Cypress grew.
And on them clustring Troops of grief and woe.)
Lotos, and sleepy Poppies all around,
And drowsie Herbs, with their leaves Earths visage Crown'd.
Fain I would fly, but still I saw there lay
Black Errour, grierly Ignorance, and on
My back stood gaping dark Oblivion;
And thousand other Monsters in my way:
Which my pale fear forgot, nor could it tell,
Monsters so strange that they would fright even Hell.
My coward senses fled, and I
Had let so many foes in by my Eye,
That I resolved to render up and Die.

II

When swift as winged lightning from the Skie,
Or the quick glances of the Eye:
Cambridge great Spirit descends, and with her sight
Dispells the darkness, and my fears, the trembling Sons of night.
In her fair Face well temper'd gravity,
With a sweet loveliness doth mixed lye:
That She alike could prove
Powerful to rule our Souls with awe, or to inspire with Love.
Ten thousand Figures in her Visage plac'd
Of all the Languages are know[n];
And all the Arts each Nation calls her own
Was Pictured there; and yet so wisely done,
The Artful stroaks her charming features grac'd.
A stranger garb ne're yet amazement saw.
All Sciences were painted there,
That e're the Learned world could share,
'Twas made of shreds of *Hebrew* roots, and threds the School-
men draw.
And on her head a Crown
Of all the flow'rs that Orators, or Poets e're could own.
Her left hand held a Book, her right a Silver wand,
With which She all the Passions could of humane Souls com-
mand.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

To me She came, and in the way
Ten thousand crowding Joys there lay :
None of those gastly shapes before her stay,
But fly away all in a Fright,
As Spectres do at the approach of light.
Thus when the world did in the Chaos lye,
When each with other did ingage
And equally did rage,
And nothing but in discord did agree :
The Powerful Deity
With a Commanding,
All into concord and obedience strook.
Their former rage doth fall,
And smiling Peace with her soft Joys doth gently crown this All.
I saw the charge, and how my fears were fled :
But just as when an Earthy vapour flies
And Marshalls up a Troop of Tragedies,
Within my thoughtful head :
I wake, and though I know 'twas but a Dream,
Yet still I quake, and still I fear
My former dangers all are near :
Thus my sad Soul run over all the wonders of the Theam.
I saw the change, and was amaz'd thereat,
And thought it false because it was so great.
'Till the blest Vision made a stand,
And touch'd my drowsy Soul with her enchanted wand.
And thus between a frown and smile she spoke.

III

Degenerous Soul ! at last awake,
And thy dull eyes their leaden sleep forsake :
The day, the day is broke.
Thy noble fellows half their race have run,
Before thou hast begun.
They clime the Hill, and up to Honour rise,
While thou dar'st scarce cast up thy trembling eyes
To look so high as they have gone.
They have cut through new Alps, and sail'd new Seas,
Smoothed the roughest passages,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

Killed more Monsters then e're did the far fain'd *Hercules*.
 And nothing's left for thee to do,
 Nothing but gather Roses now.
 Peace now hath gently smil'd away the wars,
 No Briars nor Thorns will stop thy way,
 No unknown Monsters will the stay ;
 These are but fancies, such as th' Signes men fix among the
 Stars,
 Thus she had spoke, and all the while
 She charmingly did from my self, my self beguile.
 Each Accent did my Soul inspire,
 Each Accent rais'd my Spirit higher,
 And kindled in my breast so pure a fire,
 That melted all my dross and cowardize away.
 Methought I had new Life, new Birth, new Soul,
 A Soul that scorn'd upon the Earth to stay,
 But with bold wings would soar above the Pole :
 With that the Spirit smil'd, and with a gentle force
 Bears me above through unknown paths a wondrous course
 'Till at the entrance of the noted Town,
 Set me amazed, and admiring down.
 Here (cries She) to the wondring eyes, I'll show
 More then the world Epitomiz'd can do.
 So wondrous great, and wondrous strange they'l seem,
 So inexpressible they'l shew.
 That thou'lt scarce bend thy stubborn fancy to believe them
 true,
 But still will think thy self art in a Dream.

IV

St. Peters
Coli. Built
Anno 1256

There Reverend *Peter* shows his Aged head,
 And overlooks with comely pride,
 Th' enameld Field stretch'd by his side :
 And the Illustrious *Chams* known watry Bed.
 See th' Reliques of the Beauty kept for many years,
 See in's old Age how glorious he appears.
 Such footsteps of a charming Face, that even
 You'd think his Keyes were the true Keyes of Heaven.
 He first of all, like Infant light,
 Broke through the Darkness, while a round

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

Horror and fear Earths Visage Crown'd,
 Whose darkness made him show more bright.
 He frighted Barbarism and Ignorance away,
 Smil'd on the Chaos with a lovely Ray,
 Scatter'd all clouds to Hell, and brought in inexhausted Day.
 This was my first Born, this was my first care,
 When all the rest scarce Embrios lay.
 Before so many Sons my fruitful womb did bear,
 He wantonly did in my Bosome play.
 This was my Heir, and this shall still inherit
 A double portion of my Spirit.
 And he shall flourish still in Learnings Bed,
 While I am *Cambridge* Soul, and *Cambridge* learnings head.

Clare Hall
Built by the
Countess of
 Clare

Anno 1326

The next in Age is the bright Hall of *Clare*,
 As Glorious as its Beauteous Foundress were.

See how it cheats old Age

And shews its ever conquering Head,
 And laughs at all the Batteries and rage
 That Time and Ruine on the world have bred:
 View its new garb, and see its smiling face,
 A comely gesture, and a modish grace.
 That the deceiv'd Spectators well might say,
 Nay swear, 'twas but the work of yesterday.

For when it doth begin

To tremble with old Age and Cold,
 It like the cunning Serpent casts the skin
 And wondrously grows young, by growing old.

V

Pembroke
 Hall *built*
by the
Countess of
 Pembroke
 An. 1343

Next is great *Pembroke*, whose high Mistress Fame
 Is there entail'd, as well as was her Name.

Yet now it doth to so great Glory pass,
 The work no less the Buildress doth grace,
 Then She did it, when it an Infant was.
 View but the glorious Chappel there, and see
 In it the Authors self, in it the Authors purity.
 Pure as the blessed Bishops thoughts, and sacred too,
 Though not so glorious as he in's Eternal Chappel now.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

So Blessed and Heavenly sight,
Would draw from's Cell an Anchorite,
And quite convert a Lover of the night.
So like to Heaven, that it would strike an awe,
And Reverence even from Prophaneness draw.

Corporis
Christi
College
Built
Anno 1353

That is holy *Benedict*, see how he lies
Enclos'd all round as Natures chiefest prize.
All with officious hast are found
Greedyly to embrace the goodly pile around.
Thus Nature doth her Jewels choicely keep,
Gold must be digged for deep.
Jewels and Gems do never lye,
Prostitute to each careless seekers eye.
In thousand wandring Labyrinths they're found,
Beneath the weighty Earth, beneath the Massy ground.
Thus Cloyster'd up from humane sight thou'rt set
Like Jewels in a Cabinet.
Thus thou for Majesty turn'st Anchorite,
Like the Mogul kept up from common sight.

Trinity
Hall built
Anno 1350

There's *Trinity* Hall, where wars and tumults cease,
Where all Debates shrink into smiling peace.
Where banished Justice once again,
Deigns to descend and to converse with men.
Where nothing but soft ease and pleasures dwell,
So wise too, that it might compose the loud debates of Hell.
Here candid Peace with her soft Troop doth rest,
And gently breaths soft quiet into every breast.
Jars and disquiets fly from this blessed Cell,
And never dare appear in sight,
But fly like Clouds before the wind disordered in a fright.
'Twas Peace first made the confus'd world,
When all did in wide discord lye,
When all was in confusion hurl'd,
The jarring parts joine in sweet amity.
And lulling discord up in sleep,
An everlasting Rest and Jubilee to keep.
And surely thou bless'd place with ease and peace,
Did'st from thy Infancy increase.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

Some Artful *Orpheus* drew thy moved stones,
 (Those Tuneful and Harmonious ones.)
 Musick first made thee, ease and peace have crown'd,
 Peace joyns thy loving stones in strict embraces bound,
 And Joy and Pleasure ever shall thy aged Head surround
 Nor shall thy peaceful parts e're disagree,
 E're from their amorous conjunction fall,
 E're leave their former charming Harmony,
 'Till the last discord and confusion breaks in peices all.

Gonviland
 Cai: Coll:
 Buill
 Anno 1348

There noble Caies smiling, himself doth show
 So great, that he may well claim's Birth of two.
 One side with unconcerned eyes looks down,
 On the great street and business of the Town:
 Yet's not disturb'd, no more than Angels are
 That see our woes and miseries from far,
 But matter not what griefs we bear.
 'Tis plac'd in Joys, and that the thoughts of others grief doth
 drown.
 Thus those that to Olympus top do go,
 See all ill weather, and ill fate below,
 Yet plac'd above th'effects do never know.
 His other side with longing eyes,
 (O happy Neighbourhood) looks on
 The worlds great Phaenix, Learnings Pantheon,
 The sacred Schools of holy Mysteries.
 No wonder if such noble Sons h'hath bred,
 Since he's so nigh the Fountain head.

VI

Kings
 College by
 Henry VI
 Anno 1441

There is *Kings* College, th' Embrio of a work as great
 As those aspiring Pyramids that laugh at Fate.
 Fit for so great a man, fit for such Majesty and State.
 Wide as his Kingdoms, and to be
 As his great Name Illustrious and high:
 My hopefull'st Son yet kill'd in's Infancy.
 His Royal Father struck by conquering Fate,
 (All die promiscuously, the low and great)
 Fell Victime to his rage, and by his side
 The tender helpless Infant died.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

And his sad Doom so fast the *Parcæ* spun,
His fate was finish'd when he was scarce begun:
Thus Death kills Buildings, not yet made, Time moulders
those are done.

Too cruel Fate...that would at once deface
England of such a King, *Cambridge* of such a place.

More the kind Spirit would have spoke,
But sighs and Tears their sentence broke.

Yet on she leads me, and with speaking signes
She shows where Nature all her Arts confines.

I lift my wondering eyes to see,
And with amazement I become as dumb as she:
A Chappel if the Earth would please, would please the Deity.
A place the wandring Sun surrounds each day,
And with a piercing eye doth curiously survey;

Yet daily doth such wonders view,
Though 'tis so old, he still doth think it new.

A place Spectators gaping look at so,
Which with such charms doth please,
'Till they with wonder almost stones do grow.
A place that doth exceed all our Romances lies;
A place too great for me to speak, too good for me to cease.

So Heavenly and Divine a thing,
Was only fit to be the work of that Illustrious King.
Yet led on by a pleasing force,
I willing follow my Conductors course.

'Till I thought even
She'd pard'nably beguil'd me into Heaven.
Within, a place so glorious and Divine,
None e're surpass'd it O blessed Heaven but thine,
Heaven cannot vaunt her spangled dress to be so fine.

O who would not wish to be
All eyes to see.

I stand amazed at the blessed sight,
(The sight of Heaven as well as Hell can fright.)

As Heavens great Arched roof 'twas high,
And cover'd with a spangled Canopy.
A Quire of Angels too, all cloath'd in white,
Their well tun'd *Halelujahs* did recite.

Musick that so sweet did seem,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

That it could lull me fast asleep though I was in my dream.
 Here I unmoved stood, one would have thought me dead,
 Or that Ide seen *Medusa's* head.
 When the kind spirit with an insinuating smile,
 Did me and all my fears beguile,
 And look'd me into life again.
 And took me up, and on the top my feet did stay.
 Methought I was above the world, methought above a man.
 I kiss the Clouds, and with a generous Pride,
 Slight all the groveling Mortals that crawl on the world beside
 And smile to think how much I 'am nigher Heaven than they.
 Here in high State my eye as Victor reigns,
 And pitying looks on the subjected plains:
 Methinks I upward go,
 Ride on the Clouds, and see men all like Emmets move below.
 Thus Angels from some blessed Star,
 Peep and behold the woes that Mortal men do bear.

VII

Queens
Coll. Built
 by Mar-
 garet
Queen to
 Henry VI
Anno 1448

That next (crys out my blessed guide)
 Is Royal *Queens*; where you will find,
 Mixt with a Beauteous Pride,
 Th' Image of that great Queens Illustrious Mind.
 Her Towers mix with the Clouds, and seem to tell
 They're far above Terestrial.

In *Chams* Illustrious stream She views her Face,
 A nobler and more Christial glass,
 Then ever did her Foundress Palace grace.
 The Sun himself is not so bright as She,
 When he sees his reflected Image from the Sea.
 The waves kiss her proud walls, and fain would stay,
 But them th' impetuous Torrent bears away;
 And as they go,
 Melting in tears they in soft murmurs flow.

Katherine
Hall Built
Anno 1475

Next this a Neighbour *Katherine* doth stand,
 Not Proud, with an aspiring Head,
 That would the bold Spectators eye command,
 And strike into their heart a secret dread.
 Great bodies move but slow, while such as these,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

With subtle motion pierce the Skies,
 And leave dull rocks, and stately works still torpid on the land.
 Nature doth not her choicest gifts confine
 To wondrous Piles, and stately things
 They of themselves are fine,
 While such as these have all their worth within.
 In ugly and deformed Bodies oft we find a Soul,
 As great and good as ever did mans clog of earth controul.
 Pearls of the noblest kind,
 In rugged Rocks and Oyster-shells we find.

Jesus Coll.
 Built
 Anno 1496

There's blessed *Jesus* subject to thy view;
 How wisely 'tis from business hurl'd,
 As though like his great Master too,
 He was about to leave the world.
 Retir'd from all impertinence and noise,
 The great disturber of our secrecies:
 And the foul Canker that corrodes our pleasures and our joys.
 From all disturbance, and wild trouble free,
 As was its former Nunnery.
 O happy place! free from the thronging crowd,
 And all those woes that in their ways are strow'd.
 Thy first choice took; what our great wise ones do,
 When they the world and all its troubles know,
 Shipwrack'd on the worlds Sea, they come to land,
 And in retirement find an ease of woe.
 Before they could the crouds of men, but now of woes
 command.
 Which now dare not attempt their Fort, but harmless stand.
 Blessed Halycon days attend their state,
 Free from the pendent dangers of the high and great.

VIII

Christ
 College
 Built by
 Margaret
 Countess
 of Rich-
 mond
 Mother to
 Henry VII
 Anno 1505

Next is *Christs* College, and 'tis reason too,
 That names so sacred should together go.
 The noble Foundress stately Pile;
 She Built a College, and her Son
 Through all the course of Victory did run,
 And made one peaceful College of the Isle.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

She here did settle Peace,
He in the Kingdome made all Jars to cease,
And Hers, as well as His, great Buildings doth increase.

*St Johns
Coll. Built
by the former
Foun-
dress, 1508*

Next is *St. Johns*, a place it self might be,
An University.
Such numerous off-spring in his Breasts remain,
As though *Deucalions* Age was come again,
And th' very stones produced men.
Such thick set Troops that they confound the sight,
And make a confus'd light.
It is the number of the Stars we see
That make the Galaxy.

Nobly this doth increase,
And sets i'th waves his conquering walls:
Makes the proud current stoop to peace,
And into forc'd subjection fall.
And so great Praise, and so great Honour given,
His feet treads on the waves, his head doth reach to Heaven.

*Magda-
lene Coll.
Built
Anno 1519*

But now from hence, as far as e're thine eye,
Can *Northward* look, doth noble *Magdalene* lye.
And as from hence 'tis seen
It looks like Heaven with a vast Gulph between:
The sacred River between us doth glide,
Like *England* parted by the Sea from all the world beside.

*Trinity
Coll. Built
by Henry
VIII
Anno 1546*

There's *Trinity* my Son, and greatest pride,
Not to be equal'd in the world beside.
Wide as the Earth, high as the Heaven his Fame,
And only fit for such a glorious Name.
Go enter in, the Loving Spirit cries,
And with the sight bless thy admiring eyes.
I enter as she bid,
But thought it a new world,
As *Cæsars* Souldiers did
When they on *Britany* their conquering weapons hurld.
I saw the other side from far,
And my weak sight's lost in the way,
My eyes do in the wondrous journey stay,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

And of the end a faint resemblance bear.
 Men too methinks on th' other side I see,
 But by the distance they're become but mens Epitome.
 Eagles so far themselves could scarcely see,
 And none must hope,
 Without the advantage of a Telescope.
 Here Travellers that o're the world have run,
 Find all the wonders they have seen out-done.
 Nay that great wanderer the Sun,
 In all the Journeys he hath gone,
 Ne're saw so brave a Court...no not his own.
 Nor is't a painted Hypocrite,
 Nor doth it only please the curious sight,
 'Tis lin'd within with men, more than its outside, bright.

Emanuel
Coll. Built
An. 1584

There stand *Emanuel*, where my Pious sons,
 My Religious ones
 Have laid a noble work...
 But oh see how it naked stands,
 And craves the help of the more powerful hands.
 Methinks by all the holy Prayers,
 By all the Sacred Vows and Tears,
 That will hereafter there be made,
 It craves their help, as though it said,
 Those that me Build, beside the Praise
 In Building me, themselves to Heaven they raise.
 For from these very Stones,
 God will raise up to *Abraham* Sons.

Sydney
Coll. Built
An. 1598

My last is *Sydney* College, that great Name,
 That's flown so far upon the wings of Fame.
 That now and ever will
 All full-swoln mouths, and all wide places fill.
 And many a Soul as great as e're,
 Stoop'd to inform a body here,
 Or what's the same, so great, so good, and fair,
 As that the noble *Sydney* bear,
 Warm every Breast, inflame each heart,
 And like the Soul be all in all, and all in every part.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

IX

Next is the Schools, where there's more learning shown,
Then all th' ambitious world beside can own.
On the right hand a sacred place doth ly,
Appropriated to Divinity.

So wondrously they speak
Of such high matters, such deep judgment take:
With sacred violence Heaven it self they scale,
Unclaspe the Orbs, and search all o're,
Their secret Treasures never known before.

They boldly pass
Beyond th' uncertain marks of *Galilæus's* glass.
Up into th' Starry Heaven they fly,
Where never Telescope could lead the eye.
Astrologers that not th' effects of the weak Stars do know,
But what he that doth rule the Stars will do.
Those two great depths (that so have toss'd our Nation)
That of free-will, that of Predestination:
Out of the mine at last the Truth is wrought,
And by the strikings of these flints, the sparks of light fly out.
Nothing's too deep for them to search: to these
Hell's no Abyesse, Hell is not bottomlesse.

On the left hand the Physick Schools: an Art
The usefulest Heaven ever did unto the world impart
It underprops lifes sinking frame,
Draws out the thread mans life doth tye,
And almost equallize the Deity.
He made the body, when that fails, they can renew't again.
There 'tis the brave discoverers do scan,
The little world, the world of man.

See how the Sun, the Heart,
Doth life and vigour to each Limb impart.
How in small rivolets the Blood doth pass,
And secretly doth visit all the Mass.
The strange Composure, and the wondrous Art,
The Symetry of every part.

While in this little space they find
All the great wonders of the greater world combin'd.

Just as we see
Cambridge, of all the Learned world, is the Epitome.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

Beneath these are the places where they pry
Into th' abstruses of Philosophy.

Search all her Maiden treasures o're,
Unknown, unseal'd, untouch'd before.

Undress coy Madam Nature, and shew
The blushing Virgin to their View.

And with a piercing eye descry,
Effects that sleeping in their causes lye.
And from the deeps the precious Gems they hew.

Led on by *Aristotles* noble Soul,
They through all Seas, all mazes roul,
Nay go beyond their Leader too.

And not contented still to lye,
I' th' Universal slavery,

Of the old staggarite.

Cry Io Io Victory,

Break all their Bonds, and out they fly
From his dull shady wings to endless worlds of light.
And freed from th' Tyranny they've conquer'd more,
In one now, then in twenty Ages before.

Here brave adventurers do try,

New Seas, new Lands, nay upward fly,
And beyond th' first *Columbus* find new Conquests in the skie.

X

While I admiring stand, (my Guide doth cry)
These wondrous Structures that have pleas'd thine eye,
Are but the Cases where the Jewels lye:

And all the Beauty thou hast in them seen,
Proceeds but from the Luster of the Gems within:

A Troop of men, that should the *Gaules* here come,

With wandring eyes they'd them survey,

And sooner think them Gods than they

That sate in Robes as Senators at *Rome*.

Only in this they do the Gods out-doe,
Their words more than their Oracles are true.

See where they come.....and all the way,

Ten thousand Graces in the passage stray.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

And when the worlds swoln vanity would them greet,
See with what comely pride they trample it beneath their feet.
I look'd, and thought that Age was come again,
When Gods descended to converse with men.
Thus through the milky way the Gods resort,
When they are summon'd up to *Joves* high Court.
A zealous Fire doth in their bosomes stay,
 Yet on their heads are hills of Snow,
 On *Ætna's* thundring Mount just so.
 Snows in the harmless fire doth play,
And the two jarring Elements do mix'd together stray.
But what are those fair Saints cry'd I,
Of so Divine a shape, and like the Deity,
 That still them do accompany.
The first (cry'd my bless'd Guide) all cloath'd in white,
 Crowned with pleasure and delight,
And smooth, and fair as Heavens bright Galaxy:
Is blessed Peace that is their constant guide,
 Still strows their way as on they go,
That they no trouble, nor no grief may know,
But Joy and blessed content may evermore abide.
The other Beauty ever fresh and fair,
Not sullied with the touch of prophane Air
Is sacred Truth: long hath she banished been,
 And long imprison'd in dark night,
 Hid with black Errors, gloomy schreen,
'Till hither at the last she made her flight,
To express her self in everlasting light.
Between these two stands Vertue, not less fair
 Though not so glorious to the eye,
Yet a grave Beauty in her Face doth lye:
And in those rags doth she her Beauty shroud,
 Like the bright Sun hid in a Cloud.
Despis'd of all the world, but only those
 Whose Eagle eye
Can through the Vail, can through the Cloud espie,
Those solid Joys which the blessed Taster knows.
These and ten thousand more do ever wait,
Upon their blessed, serene, and happy state:
And here so many ravishing Joys do play,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

That one without *Hyperbole* may say
The Earth as well as Heaven hath now a milky way.
And the kind Gods have given
To these the next place in the world to Heaven.

XI

Here I into soft thoughts was slid away,
And in a pleasing Exstasy did stray,
And oh I wish'd I might for ever stay.
When my bless'd Spirit took me in my Trance,
And led me a fantastick Fairy Dance:
And through new paths, and through new ways me bore,
Till she had set me down there where I was before.
 Wondring about I gaze,
And my own Country's now more strange then *Cambridge* was.
The Scene was chang'd, and a confused crowd
 Laboriously with buzze and noise
 Searching the world for miseries,
Like groveling Pismires all Earths face had strow'd.
 Headlong about they crawl,
And woes and miseries surround them all,
Which with officious hands they make upon their heads to fall.
Each bore a sting, and swell'd with wrath and pride,
 They sheath'd it in their Neighbours side.
 Their eyes were closed up in sleep,
 While all about
Their heads dull ignorance, and all that rout,
Like a dark cloud did faithfully centry keep.
 They all advance,
And so continue on th' Eternal dance,
And when they're weary grown, they yield to chance.
They rise, and blindly walk, nor see at all,
Till at the last they into death and dark Oblivion fall.
Among these dismal sights far.....oh from far,
 I see that blessed Seat
Free from the troubles of the high and great,
The Antidote of all the woes that mortal men do bear.
Cambridge that like the upper Regions of the Air is free,
From Storms, from Tempests, and their Tyranny.

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

Blessings and happiness I do espy
Only t' increase my misery,
As those in Hell see Heaven, yet can't come nigh.
At last my Soul big with desire,
And scorning only dully to admire,
Resolv'd to clime the Hill though ne're so steep,
Till struggling I burst through the silken fetters of my sleep.

XII

Awak'd, I found my troubled breast,
With some bless'd Genius possess'd.
And glowing with a secret flame,
I like the Elements was hurl'd
With giddy motion 'bout the world.
'Till I to *Cambridge* to my Center came.
Now like the Love-touch'd Needle that doth move
In never ceasing motion till it finds it's *North*, its Love
Once found, I will for evermore fixed and constant prove.
Hail Sacred Mother, I thy Convert come,
Deign but to take thy Proselyte,
That's fled from dark Oblivions gastly Tomb
Into thy spacious and unbounded light.
Here may I live, here may I die,
And from thy Armes my Soul shall never fly,
But to the vast and endless Ocean of Eternity.
Cambridge a place so Learned, that ours may seem
The happy Island whether th' Ancients dream
The learned Souls should from their bodies fly.
Where all the Languages are spoken o're,
That only Fame can speak of her in more.
A place where Learning that long since did come,
From *Greece* down with the Empire unto *Rome*,
May hither seem to have fled,
And *London* to be th' worlds, and *Cambridge* learnings head.
Nay *Athens*, and great *Rome*, whose fame was hurl'd
In all swoln mouths about the world:
Their Learning, Languages, and Art,
Make of this Magazin but one small part.
It with a sacred fury flies,

ON THE RARITIES OF CAMBRIDGE

And from remotest Lands doth bring her Victories.
China it self doth to her Empire bow,
Nay great *Apollo*, that all Lands doth know,
And every day about them all doth go;
So many Languages did never hear,
 He is an Eye, but hath no Ear.
 Cambridge quite through them all hath gone,
And with the spoils of all their Land hath deck'd her own.
 Nay were as many Nations here,
 As did th' admir'd Apostles here,
Cambridge t' each Nation would appear her own:
Or else they'd think the Miracle of Tongues again was shown.
 Or else 'twould be
Not *Englands*, but the whole worlds University.

FINIS.

AN OXFORD PROLOGUE

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university;
Thebes did his green unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper stage.

1681(?)
Printed 1684

JOHN DRYDEN
Trinity College
1631—1700

SPOKEN TO THE QUEEN,
IN TRINITY COLLEGE NEW COURT

Thou equal partner of the royal bed,
That mak'st a crown sit soft on Charles's head;
In whom, with greatness virtue takes her seat,
Meekness with power, and piety with state;
Whose goodness might ev'n factious crowds reclaim,
Win the seditious, and the savage tame;
Tyrants themselves to gentlest mercy bring,
And only useless is on such a king!
See, mighty princess, see how every breast
With joy and wonder is at once possest:
Such was the joy which the first mortals knew,
When gods descended to the people's view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To see those powers they had unseen ador'd,
But they were feign'd; nor, if they had been true,
Could shed more blessings on the earth than you:
Our courts, enlarg'd, their former bounds disdain,
To make reception for so great a train:
Here may your sacred breast rejoice to see
Your own age strive with ancient piety;
Soon now, since blest by your auspicious eyes,
To full perfection shall our fabric rise.
Less powerful charms than yours of old could call
The willing stones into the Theban wall,
And ours, which now its rise to you shall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great name shall grow.

1681

RICHARD DUKE
Trinity College
1657(?)—1711

THE BACKS

Near to the place where *Cham* do's slower glide,
To gaze on the new Fabrick by his side;
And do's with his submissive Waves adore
The rising Beauties of the Learned Shore,
A grove of venerable Elms do's grow,
That proudly view their Tops i' th' stream below.
Here *Cowley* on the flowry bank has lain,
And play'd to th' listening Nymphs in such a strain,
As sweld the Current higher then before,
Whilst the pleas'd Waves came crowding to the Shore.

1683

JAMES MONTAGU
Trinity College
1655 (?)—1728

From *Hymenaeus Cantabrigiensis*
(on the marriage of George of Denmark)

ON THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE BURNING THE DUKE OF MON- MOUTH'S PICTURE, 1685, WHO WAS THEIR CHANCELLOR

In answer to this question—

“Sed quid

Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam et semper et odit
Damnatos.”

Yes, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true,
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a *Copy* of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasy as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong thoughts she might improve her race;

ON THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S PICTURE

But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
Lest it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythe-men next Harvest to renew the fight.

Then comes in Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge;
But the man of *Clare-hall* that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses:
And orders ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*;
And swears he will borrow of the Provost more stuff
On the Marriage of *Ann*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads lest he get all the profit t' himself
(Too greedy of honour, too lavish of pelf)
This motion deny, and vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The kindness was common, and so they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a *Cheese* in the Parish of *Chedder*;
Confusedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townsmen, their Wives and the Proctors,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries in all,
Come to quaff his Confusion in Bumpers of stale.
But *Rosalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her absence their folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not see his fate,
With whom she 'ad danc'd a Minuet so late.
The Heads, who never could hope for such frames,
Out of envy condemn'd Sixscore pounds to the flames,
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiss,
As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz:
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whose favour ne'er settles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Brass Kettles.

1685
Printed 1697

GEORGE STEPNEY
Trinity College
1663—1707

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES

What will our Princes future Glories be?
Whose very Birth exceeds the flights of Poetry.
Goodly like Him with a Majestick Brow
Did young *Alcides* in his Cradle show!
New Born he seem'd for mighty things design'd,
And His large Limbs prov'd His immortal kind.

Nor Royal Mary shall our Muse forget,
Thy praise in gratefull numbers to repeat,
To Thee next Heav'n, we owe our Princes Birth,
To Thee the Heavenliest Creature upon Earth.

1688

P. SAYVE
Trinity College

Virtues like these which ever did command
The World, Illustrious WILLIAM, makes our Land }
Her Scepter trust in thy protecting Hand;
What more August cou'd humane Nature do,
Than to oblige at once both Heav'n, and Mortals too:
Which to requite both strive the noblest way,
Earth gives a Crown and Heav'n has one to pay:
Thus when *Alcides* with a matchless Force,
Alone supported the whole Universe:
Strait a Convention of the Gods decreed,
That to a Vacant Throne, in Heav'n, he should succeed.

1689

P. SAYVE

ON THE LATE HAPPY REVOLUTION

A PINDARIQUE ODE

Hail ye two learned seats of Art! for you
In all our mis'ries too did share,
Crusht with the mighty *ruine* of the blow,
And almost *buried* there,
'Till the *Arch-Angel* in the Land was seen,
And then ye '*rose agen*.
Ye sacred *Cham*, and *Isis*, which before
With *Tyber's* streams had almost poyson'd been,
Unmixt and clear from the Infected Tide,
In peacefull Murmurs now ye softly glide,
And hear no more
Complaining Eccho's from the learned Shore.

1689
From *Musae Cantabrigienses*

R. SMYTHIES
Emmanuel College

BENTLEY

Bentley immortal honour gets
By changing *que's* for nobler *et's*.
From Cam to Isis see him roam
To fetch stray interjections home,
While the glad shores with joy rebound
For periods and lost commas found;
Poor adverbs, that had long deplor'd
Their injur'd rights by him restor'd,
Smil'd to survey a rival's doom
While they possess'd the envy'd room,
And hissing from their rescu'd throne
Th' usurper's fate, applaud their own.

* * * *

Instructed by his learned code
What makes a jig or forms an ode,
We view what various beauties meet
To leave each fragrant line so sweet;
How Horace's lines our passions keep
Awake, and Bentley's lull asleep.
No verse can moan a limping foot
But he applies his plaster to 't;
With pious care binds up the sore,
And kindly bids it hop no more!
While with his helping comments nigh,
Instead of crutches to apply
To crazy verse, (which envious Time
Had weakened both in sense and rhyme)
For a lame Muse's surgeon meet,
Instead of legs sets broken feet,

* * * *

That Horace but in vain pretends
To own a line which Bentley mends.

From *Bibliotheca*

WILLIAM KING (?)
Christ Church Oxford
1663—1712

ADVICE TO HORACE
TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE

Horace, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool;
Take back your criticising stuff
To Epicurus' school.

But in excuse of this you'll say
You're so unwieldy grown,
That if amongst that herd you lay
You scarcely should be known.

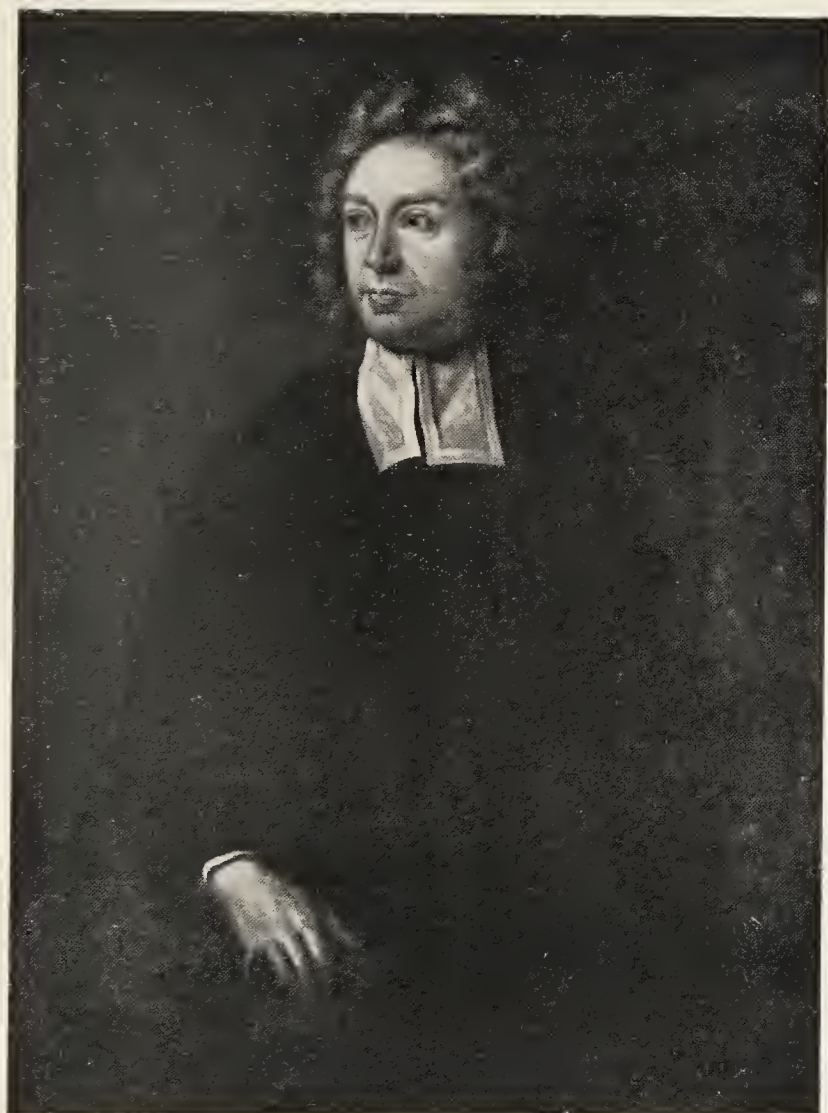
How many butter'd crusts you've tost
Into your weem so big,
That you're more like (at College cost)
A porpoise than a pig.

But you from head to foot are brawn,
And so from side to side:
You measure (were a circle drawn)
No longer than you're wide.

E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
They've had a jolly taster;
But no great likelihood to feast
'Twixt Horace and the Master!

1709(?)

WILLIAM KING



Richard Bentley

BENTLEY

Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
And thence poetic laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force and skill,
Must fly with swan's or eagle's wing.

Who Nature's treasures would explore,
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high, as lofty NEWTON, soar,
Must stoop, as delving WOODWARD, low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms, all history,
Must drudge, like SELDEN, days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religious jars,
Truth mix'd with error, shade with rays,
Like WHISTON, wanting pyx and stars,
In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our hero's hope, long toil
And comprehensive genius crown,
All sciences, all arts his spoil,
Yet what reward, or what renown?

ENVY, innate in vulgar souls,
Envy steps in and stops his rise;
Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious or in want,
To college and old books confin'd;
Instead of learn'd, he's call'd pedant;
Dunces advanc'd, he's left behind:
Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
Great without patron, rich without South-sea.

Monk's version
circ. 1722

RICHARD BENTLEY
St John's College
1662—1742
Master of Trinity College

UPON DR BENTLEY, MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Zoilus, tir'd with turning o'er
Dull indexes, a precious store,
For ease to chapel took his way,
Resolv'd to take a nap or pray.
Proceeding slow in solemn state,
Forward he marches to his seat.
But, oh! the lock, long since disus'd,
T' admit the holy man refus'd!
The virger tugs with fruitless pains;
The rust invincible remains.
Who can describe his woful plight,
Plac'd thus in view, in fullest light,
A spectacle of mirth, expos'd
To sneering friends and giggling foes?
Then first, as 'tis from fame receiv'd,
(But fame can't always be believ'd,)
A blush, the sign of new-born grace,
Gleamed through the horrors of his face.
He held it shameful to retreat,
And worse to take the lower seat.
The virger soon, with nimble bound,
At once vaults o'er the wooden mound,
And gives the door a furious knock,
Which forc'd the disobedient lock.
Then Zoilus ent'ring in confusion,
His elbows placing on a cushion,
Devoutly loll'd in musing deep,
Unable now to pray or sleep,
Some words imperfect mumbled o'er:
The wicked Sophs declare he swore,
That none should e'er for seven years' space
Again behold him in that place.
What then? 'tis plain, in strictest truth,
Religiously he kept his oath.

1724

From Granger & Noble's
Biographical History of England
Vol. III. 1806

THE DUNCIAD

Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
Before them march'd that awful Aristarch!
Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
Walker with reverence took, and laid aside.
Low bow'd the rest: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers please both man and God.
"Mistress! dismiss that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt! is Aristarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
Critics like me shall make it prose again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better,
Author of something yet more great than letter;
While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our digamma, and o'ertops them all."

1729

ALEXANDER POPE
1688—1744

VERBAL CRITICISM

While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And but by books acquainted with mankind,
Dares in the fulness of the pedant's pride
Rhyme, tho' no genius, tho' no judge, decide;
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part;
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head,
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead:
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ;
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen,
And Paradise by him is lost agen.

Such was his doom impos'd by Heav'n's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dulness! blind and bold,
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old,
Who to his iron-bed by torture fits
Their nobler part, the souls of suff'ring wits.

circ. 1730
(*Verbal Criticism*)

DAVID MALLET
1705 (?)—1765

BALLAD

My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When *Phebe* went with me wherever I went;
Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my Breast:
Sure never fond shepherd like *Colin* was blest!
But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find?
When things were as fine as could possibly be,
I thought 'twas the spring; but alas! it was she.

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up and play, or to lye down and sleep:
I was so good humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day.
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown;
So strangely uneasie as ever was known.
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am sure, it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing but chide,
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Time,
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their prime?
But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

BALLAD

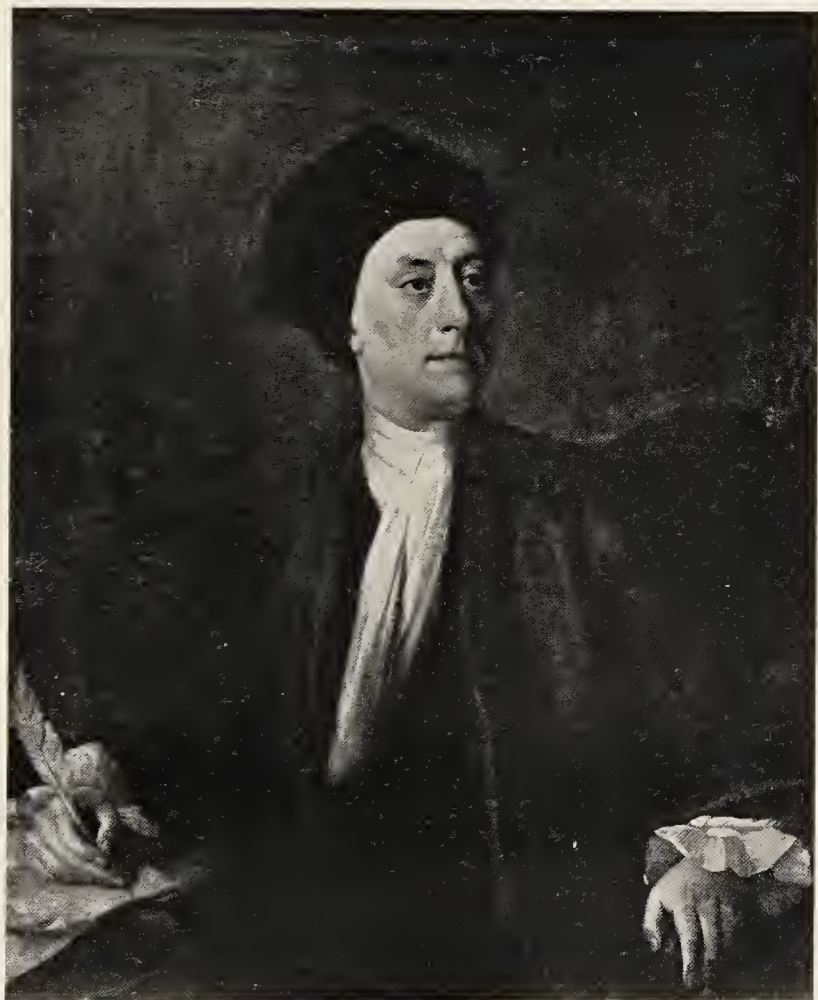
My Dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his Tail to my Fair one and me ;
And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,
Come hither, poor Fellow ; and patted his Head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour Look,
Cry, Sirrah ; and give him a Blow with my Crook ;
And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*
Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away ?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I seen ?
How fair was the Flower, how fresh was the Green ?
What a lovely appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made ?
But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,
They none of 'em now so delightful appear :
'Twas nought but the Magic, I find, of her Eyes,
Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Thrastle, and Nightingale too ;
Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet :
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone :
Her Voice in the Consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue ?
Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile,
That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not smile ?
Ah ! Rivals, I see what it was that you drest,
And made yourselves fine for ; a Place in her Breast :
You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluckt by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly Time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return !
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn ;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the Lead.



Matthew Prior

BALLAD

Fly swifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for 't when she is here.
Ah *Colin*! old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou must, *Colin*, thy Passion remove;
But what Swain is so silly as live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn.
Ah! What shall I do? I shall die with Despair;
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

1714

JOHN BYROM
Trinity College
1692—1763

ALMA

Alma in verse, in prose, the mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is *bona fide* all in all.
This System, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold;
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.

circ. 1715

MATTHEW PRIOR
St John's College
1664—1721

DR LONG'S MUSIC SPEECH

The *bumble Petition* of the Ladies, who are all ready to be eaten up with the spleen,
To think they are to be locked up in the chancel, where they can neither see nor be seen ;
But must sit in the dumps by themselves all stewed and pent up,
And can only peep through the Lattice like so many chickens in a coop ;
Whereas, last Commencement, the Ladies had a Gallery provided near enough,
To see the Heads sleep, and the Fellow Commoners take snuff.
'Tis true for every particular how 'twas ordered then we can't so certainly know,
Because none of us can remember so long as sixteen years ago ;
Yet we believe they were more civil to the Ladies then ; and good reason why ;
For, if we all stayed at home, your Commencement would not be worth a fly :
For at Oxford, last year, this is certainly matter of fact, That the sight of the Ladies and the Music made the best part of their Act.
Now you should consider some of us have been at a very great expence
To rig ourselves out, in order to see the Doctors *commence* :
We've been forced with our Mantua-makers to hold many a consultation,
To know whether *mourning* or *colours* would be most like to be in fashion ;
We've sent to the Town, to know what kind of heads and ruffles the ladies wore,

DR LONG'S MUSIC SPEECH

And have raised the price of whalebone higher than 'twas
before ;
We've got intelligence from Church, the Park, the Front-
box, and the Ring,
And, to grace St Mary's now, would not make our Cloaths
up in the Spring.
In flounces and furbelows many experiments have been tried,
And many an old gown and petticoat new scoured and died.
Some of us for these three months have scarce been able to
rest,
For studying what sort of complexion would become us best ;
And several of us have almost pinched ourselves to death with
going strait-laced,
That we might look fuller in the chest, and more slender
in the waist.
And is it not now intolerable, after all this pains and cost,
To be cooped up out of sight, and have all our finery lost !
Such cross ill-natured doings as these are, even a saint would
vex,
To see a Vice-Chancellor so barbarous to those of his own
sex.

* * * *

But see the Sons of Harmony prepare
A Feast might entertain a Cherub's ear :
Into such Notes *Israel's* prophetic King
Of old awaken'd every sounding String,
When in like Numbers priests and *Levites* spoke,
Of *Salem's* Temple the Foundation shook.
Attend ye Winds—the hallow'd Sound convey
O'er Heav'n's high Arch to Realms of lasting Day ;
There the Almighty's vengeful Pow'r withstand,
And wrest the Thunder from his threat'ning Hand,
Call inexhausted Show'rs of Blessings down,
And rain 'em all on pious ANNA's Throne.

1714

ROGER LONG
Pembroke Hall
1680 (?)—1770

LOYAL CAMBRIDGE

King George observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

1715

JOSEPH TRAPP (?)
Professor of Poetry, Oxford
1679—1747

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal skill to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

circ. 1770

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE
Peterhouse
1692—1774

TO LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY

(SPOKEN IN THE LIBRARY OF
ST JOHN'S COLLEGE)

Since Anna visited the Muses' seat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait)
Hail, thou the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour, and most welcome guest!
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir,
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thought to-day neglects,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers, whom this House has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters impressed by heaven.

TO LADY HENRIETTA HARLEY

Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
For when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring
To the kind memory of some bounteous king:
With grateful hand due altars let them raise
To some good knight's or holy prelate's praise:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme;
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
St John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoined by statute, to the fair we bow;
In spite of time we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

9 November, 1719

MATTHEW PRIOR

THE ABANDONED GOWN

Whoever gives himself the Pains to stoop,
And take my *venerable Fathers* up;
To his *presuming Inquisition* I
In Loco Pattisoni *thus reply*.
"Tir'd with the senseless Jargon of the Gown,
My *Master* left the *College*, for the *Town*;
Where, from Pedantick Drudgery secur'd,
He laughs at Follies which he once endur'd;
And scorns his precious Minutes to regale,
With wretched College-Wit, and College-Ale;
Far nobler Pleasures open to his View,
Pleasures for ever Sweet! for ever New!
Bright Wit, soft Beauty, and Ambition's Fire
Inflame his Bosom, and his Muse inspire;
While, to his few, but much endearing Friends,
His Love, and humble Service, he commends."

1725

WILLIAM PATTISON
Sidney College
1706—1727

TO A LADY
AT KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Mix'd with the gazing Crowd I hither come,
Nor dreamt Destruction near this sacred Dome ;
Where holy Hymns, and solemn Songs of Praise,
A venerable Adoration raise ;
But with Surprize, at once I hear and see
A speaking, and a silent Harmony :
Transporting Sounds ! my fainting Senses rise,
Wing'd with the Sweeter Musick of your Eyes.

1725

WILLIAM PATTISON

ON THE SCHOOL DISPUTATIONS

As the *Brute-World* to father *Adam* came,
Requesting, with enquiring looks, a Name,
To every *Beast*, a *Title* he assign'd,
And nominated all the *Sylvan-kind*.
So *savage Multitudes* about *Me* throng,
Did *Adam's* talent but to *Me* belong !
Yet tho' they cheat the *World*, by their Disguise,
They are but *Asses*, to *Poetick Eyes*.

WILLIAM PATTISON

COLLEGE LIFE

Here learned Solitudes salute our Eyes,
And the gay Scenes in real Raptures rise ;
Thro' Classic Shades majestic Domes aspire,
And dimly from the piercing Eye retire.
Deep thro' the Groves, old *Cam* serenely flows,
Free from the prattling *Naiads* babbling Noise.
His Nymphs in gentle Silence move along,
And hear their Murmurs in some soft'ning Song

* * * *

But would you know how I divide my Time,
Betwixt my Studies, Business, and my Rhime ?
Wak'd, by the Promise of a Day, we rise,
And with our Souls salute the dawning Skies ;
All summon'd, to Devotion's Fane repair,
And piously begin the Day with Prayer ;
Thence, led by Reason's glimm'ring Light, descry
The dark Recesses of Philosophy ;
Through Classic Groves the wily Wanton trace,
And logically urge the puzzling Chace.

But when the Sounds of the presaging Bell
Noon's pleasurable Invitation tell¹ ;
Moods, Methods, Figures, swim before my Sight,
And Syllogisms wing their airy Flight.
Confus'd, the Fairy Vision flits away,
And no Ideas, but of Dinner, stay.

* * * *

Now, those, whom recreating Toils invite,
Pour'd on the Plain, indulge their lov'd Delight :
Now flies aloft in Air the whirling Ball,
Anxious, the learned Rabble waits its Fall ;
Pursu'd by wafting Caps the Fury flies,
Rises in Height, and lessens in the Skies.

¹ At that time dinner was at twelve o'clock; by the end of the century it had advanced to three.

COLLEGE LIFE

Thus healthfully refresh'd, we leave the Plain,
 For Pleasure, oft repeated, is but pain.
 Next we survey the vast capacious Ball,
 And take long Journies o'er the learned Wall;
 Or from her tender youth *Britannia* trace,
 And all her Glories center'd in great *Brunswick's* Race.

* * * *

Now to the Muses soft Retirement fly,
 Or soar with *Milton*, or with *Waller* sigh;
 Each fav'rite Bard o'er pays my curious View,
 For who can fail to please who charms like You?
 To find us thus, *Apollo* takes his Way,
 To sooth the sultry Labours of the Day;
 The tuneful Muses charm his listning Ears,
 And in soft Sounds he bears away his Cares.

Thus, dearest *Florio*, thus, my faithful Friend,
 In learned Luxury my Time I spend;
 Till length'ning Shades the setting Sun display,
 And falling Dews lament the falling Day:
 Then, tost in Thought, where aged *Cam* divides
 Those verdant Groves that paint his Azure Tides,
 With musing Pleasure I reflect around,
 And stand enchanted in Poetic Ground.
 Straight to my glancing Thought these Bards appear,
 That fill'd the World with Fame, and charm'd us here:
 Here *Spenser*, *Cowley*, and that awful Name
 Of mighty *Milton*, flourish'd into Fame:

* * * *

In these Retirements, *Dryden* fann'd his Fire,
 And gentle *Waller* tun'd his tender Lyre;

* * * *

Delusion helps my Fancy as I walk,
 Hears Waters murmur, and soft Echoes talk;
 Thro' the dim Shade its sacred Poet sees,
 Or hears his Music in the wafted Breeze.

1725

WILLIAM PATTISON

DR TAYLOR'S MUSIC SPEECH

Now will those Oxford Wags be apt to flee
At these old-fashioned tricks we practise here.
Those enterprising Clerks, I've heard them say,
Have found a better and a nearer way :
Pluto with *Hymen* they have learn'd to blend,
And jointure early—on their Dividend.
There Marriage-deeds with Buttery-books can vie ;
They storm and conquer,—whilst we toast and sigh.
Ladies ! we own our Elder Sister's merit ;
The forward girl had e'er a bustling spirit.
'Tis there politeness every genius fits ;
Their Heads are Courtiers, and their Squires are Wits ;
There *Gentleman's* a common name to all,
From *Jesus College* down to *New Inn Hall* :
'Tis theirs to soar above our humble tribe,
That think or love as Statutes shall prescribe ;

* * * *

Whilst We our barren, widow'd bays regret,
And *Cambridge* Muses are but Spinsters yet.
By this plain-dealing will the Fair-ones guess
Our clumsy breeding, and our lame address.
'Tis true, our Courtship's homely, but sincere,
And that's a doctrine which you seldom hear.

* * * *

I hope the charge is not so general yet,
As no good-natur'd comment to admit.
Pray, cast your eyes upon our Youth below,
And say, what think you of our *purpled* Beau ?
For, if the picture's not exactly true,
The thanks to white-glov'd *Trinity* are due :

What though our *Johnian* plead but scanty worth,
Cold and ungenial as his native North,

DR TAYLOR'S MUSIC SPEECH

Who never taught the Virgin's breast to glow,
Nor raised a wish beyond what Vestals know;
The *Jesuit*, cloistered in his pensive cell,
Where vapours dank with contemplation dwell,
Dream out a being to the world unknown,
And sympathise with every changing Moon;
Though Politicks engross the sons of *Clare*,
Nor yields the State one moment to the Fair;
Though *Bene't* mould in indolence and ease,
And whist prolong the balmy rest of *Kay's*;
And one continued solemn slumber reigns
From untun'd *Sidney* to protesting *Queen's*:
Yet, O ye Fair!—
Let this one dressing, dancing race atone
For all the follies of the pedant gown.

* * * *

How sleek their looks! how undisturb'd their air,
By midnight vigils, or by morning prayer!
No pale reflection does those cheeks invade,
No hectic Student scares the yielding Maid.
Long from those shades has learned dust retir'd,
And Toilets shine where Folios once aspir'd.

* * * *

Yet still in justice must it be confess'd,
You'll find some *modern* Scholars here at least.

* * * *

'Tis yours in softer numbers to excel,
To watch how Modes, not Empires, rose and fell;
Prescribe the haughty Prude a narrower sphere,
And sigh whole years in treaty with the Fair;
To parley ages on a Snuff-Box hinge,
And mark the periods of the Bugle-fringe.

1730

JOHN TAYLOR
St John's College
1704—1766

A SONG ON THE CAMBRIDGE TOASTS

The Beauties of the *Cambridge* Fair
Who justly can express?
Whose charming Smiles and wondrous Airs
Do either kill or bless.
To toast their Healths they me invite,
From Night 'till Morn, from Morn 'till Night.
On charming *N—by* who can gaze?
And gaze without Surprise:
Oh! why, ye Gods, such killing Rays
Dart from those Brilliant Eyes?
Her Pow'r's so great, she at her Will
Can Thousands save, or Thousands kill.
Th' Angelick Form of heav'nly *B—ks*
Who can on Earth relate?
Not *Raphael*, with his finest Strokes,
Her Shape can imitate;
Nor *Pope's* immortal Pen can shew
The Praises, which to *B—ks* are due.
Who e'er, sweet *G—d—ll*, looks on thee,
Can't say, his Heart's his own:
Thy Charms will pierce to that Degree,
They'll mollify a Stone.
When e'er you smile, of this I'm sure,
That we are all in *Gaite de Cœur*.
Such are thy Charms, Oh *V—n*, for you
My Books neglected lie:
Ah! pity, fair one, 'tis too true,
For you alone I die.
Your Eyes, your dimpled Cheeks, your Chin,
Wou'd tempt a Saint, by *Jove*, to Sin.
Now, Ladies, if I've done amiss,
Grant Pardon to your Slave;
Love was the only Cause of this,
If great Offence I gave.
Your whole Composure's so complete;
You're Angels all, from Head to Feet.

1733

From *A Collection of Poems*

THE TRINITY BEAUTIES
(A PARODY ON THE LAST POEM)

The lovely Nymphs of *Trinity*
Who justly can describe?
Whose Beauty and sweet Modesty
Look like an *Eastern* Bride:
Whose Charms do make us early rise
To pay Devotion to their Eyes.
On *Mulliner* whoe'er does gaze,
Is sure by her to die.
Oh why, ye Gods, such brilliant Rays
From that one piercing Eye!
If she by one so many slew,
Who could escape, had she but two?
The bulky Form of *Overland*
No mortal Man can paint;
'Twou'd put e'en Raphael to a Stand
To draw an Elephant.
No Poet can her Shape express,
Except it was a little less.
Whoe'er on *Purchase* casts an Eye,
Can't say their Heart's their own,
For she like *Gorgon* makes 'em die,
And turns them into Stone.
When'er she smiles, Oh! then we fear
'Twill bring some rainy Weather here.
Thy Charms, O *Skelton*, are so bright,
I shall wear out my Books;
For I had rather read all Night,
Than view your ugly Looks.
Your Eyes, your wrinkled Cheeks, your Chin,
Are Antidotes against all Sin.
Now, Ladies, if I've done amiss,
Grant Pardon to your Slave:
Truth was the only Cause of this,
If great Offence I gave.
Your whole Composure's so compleat,
You are Devils all, from Head to Feet.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE

“Relax, sweet girl, your wearied hand,
And to hear the poet talk,
Gentlest creature of your kind,
Lay aside your sponge and chalk;
Cease, cease the bar-bell, nor refuse
To hear the jingle of the Muse,

“Hear your num’rous Vot’ries prayers,
Come, O come, and bring with thee
Giddy whimsies, wanton airs,
And all love’s soft artillery;
Smiles, and throbs, and frowns, and tears,
With all thy little hopes and fears.”

She heard—she came—and ’ere she spoke,
Not unravished you might see
Her wanton eyes that wink’d the joke,
’Ere her tongue could set it free.
While a forc’d blush her cheeks inflam’d,
And seem’d to say she was asham’d.

No handkerchief her bosom hid,
No tippet from our sight debars
Her heaving breast with moles o’erspread,
Mark’d little hemispheres, with stars;
While on them all our eyes we move,
Our eyes that meant immoderate love.

In every gesture, every air,
Th’ imperfect lisp, the languid eye,
In every motion of the fair
We awkward imitators vie;
And forming our own from her face,
Strive to look pretty, as we gaze.

THE PRETTY BAR-KEEPER OF THE MITRE

If e'er she sneer'd the mimic crowd
 Sneer'd too, and all their pipes laid down ;
If she but stoop'd, we lowly bow'd,
 And sullen, if she 'gan to frown,
In solemn silence sat profound—
But did she laugh ! the laugh went round.

Her snuff-box if the nymph pull'd out,
 Each *Johnian* in responsive airs
Fed with the tickling dust his snout,
 With all the politesse of bears.
Dropt she her fan beneath her hoop,
E'en stake-stuck *Clarians* strove to stoop.

The sons of culinary Kays
 Smoking from the eternal treat,
Lost in extatic transport, gaze
 As tho' the fair were good to eat ;
E'en gloomiest King's men, pleased awhile,
"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

"But hark," she cries, "my mamma calls,"
 And straight she's vanish'd from our sight,
'Twas then we saw the empty bowls,
 'Twas then we first perceived it night ;
While all, sad synod, silent moan,
Both that she went—and went alone.

1741

CHRISTOPHER SMART
Pembroke College
1722—1770

ODE
ON TAKING THE DEGREE OF B.A.

'Tis done:—I tow'r to that degree,
And catch such heav'nly fire,
That Horace ne'er could rant like me,
Nor is King's Chapel higher.

My name, in sure recording page,
Shall time itself o'er-pow'r;
If no rude mice, with envious rage,
The *butt'ry books* devour.

A Title too, with added grace,
My name shall now attend:
Till to the church, with silent pace,
A nymph and priest ascend.

Ev'n in the *schools* I now rejoice,
Where late I look'd with fear;
Nor heed the *Moderator's* voice
Loud thund'ring in my ear.

Then with Aeolian flute I blow
A soft Italian lay;
Or, where Cam's scanty waters flow,
Releas'd from lectures stray.

Meanwhile, friend Banks, my merits claim
Their just reward from you;
For Horace bids us challenge fame
When once that fame's our due.

Invest me with a graduate's gown,
'Midst shouts of all beholders;
My head, with ample square-cap, crown,
And deck, with hood, my shoulders!

1743

CHRISTOPHER SMART

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT

Imperial bird, who wont to soar
High o'er the rolling cloud,
Where Hyperborean mountains hoar
Their heads in ether shroud ;
Thou servant of almighty Jove,
Who, free and swift as thought, could'st rove
To the bleak north's extremest goal ;
Thou, who magnanimous could'st bear
The sovereign thund'rer's arms in air,
And shake thy native pole !

Oh, cruel fate ! what barbarous hand,
What more than Gothic ire,
At some fierce tyrant's dread command,
To check thy daring fire,
Has plac'd thee in this servile cell,
Where Discipline and Dulness dwell,
Where Genius ne'er was seen to roam ;
Where ev'ry selfish soul's at rest,
Nor ever quits the carnal breast,
But lurks and sneaks at home !

Tho' dim'd thy eye, and clipt thy wing,
So grov'ling ! once so great !
The grief-inspired Muse shall sing
In tend'rest lays thy fate.
What time by thee scholastic Pride
Takes his precise, pedantic stride,
Nor on thy mis'ry casts a care,
The stream of love ne'er from his heart
Flows out, to act fair pity's part ;
But stinks, and stagnates there.

ON AN EAGLE IN COLLEGE COURT

Yet useful still, hold to the throng—
Hold the reflecting glass,—
That not untutor'd at thy wrong
The passenger may pass.
Thou type of wit and sense confin'd,
Cramp'd by the oppressors of the mind,
Born to look downward on the ground;
Type of the fall of Greece and Rome;
While more than mathematic gloom
Envelopes all around.

1745

CHRISTOPHER SMART

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED IN TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

None ever shared the social feast,
Or as an inmate or a guest,
Beneath the celebrated dome,
Where once Sir Isaac had his home,
Who saw not (and with some delight
Perhaps he viewed the novel sight)
How numerous, at the tables there,
The sparrows beg their daily fare.
For there, in every nook and cell,
Where such a family may dwell,
Sure as the vernal season comes,
Their nests they weave in hope of crumbs,
Which kindly given, may serve with food
Convenient their unfeathered brood;
And oft as with its summons clear
The warning bell salutes their ear,
Sagacious listeners to the sound,
They flock from all the fields around,
To reach the hospitable hall,
None more attentive to the call.

SPARROWS SELF-DOMESTICATED

Arrived, the pensionary band,
Hopping and chirping, close at hand,
Solicit what they soon receive,
The sprinkled, plenteous donative.
Thus is a multitude, though large,
Supported at a trivial charge;
A single doit would overpay
The expenditure of every day,
And who can grudge so small a grace
To suppliants, natives of the place?

Translated by Cowper

VINCENT BOURNE
Trinity College
1697 (?)—1747

NEWTON'S PRINCIPIA

Great Newton's self, to whom the world's in debt,
Owed to School Mistress sage his Alphabet;
But quickly wiser than his Teacher grown,
Discovered properties to her unknown;
Of A *plus* B, or *minus*, learn'd the use,
Known Quantities from unknown to educe;
And made—no doubt to that old dame's surprise—
The Christ-Cross-Row his Ladder to the skies.
Yet, whatsoe'er Geometricians say,
Her Lessons were his true PRINCIPIA!

Translated by Charles Lamb

VINCENT BOURNE

THE CANTAB

With two spurs or one, and no great matter which,
Boots bought, or boots borrow'd, a whip or a switch,
Five shillings or less for the hire of his beast,
Paid part into hand;—you must wait for the rest.
Thus equipt, Academicus climbs up his horse,
And out they both sally for better or worse;
His heart void of fear, and as light as a feather;
And in violent haste to go not knowing whither:
Through the fields and the towns; (see!) he scampers along,
And is look'd at and laugh'd at by old and by young.
Till, at length overspent, and his sides smear'd with blood,
Down tumbles his horse, man and all, in the mud.
In a waggon or chaise shall he finish his route?
Oh! scandalous fate! he must do it on foot.

Young gentlemen, hear!—I am older than you;
The advice that I give I have proved to be true;
Wherever your journey may be, never doubt it,
The faster you ride, you're the longer about it.

Translated by Cowper

VINCENT BOURNE

INAUGURAL ODE

Here all thy active fires diffuse,
Thou genuine British muse;
Hither descend from yonder orient sky,
Cloath'd in thy heav'n wove robe of harmony.
Come, imperial queen of song;
Come with all that free-born grace
Which lifts thee from the servile throng,
Who meanly mimic thy majestic pace;
That glance of dignity divine,
Which speaks thee of celestial line,
Proclaims thee inmate of the sky,
Daughter of Jove and Liberty.
The elevated soul, that feels
Thy awful impulse, walks the fragrant ways
Of honest unpolluted praise:
He with impartial justice deals
The blooming chaplets of immortal lays:
He flies above ambition's low career;
And, thron'd in truth's meridian sphere,
Thence, with a bold and heav'n-directed aim,
Full on fair Virtue's shrine he pours the rays of fame.

* * * *

Is there a clime, in one collected beam
Where charms like these their varied radiance stream?
Is there a plain, whose genial soil inhales
Glory's invigorating gales,
Her highest beams where Emulation spreads,
Her kindliest dews where Science sheds,
Where ev'ry stream of Genius flows,
Where ev'ry flow'r of Virtue glows?
Thither the Muse exulting flies,
There loudly cries—
Majestic Granta! hail thy awful name,
Dear to the Muse, to Liberty, to fame.

You too, illustrious train, she greets,
Who first in these inspiring seats
Caught that celestial fire
That prompts you to aspire

INAUGURAL ODE

To deeds of civic note ; whether to shield
 From base chicane your country's laws ;
To pale disease the bloom of health to yield,
 Or in Religion's hallow'd cause
 Those heav'nly-temper'd arms to wield,
That drive the foes of Faith indignant from the field.
 And now she tunes her plausible song
 To you, her sage domestic throng,
 Who here, at Learning's richest shrine,
 Dispense to each ingenuous youth
 The treasures of immortal truth,
 And open wisdom's golden mine.
Each youth, inspired by your persuasive art,
Clasps the dear form of Virtue to his heart ;
 And feels in his transported soul
 Enthusiastic rapture roll,
Gen'rous as those the sons of Cecrops caught
In hoar Lyceum's shades from Plato's fire-clad thought.
 O Granta ! on thy happy plain
 Still may these Attic glories reign :
 Still may'st thou keep thy wonted state
 In unaffected grandeur great ;
 Great as at this illustrious hour,
 When he, whom George's well-weigh'd choice,
 And Albion's gen'ral voice
Have lifted to the fairest heights of pow'r ;
 When he appears, and deigns to shine
 The leader of thy learned line ;
And bids the verdure of thy olive bough
 Mid all his civic chaplets twine,
And add fresh glories to his honour'd brow.
 Haste then, and amply o'er his head
 The graceful foliage spread.
Meanwhile the Muse shall snatch the trump of Fame,
 And lift her swelling accents high,
 To tell the world that Pelham's name
Is dear to learning as to liberty.

1749

WILLIAM MASON
Pembroke College
1725—1797

ON LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY

Ere yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters' pale;
Oh! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay;
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all these virtues, opening now so fair,
Transported to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear.
There, if ambition pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow,
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,
Their genuine, simple colouring should supply,
Oh! with them may these laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die.

1753

WILLIAM MASON

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS

(IN ANSWER TO MASON'S *ISIS*)

Let Granta boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame :
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean :
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctified and sleek :
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive :
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer ;
No longer charm'd by Virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meandering through the matted reeds,
With loitering wave his groves of laurel feeds.

1749

THOMAS WARTON
Trinity College Oxford
1728—1790

DR ROOKE

Hail, Gobrias, hail ! thou doughty Chief, whose Nod
Makes Ch...ians tremble and deny their God ;
In whose dark Realms nor Wit nor Learning spread,
Nor Merit sprouts, nor Honour rears her Head,
Where 'midst a general Pravity of Spirit
Poor Robin¹ only suffers for his Merit.

1750

From *The Capitade*

In the Scull-Room what is doing
By the omens you may know :
There is always mischief brewing
When you hear the voice of Crow.

1750 (?)

From *Stebbing Fragments*

¹ Perhaps, as Dr Peile suggests, Robert Hankinson, a Fellow of Christ's who often opposed Rooke.

CAMBRIDGE IN VACATION

No Barbers trim are now ! no more with Wig
 Well-powder'd, white or brown, of Don more grave,
 Or Scholar blythe meet Emblems, haste those Sires
 Of News, and sprucest God-fathers of Dress !
 No more the jolly *Jips*, with Heart a Foe
 To Thought or Sorrow, carol out their Songs,
 Loud-ecchoing thro' the Mirth-devoted Court,
 As to the Butteries, with their *Paper* Friend
 Jocund they jog along, and o'er their Ale
 Measure their Masters Merits by their Gifts !
 To Penury, alas, and pinching Want
 Condemn'd, the long Vacation loud they curse,
 And pray with me, *October's* Bell to hear,
 To *Sophs* more dread than *Curfeu* ! So thro' Life
 The Weal of one still proves another's Woe.

* * * *

Vain is it, once the Coffee-House supplied
 Reviving Coffee, or Heart-chearing Tea,
 And with them Pamphlets in long happy Roll
 Food for the hungry Mind ! How dreary all
 As ent'ring there, I pace along the Room !
 The languid *Dockrill*¹ drops his wonted Smiles,
 Pale *Dockerilla* on her Elbow leans,
 And views the long, long Order, shining trim,
 (Ah that they shine !) of Coffee-Pots forlorn !
 While each with me in deep Complaining joins,
 And ruminates full sad on happier Days.

1751
 From *A Day in Vacation at College*

¹ Master of Robin's Coffee-House.

THE LOUNGER

A young Gentleman of the University is one that comes there to wear a gown, and to say hereafter he has been at the University. His father sent him thither because he heard there were the best fencing and dancing schools; from these he has his education, from his tutor the over-sight. The first element of his knowledge is to be shown the colleges, and initiated in a tavern by the way....His main loytering is at the Library, where he studies arms and books of honour....Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a scholar.

1628

From *Microcosmographie*

JOHN EARLE

Christ Church Oxford

1601—1665

I rise about nine, get to Breakfast by ten,
Blow a Tune on my Flute, or perhaps make a Pen;
Read a play till eleven, or cock my lac'd Hat;
Then step to my Neighbours, 'till Dinner, to chat.
Dinner over, to *Tom's* or to *Clapham's*¹ I go,
The News of the Town so impatient to know;
While *Law*, *Locke*, and *Newton*, and all the rum Race,
That talk of their Modes, their Ellipses, and Space,
The Seat of the Soul, and new Systems on high,
In Holes, as abstruse as their Mysteries, lie.
From the Coffee-House then I to Tennis away,
And at six I post back to my College, to pray:
I sup before eight, and, secure from all Duns,
Undauntedly march to the *Mitre* or *Tuns*¹;
Where in Punch or good Claret my Sorrows I drown,
And toss off a Bowl, "To the best in the Town":
At one in the Morning, I call what's to pay,
Then Home to my Chambers I stagger away;
Thus I tope all the Night, as I trifle all Day.

1751

From *The Oxford and
Cambridge Miscellany*

¹ Noted coffee-houses in *Cambridge*.

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life ;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive ;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.
Such pleasures, unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair ?
Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six ?
O ! had the Archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town !
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop !
O, had her eyes forgot to blaze !
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze ;
O !—But let exclamations cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace.
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd and then was—married.

circ. 1752

OLIVER GOLDSMITH
Trinity College Dublin
1728—1774

ACADEMIC ODE

*

*

*

*

Ingenuous Youths ! whom just Ambition fires,
Who love the Muse, and whom the Muse inspires,
Yours is the joy, for you reserv'd to see
The well earn'd prize of learned Victory ;
To nobler objects eager hopes to raise,
And hail this omen of your happier praise.
Think ye behold each venerable shade,
Who, on these banks in contemplation laid,
Once, like yourselves, were studious to explore
All Wisdom opens from her ancient store ;
That hov'ring round your active thoughts they move,
Prompt ev'ry wish, and ev'ry toil improve,
That emulation once they felt renew,
And smile to see themselves revive in you.

I

While silent streams the moss-grown turrets lave,
CAM, on thy banks with pensive steps I tread ;
The dipping osiers kiss thy passing wave,
And Ev'ning shadows o'er the plains are spread.

From restless eye of painful Care,
To thy secluded grot I fly,
Where Fancy's sweetest forms repair,
To sooth her darling Poesy.

Reclin'd the lovely Visionary lies,
In yonder vale, and laurel-vested bow'r ;
Where the gay turf is deck'd with various dies,
And breathes the mingling scents of every flow'r :

While holy dreams prolong her calm repose,
Her pipe is cast the whisp'ring reeds among ;
High on the boughs her waving harp is hung,
That murmurs soft to ev'ry wind that blows.

ACADEMIC ODE

II

Oft have I seen her bathe, at dewy morn,
Her wanton bosom in thy silver spring,
And while her hands her flowing locks adorn
With busy elegance, have heard her sing.
But say, what long-recorded theme
Through all the lofty tale of Time,
More worthy can the Goddess deem
Of sounding chords, and song sublime ;
Than, whose paternal hand to vigour bred
Each infant Art, the Noble and the Wise?
Whose bounty gave yon' arching shades to spread,
Yon' pointed spires in hallow'd pomp to rise?
Shall War alone loud-echoing numbers claim,
And shall the deeds of smiling Peace be drown'd,
Amid the heroes shouts and trumpet's sound?
These too—shall flourish in immortal fame.

III

When Science fled from Latium's polish'd coasts,
And Grecian groves, her long and lov'd abode,
Far from the din of fierce conflicting hosts,
Through barb'rous realms the weary wand'rer trod.
But to what more indulgent sky,
To what more hospitable shade,
Could trembling, bleeding, fainting fly,
The helpless, and devoted Maid?
Time honour'd FOUNDERS! ye the virgin woo'd ;
'Twas yours, with souls to native grandeur born, -
To bid her radiant beauties shine renew'd,
With wealth to heap, with honours to adorn.
In GRANTA's happier paths she wept no more ;
Heal'd were the wounds which scarr'd her gentle breast ;
Here, still she smiles with Freedom's sons to rest,
Nor mourns her Attic tow'rs, nor Tuscan shore.

ACADEMIC ODE

IV

Fathers of Genius ! whom the Muse adores ;
For sure to you her noblest strains belong,
Beneath whose venerable roofs she pours
The grateful notes of sweetly flowing song ;
Th' increase of swift revolving years,
With conscious pride exulting view ;
How all ye plann'd compleat appears ;
How all your Virtues bloom anew :
The gen'rous zeal which erst ye felt remains
Its bounteous beams still ardent to dispense ;
While unexhausted to your learned plains
Rolls the rich stream of wide Munificence.
Joy to your shades ! the great career is run ;
Reserv'd by Fate for some superior hand,
Confest, the last, th' auspicious work shall stand,
And Statesman, Monarch end what ye begun.

V

Ye too, once Inmates of these walls renown'd,
Whose spirits, mingling with th' ætherial ray,
Of universal Nature trac'd the bound,
Or rais'd in majesty of thought the lay,
See your lov'd Arts this clime to grace
Their rival radiance brighter shed,
While HOLLES smiles the wreath to place
Upon the youthful Victor's head.
Where SPENCER sits among your thrones sublime,
To the soft music of his mournful lays
List'ning ye weep, for his ungrateful time,
And point the better hope of happier days.
If with the dead dishonour's mem'ry dies,
Forget, much injur'd Name, th' unworthy woe ;
In strains like thine so may our accents flow,
In nobler numbers yon fair domes arise.

ACADEMIC ODE

VI

When Faction's storms, or some fell Tyrant's hate,
Arts join'd with Freedom to one grave shall doom,
Then tho' these structures to the stroke of Fate
Bend their proud height, like thine, imperial Rome,
Know, vainly, Time, thy rapid rage
Shall point its wide destroying aim,
Since what defies the force of age
Thus consecrates the pile to Fame;
Some future eye the ruin'd heap shall trace,
The name of HOLLES on the stone behold;
Shall point a BRUNSWIC to a distant race,
Benign, and awful on the swelling gold.
Th' historic page, the poet's tuneful toil,
With these compar'd, their mutual aid shall raise,
To build the records of eternal praise,
And deck with endless wreaths their honour'd soil.

JAMES MARRIOTT
Trinity Hall
1730—1803

From Two Poems presented to his grace The Duke of Newcastle, Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, upon his Grace's revisiting that University, April M.DCC.LV. In order to lay the first Stone of the New-Building. By M^r Marriott, LL.B. of Trinity-Hall. London, Printed in the year M.DCC.LV.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

What Latin hodge-podge, Grecian hash,
With Hebrew roots, and English trash,
Shall academic wits produce
For present show and future use !
Fellows ! who've soaked away their knowledge
In sleepy residence at college ;
Whose lives are like a stagnant pool,
Muddy and placid, dull and cool ;
Mere drinking, eating, eating, drinking,
With no impertinence of thinking.

1762

R. LLOYD
Trinity College
1733—1764

THE VACATION

Farewell, thou willow'd stream,
Glittering bright with wisdom's beam,
Silver Cam ! whose bowers among
Inspiration leads her throng ;
Clio breathes celestial fire ;
Music hangs her dulcet lyre :
Yet farewell ! to brighter joys
Pleasure lifts her wandering eyes,
With her own resistless smile.
She shall smooth each care awhile :
Yes, she, fair queen, shall all the mind possess,
With gladness fire it, and with rapture bless.

From *Gradus ad
Cantabrigiam* 1824

C. T. HARTIS
1763

CAM, AN ELEGY

E'en in that ever-memorable hour
That gave N--c--e and the charms of power,
When my loud shore with acclamations rung,
And my first stream in rapt attention hung;
A god! a god! re-echoing Granta cried;
A god! a god! Godolphin's hills replied;
When proudest prefects adoration paid,
To this new deity themselves had made;
When sacred splendor grac'd the festal board,
Scarce pomp sufficient for this earthly lord;
When college lux'ry shone with courtly pride,
And Bacchus roll'd an unexhausted tide;
Thrice *at each health* the choral Paecans rise,
And thrice the trumpet's clangor tears the skies;
When solemn pedants seem'd to drop a while
Th' essential dullness, and essay'd to smile;
Well-warm'd with wine and hope, each rusty soul
Forgot its spleen, and peep'd out from its hole;
And Mason, prince of poets! soar'd so high,
He hit his giddy head against the sky;
Strait Music at his call, celestial maid!
Came down in form of Randol to his aid;
And now each *Fellow*, quick as glancing thought,
Quick as the glass, the circling ardor caught,
From heart to heart, from lip to lip it ran—
But did they hail the *patriot, scholar, man*?
No—'twas th' enchanting *ministerial* charm
That struck each bosom with a wild alarm;
Each in idea grasp'd preferment's prize,
While scarfs, stalls, mitres, danc'd before their eyes.
Thrice happy they, who seiz'd the precious gale,
And safe in fortune's port have furl'd their sail;
While shipwreckt bishops float upon the wave,
And future deans have found a wat'ry grave.

CAM, AN ELEGY

Full many a sanguine youth, whose eager soul
Was whirl'd in fancy's car from goal to goal,
Swifter than coursers scour *Newmarket's* plain,
Who ply'd the whip, regardless of the rein,
And still, each rival distanc'd, urg'd the chace,
Till *Lambeth* crown'd him victor of the race:
Must now—Oh fatal fall! Oh hapless meed!
Wake from his dream, "an hireling flock to feed";
Must live and die unbenefic'd, unknown,
A village-curate, or a college drone.

1764

THE CANDIDATE

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings did she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dared her will dispute,
When Youth was insolent, and Age was mute!
That young men should be fools, and some wild few,
To Wisdom deaf, be deaf to Interest too,
Moved not her wonder; but that men, grown gray
In search of wisdom; men who owned the sway
Of Reason, men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should dare
Against the cause of interest to declare;
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,

THE CANDIDATE

And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar, Conscience, who, undone,
And starved herself, starves every wretched son;
This turned her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though Dulness then unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of English eye,
And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
Oh, stay thy flight, fair Science! what though some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become?
All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy interest is opposed by those alone
Who either know not, or oppose their own.

Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the livery of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renowned.
Next, (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece:

* * * *

Comes Sumner, wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long, as wise, and not less chaste than he.

Are there not friends, too, entered in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey, and the Isle of Man?

THE CANDIDATE

Are there not Philomaths of high degree,
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And taking one from two, leave none behind?

With such a mighty power on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.

But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? she, with open arms,
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banished Stuarts to be thine.

1764

CHARLES CHURCHILL
1731—1764

SATIRE UPON THE HEADS; OR,
NEVER A BARREL THE BET-
TER HERRING

O Cambridge, attend
To the Satire I've pen'd,
On the Heads of thy Houses,
Thou Seat of the Muses!
Know the Master of Jesus
Does hugely displease us;
The Master of Maudlin
In the same dirt is dawdling;
The Master of Sidney
Is of the same kidney;
The Master of Trinity
To him bears affinity;
As the Master of Keys
Is as like as two pease,
So the Master of Queen's
Is as like as two beans;
The Master of King's
Copies them in all things;
The Master of Catherine
Takes them all for his pattern;
The Master of Clare
Hits them all to a hair;
The Master of Christ
By the rest is enticed;
But the Master of Emmanuel
Follows them like a spaniel;
The Master of Benet
Is of the like tenet;
The Master of Pembroke
Has from them his system took;
The Master of Peter's
Has all the same features;
The Master of St John's
Like the rest of the Don's.
P.S. As to Trinity Hall
We say nothing at all.

1765 (?)

THOMAS GRAY
Peterhouse.
1716—1771



Thomas Gray

ODE FOR MUSIC. 1769

(ON THE INSTALLATION OF THE
DUKE OF GRAFTON)

Till Granta's sons from all her sacred bowers
With grateful hand shall weave Pierian flowers
To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy brow.

1794

COLERIDGE

From *Translation of Wrangham's*
'Ad Bruntonam e Granta
exituram'

AIR

"Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round;
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

ODE FOR MUSIC

RECITATIVE

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
There sit the sainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The Few, whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas *Milton* struck the deep-toned shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek *Newton's* self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

AIR

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That contemplation loves,
Where willow *Camus* lingers with delight !
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of *Cynthia* silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

RECITATIVE

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth
And mitred Fathers in long order go :
Great *Edward* with the lillies on his brow
From haughty *Gallia* torn,
And sad *Chatillon*, on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding Love, and princely *Clare*,
And *Anjou's* Heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either *Henry* there,

ODE FOR MUSIC

The murder'd Saint and the majestic Lord,
That broke the bonds of *Rome*.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on *Granta's* fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their *Fitzroy's* festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

QUARTETTO

"What is Grandeur, what is Power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful mem'ry of the Good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude."

RECITATIVE

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable *Marg'ret* see!
"Welcome, my noble Son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A *Tudor's* fire, a *Beaufort's* grace."

AIR

"Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from earth the latent gem
To glitter on the diadem.

ODE FOR MUSIC

RECITATIVE

“Lo! *Granta* waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, She
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin’d
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
The laureate wreath, that *Cecil* wore, she brings,
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the Fasces of her sway,
While Spirits blest above and Men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

GRAND CHORUS

“Thro’ the wild waves as they roar,
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of *Brunswick* smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

1769

THOMAS GRAY

THE NEW BATH GUIDE

Thus musing, I wander'd in splénetic mood
Where the languid old CAM rolls his willowy flood.
When lo! beneath the poplar's glim'ring shade,
Along the stream where trembling osiers play'd,

* * * *

When now the moon's refulgent rays begin
O'er twilight groves to spread their mantle thin,
Sudden arose the awful form of QUIN.

* * * *

Ghost. But soft, my friend!—is this the soil, the clime,
That teaches GRANTA's tuneful sons to rhyme?
On me unsavoury vapours seem to fix,
Worse than COCYTUS or the pools of STYX;
Inspired by fogs of this slow-winding CAM,
O say, does - - presume thy strains to damn?
Heed not that miscreant's tongue; pursue thy ways
Regardless of his censure, or his praise.

* * * *

Anstey. May this lazy stream, who to GRANTA bestows
Philosophical slumbers and learned repose,
To GRANTA, sweet GRANTA, (where studious of ease
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees)
May this drowsy current (as oft he is wont)
O'erflow all my hay, may my dogs never hunt.

1766

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY
King's College
1724—1805

CAMBRIDGE

'Tis thine, Sacred Science ! new charms to display ;
How much I rejoice thou hast chosen thy seat
In Granta's delightful and quiet retreat !
Where men of such piety, learning, and sense,
Distribute thy gifts at so small an expense,
And season the minds of well-disciplined youth
With patriot maxims of wisdom and truth ;
Regardless of changes in Church or in State,
They ne'er court the favour or smiles of the great ;
For candour, for softness of manners renowned,
Shed the blessings of peace and contentment around ;
And far from malignity, faction, and noise,
With dignity seek philosophical joys.

1767

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY

THE PETERHOUSE CUP

To Peterhouse a faithful son
Approves his love by this guerdón.
To "William Browne," whilome his name,
He added Knighthood, style, and fame,
Of Royal Fellowship, and part
Of Father in the Healing Art ;
And (chiefly this doth now appear)
He drank the love of healing *here*,
So gives this "health-cup," with the will
Hereby to do his office still.
Canary wine the potion be,
And *quantum suff-* the quantity ;
Master and Brethren in rotation
Shall pledge the health of this foundation,
And say withal (to round the metre)
"Long live the Ancient House of Peter."

Translated by A. W. VERRALL
Trinity College



Christopher Anstey

THE ACADEMIC DISPUTATIONS

Explore these sons of apathy, you'll find
Two ruling passions actuate their mind ;
These only fixed invariably keep,
The love of *figures*, and the love of *sleep* ;
Though some you'll find, and those too not a few,
To make a *third*, have join'd the *former two*.

* * * *

At twelve last night, with lines and figures tired,
The only works of *genius here* admired,
My torpid mind with useless labour cross'd,
And in dry steps of demonstration lost,
Insensibly my wearied eyelids close,
And tortur'd sense retiring, seeks repose.
When *squares*, and *triangles* in dread array,
With *plus*, and *minus* around¹ my fancy play ;
Thus as I slept methought a phantom came,
Of neither mortal or¹ immortal frame,
Sudden he stopt'd, and the dread silence broke,
In hollow accents thus his errand spoke.

* * * *

"Near her the rough unpolish'd - - ² stands
With the dread hammer in his brawny hands,
While with a face so uniformly sour,
Black - - - of S - - - y³ tries the *wedges* power.
Old - - - ⁴ joins the throng with tottering pace,
Join'd to transcendant emptiness of face,
Like an old Raven shakes his dusky wings,
And gnawing to the bleeding vitals clings.
See Mathematicks dreadfully appear,
Alike the instruments of torture *here*.

¹ *Sic.*

² Waring.

³ Hey of Sidney.

⁴ Hubbard. Hubbard and Hey are the Kratos and Bia of the Cambridge *Prometheus*.

THE ACADEMIC DISPUTATIONS

See Grey, so used to melt the tender eyes,
Stretch'd on the orbit of a *circle* dies !
And Goldsmith, whom deserted Auburn haled,
See on a pointed *triangle* impaled !
And to encrease their torment, while they're rackt
Two undergraduate Davies keep an *act* :
Who stun their ears with Segments and Equations,
Moons horizontal, Tangents, and Vibrations,
And all the jargon of *your* schools they're pat in,
Bating they speak a little better Latin.

* * * *

See Euclid proudly spurns the Mantuan muse,
While gentle Horace wipes Maclaurin's shoes.
There Homer learns the theory of light,
And tortur'd Ovid learns to sum and write.

1774

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S MEDALS

Fair Granta ! bid thy sons rehearse,
In polish'd strains, and easy verse,
The praises of the Knight
Who bade those annual orbs to rise,
Whose lustre gilds thy *cloudless* skies,
And blinds our dazzled sight.

* * * *

Thy plains, Newmarket ! never taught
Young W - - ll - p so divine a thought
That good Sir William's praise
Should by his Horace be bestow'd ;
Or by chaste Sappho's tender ode,
And soft, love-breathing lays.

Who could a nobler subject chuse
To animate a classic Muse ?

F - rm - r ! that task is thine !
Unwilling we're compell'd to own
Thy praise itself, Sir William Browne !
A subject less divine.

142

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S MEDALS

Yes, by thy Shakespeare's genius fir'd,
Or by the self-same Muse inspir'd
 That made him all her care,
Thou bid'st us sing great G - ge's host,
And, Boston ! yelling on thy coast,
 The deep-mouth'd dogs of war.

* * * *

Nor shalt thou, Horace ! e'er complain ;
Vict'ries, like those of - -'s reign,
 Augustus *never* knew.
Fair Concord's desolated vale,
And Bunker's hill, shall tell a tale
 Some may forever rue !

And thou, illustrious H - e ! shalt shine
In each immortal classic line,
 And brighten ev'ry page !
Great Xenophon ! that dar'st retreat
On board the gallant British fleet,
 To follow nobler G - ge !

Oh ! by thy bright example fir'd,
Should C - rl - n wish to be admir'd,
 And give his foes a check ;
Soon shall we see his bolder train
Launch on the bosom of the main,
 Escape—and *burn* Quebec !

1776

VERSES ON DR OGDEN, OF ST. JOHN'S,
WOODWARDIAN PROFESSOR

When Ogden his prosaic Verse
In Latin numbers drest,
The Roman Language prov'd too weak
To stand the Critics' Test.

To English Rhime he next essay'd
To shew he'd some Pretence;
But ah! Rhime only wou'd not do:
They still expected Sense.

Enrag'd the Doctor swore he'd place
On Critics no Reliance;
So wrapt his Thoughts in Arabic
And bid 'em all Defiance.

circ. 1780
MSS. COLE. 5834

R. PEPPER ARDEN

A Cambridge Commencement's the Time
 When Gentlemen come for Degrees;
 And with wild-looking Cousins and Wives,
 Thro' a smart Mob of Pensioners squeeze.

The Music that plays in the Church
 Attracts them, tho' broiling the Weather;
 Like good Folks by Orpheus of old
 Who sat list'ning and steaming together.

Dr Randal stuck up in the Front
 With the gay London Fiddlers behind,
 Like a fine Paper Punch pull'd with strings,
 Throws his Legs and his Arms to the Wind.

The pretty Town-Misses have each
 Some Sizar their humble Beholder,
 While the ¹Nymphs of the Lodge think there's nought
 Like a Bit of gold Lace on the Shoulder.

O'er the poor Country Curate that's near
 How their Eyes (in fine Language called Killers)
 They carelessly glance till they rest
 On the silk Gown and long Nose of Villiers.

But now to the Senate the troop
 Perspiring and panting repair;
 Where the good Lady-President sits
 Like a Lobster, that's boil'd, in the Chair.

And there the gruff Father of Physic
 And the dark little Father of Law
 Stretch their Hands o'er their Children, and there
 Divinity's Lion his Paw.

With Kisses, with Rings, and with Hugs
 The old Gentlemen treat one another
 Till by Magic of Hugs they become
 From a Son in a Moment a Brother.

* * * *

W. LORT MANSEL
 Trinity College
 1752—1820

¹ Daughters of Heads of Colleges whose Houses are termed Lodges.

Professor
 of Music
 in the
 Organ Loft
 beating
 time.

Lord
 Villiers of
 St John's:
 as a Noble-
 man he
 wears silk.
 Vice-
 Chancellor

Dr
 Plumptre,
 Professor
 of Physic

Dr
 Halifax,
 Professor
 of Law

Dr
 Watson,
 Professor
 of Divinity

THE TASK

In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline. His head
Not yet by time completely silvered o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpaired.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Played on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blushed at its own praise, and press the youth
Close to his side that pleased him. Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant ;
The mind was well informed, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleaped
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke ;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years ;
A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye
Was quenched in rheums of age, his voice unstrung
Grew tremulous, and moved derision more
Than reverence, in perverse rebellious youth,

THE TASK

So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend, and Discipline at length
O'erlooked and unemployed, fell sick and died.
Then study languished, emulation slept,
And virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lined with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue performed the scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then compromise had place, and scrutiny
Became stone-blind, precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued,
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates
Forgot their office, opening with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tasselled cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mockery of the world. What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts and booted sportsmen, oftener seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learned,
If aught was learned in childhood, is forgot,
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the liberal hand of love,
Is squandered in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquired
Where science and where virtue are professed?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly, but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to the united powers
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.

THE TASK

Now blame we most the nurselings or the nurse?
The children crooked and twisted and deformed
Through want of care, or her whose winking eye
And slumbering oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge
She needs herself correction; needs to learn
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

All are not such. I had a brother once,—
Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters, and of manners too;
Of manners sweet as virtue always wears,
When gay good-nature dresses her in smiles.
He graced a college in which order yet
Was sacred, and was honoured, loved and wept
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there.
Some minds are tempered happily, and mixed
With such ingredients of good sense and taste
Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they approve,
That no restraints can circumscribe them more,
Than they themselves by choice, for wisdom's sake.
Nor can example hurt them, what they see
Of vice in others but enhancing more
The charms of virtue in their just esteem.
If such escape contagion, and emerge
Pure from so foul a pool, to shine abroad,
And give the world their talents and themselves,
Small thanks to those whose negligence or sloth
Exposed their inexperience to the snare,
And left them to an undirected choice.

1785
From *The Task*,
Book II

WILLIAM COWPER
1731—1800

DR JOWETT'S GARDEN

A little garden little Jowett made,
And fenced it with a little palisade ;
A little taste had little Dr Jowett ;
This little garden doth a little show it.
P.S. Because his garden made a little talk,
He changed it to a little gravel walk.

1790

PORSON (?)

ABSENCE

(ON QUITTING SCHOOL FOR CAMBRIDGE)

Where graced with many a classic spoil
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,
I haste to urge the learned toil
That sternly chides my love-lorn song :
Ah me ! too mindful of the days
· Illumed by Passion's orient rays
When Peace, and Cheerfulness and Health
Enriched me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights ! that o'er my soul
On Memory's wing, like shadows fly !
Ah Flowers ! which Joy from Eden stole
While Innocence stood smiling by !—
But cease, fond Heart ! this bootless moan :
Those Hours on rapid pinions flown
Shall yet return, by Absence crowned,
And scatter livelier roses round.

1791

S. T. COLERIDGE
Jesus College
1772—1834

A WISH
WRITTEN IN JESUS WOOD

Lo! through the dusky silence of the groves,
Thro' vales irriguous, and thro' green retreats,
With languid murmur creeps the placid stream

And works its secret way.

Awhile meand'ring round its native fields,
It rolls the playful wave and winds its flight :
Then downward flowing with awaken'd speed

Embosoms in the Deep!

Thus thro' its silent tenor may my Life
Smooth its meek stream by sordid wealth unclogg'd,
Alike unconscious of forensic storms,

And Glory's blood-stain'd palm !

And when dark Age shall close Life's little day,
Sate of sport, and weary of its toils,
E'en thus may slumbrous Death my decent limbs

Compose with icy hand!

1792

S. T. COLERIDGE

ON LEAVING CAMBRIDGE

Now sheds the sinking Sun a deeper gleam,
Aid, lovely Sorceress ! aid thy Poet's dream !
With faery wand O bid the Maid arise,
Chaste Joyance dancing in her bright-blue eyes ;
As erst when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with Learning's meed not unbestowed ;
When as she twined a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half returned my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrilled heart,
And every nerve confessed the electric dart.

1793

S. T. COLERIDGE

Lines on an
Autumnal Evening



Samuel Taylor Coleridge

A *LATE* ADVERTISEMENT FROM ST
JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
VERSIFIED.

ST JOHN'S, *Mar.* 14, 1794.

With Trees of all kinds we had stocked our Plantation,
And thought they would thrive, and be proud of their station;
And thought so with reason, as it's well understood
That St John's has been famous for rearing of wood.
To deserve future praise, we Johnians intended
Our Bridge to rebuild, and our Ways to have mended.
Yet some Miscreants, impelled or by envy or spite,
Have destroyed all our projects in one fatal night;
And, resolving our views should be quite overthrown,
Have dismantled our Bridge, and our Saplings cut down.
Our Ways too, which art had made pleasant and easy,
In spite of our cunning, are dirty and greasy.
Having heard our account of this daring offence,
To discover th' offender we offer our pence.
For to find out some trace of these mischievous elves
Who've ungravell'd our walks, we are gravell'd ourselves.

* * * *

Should the rascals be caught, all we Johnians declare,
They should find they had got the wrong Sow by the ear;
Should a Townsman have made all this mischievous wreck,
His judgment must be, to be hanged by the neck;
But if in our own herd we discover the droll,
What need of a sentence? he must be *sus per coll.*

From Mullinger's *History of*
John's, pp. 272, 273

TO THE SCHOLLERS OF SAINT JOHN HIS COLLEGE

Ye Johnishe men, that have no other care,
Save onelie for such foode as ye prepare,
To gorge your foule polluted trunks withall;
Meere SWINE ye bee, and such your actyons all;
Like themme ye runne, such be your leaden pace,
Nor soule, nor reasonne, shynethe in your face.

1796

LINES

ON 'MAPS'

[Μάψς αὐτὸν καλέουσι θεοὶ, ἄνδρες δὲ Νιχολσον.]

Can I forget thee, *Maps*?—no! scanty praise
Our learned Granta fail'd not to resound,
As erst thy happy steps pac'd classic ground,
Thou bustling caterer for lettered bays!
When judgment sound might wrangler's honours r[a]ise,
How hast thou bid my spirits to rejoice,
When not a surly *dun*, but thine own voice,
Welcom'd no trifling novel of the day;
'Twas armful large!—a soil'd and tatter'd stock;
Euclid, and *Conics*, *Algebra*, and *Locke*,
And *Newton*, philosophic head supreme!
And all the minor morals in array.
Now, 'tis but Sonneteer can sound thy fame,
Thy son's superior merit dignifies the name.

After 1796

ANON

TO A SENIOR WRANGLER

“O Thou, that with surpassing glory crown’d,”
Throned on Olympus ’midst the favour’d few,
Dost cast thy consequential gaze around,
O’er the wide Babel of the vulgar crew :

Thou mighty Man of Gath, whose stature rare,
Compar’d with mine, alas ! in point of knowledge,
Looks like a pumpkin balanc’d with a pear,
Or King’s old Chapel plac’d by Bene’t College.

Hear me—one intellectual beam impart,
From thy full store one spark of Science shed,
To warm the regions of my icy heart,
To light the mansion of my rayless head.

For here, alas ! deep plung’d in darkest night,
While thick around me swarm the host of cares,
Blind as old Polypheme I take my flight,
Stumbling o’er Angles, Triangles, and Squares.

But ’midst those rugged rocks, obscure with smoke,
Thou can’st enjoy the charm of soft repose,
Quell opposition with an arm of oak,
Nor fear or broken shins or bloody nose.

Aid me, and I in recompence will swear,
That thou, with feeble pulse and spirits flagging,
Didst never at the dead of night appear
O’er thy huge Volumes most intensely fagging.

Heav’n knows ! what secret transport swell’d my breast,
When thro’ the Senate-House, elate with joy,
Like Ajax stern advanc’d thy mighty breast,
In proud defiance of the Chiefs of Troy.

TO A SENIOR WRANGLER

As thro' the dome thy steps the Bedel led,
How rose the stature of thy form divine !
And Fame her honours shower'd upon thine head,
Honours, alack ! which never must be mine.

For dark as Erebus remains my soul,
Blind as the mole, tho' labouring like the bee ;
Oh ! dead to hope, my fortune I condole
With College Snobs who know not *a* from *c*.

1801

From *Academic Elegies* in
the *Poetical Miscellany*—
Cambridge, Printed by
F. Hodson for J. Bowtell,
June 1801.

EPIGRAM

No wonder that Oxford and Cambridge profound,
In learning and science so greatly abound ;
When all carry thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

The Poetical Miscellany, 1801

KIRK WHITE

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful Poet came ;
Unconquered powers th' immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decayed :
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
O genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst duties too severe !

KIRK WHITE

Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale and showed what White had been :
Nor told in vain—far o'er th' Atlantic wave
A wanderer came and sought the Poet's grave ;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

[Inscription on a tablet to the memory of
H. K. WHITE, by Professor SMYTH † 1849]

DISILLUSION

Oh ! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gaudes, and honours of the world appear !
How vain ambition !—Why has my wakeful lamp
Outwatched the slow-paced night ?—Why on the page,
The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed
The hours devoted by the world to rest,
And needful to recruit exhausted nature ?
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay
The loss of health ? or can the hope of glory
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek ?

From *Lines written on a Survey of the Heavens,*
in the morning before daybreak

HENRY KIRK WHITE
St John's College
1785—1806

THE PRELUDE

RESIDENCE AT CAMBRIDGE

That most famous and fortunate nurse of all learning, Saint Johns in Cambridge, that at that time was a Universitie within itself, shining so far above all other Houses, Halls and Hospitalls whatsoever that no College in the towne was able to compare with a tythe of her Students, having, as I have heard grave men of credite report, more candles light in it everie Winter morning before fowre of the clock than the fowre of the clocke bell gave stroakes; till shee, as a pittying mother put too her helping hande, and sent from her fruitfull wombe sufficient scholars both to support her owne weale as also to supplie all other inferiour foundations defects.

1589
Preface to Greene's
Menaphon

THOMAS NASHE
St John's College
1567—1601

It was a dreary morning when the wheels
Rolled over a wide plain o'erhung with clouds,
And nothing cheered our way till first we saw
The long-roofed chapel of King's College lift
Turrets and pinnacles in answering files,
Extended high above a dusky grove.

Advancing, we espied upon the road
A student clothed in gown and tasselled cap,
Striding along as if o'ertasked by Time,
Or covetous of exercise and air;
He passed—nor was I master of my eyes
Till he was left an arrow's flight behind.
As near and nearer to the spot we drew,
It seemed to suck us in with an eddy's force.
Onward we drove beneath the Castle; caught,
While crossing Magdalene Bridge, a glimpse of Cam;
And at the *Hoop* alighted, famous inn.

My spirit was up, my thoughts were full of hope;
Some friends I had, acquaintances who there

THE PRELUDE

Seemed friends, poor simple school-boys, now hung round
With honour and importance: in a world
Of welcome faces up and down I roved;
Questions, directions, warnings and advice,
Flowed in upon me, from all sides; fresh day
Of pride and pleasure! to myself I seemed
A man of business and expense, and went
From shop to shop about my own affairs,
To Tutor or to Tailor, as befel,
From street to street with loose and careless mind.

I was the Dreamer, they the Dream; I roamed
Delighted through the motley spectacle;
Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers:
Migration strange for a stripling of the hills,
A northern villager.

As if the change
Had waited on some Fairy's wand, at once
Behold me rich in monies, and attired
In splendid garb, with hose of silk, and hair
Powdered like rimy trees, when frost is keen.
My lordly dressing-gown, I pass it by,
With other signs of manhood that supplied
The lack of beard.—The weeks went roundly on,
With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal, and suiting gentleman's array.

The Evangelist St John my patron was:
Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first
Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure;

* * * *

And from my pillow, looking forth by light
Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold
The antechapel where the statue stood
Of Newton with his prism and silent face,
The marble index of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

THE PRELUDE

Of College labours, of the Lecturer's room
All studded round, as thick as chairs could stand,
With loyal students faithful to their books,
Half-and-half idlers, hardy recusants,
And honest dunces—of important days,
Examinations, when the man was weighed
As in a balance? of excessive hopes,
Tremblings withal and commendable fears,
Small jealousies, and triumphs good or bad,
Let others that know more speak as they know.
Such glory was but little sought by me,
And little won.

* * * * *
This was a gladsome time. Could I behold—
Who, less insensible than sodden clay
In a sea-river's bed at ebb of tide,
Could have beheld,—with undelighted heart,
So many happy youths, so wide and fair
A congregation in its budding-time
Of health, and hope, and beauty, all at once
So many divers samples from the growth
Of life's sweet season—could have seen unmoved
That miscellaneous garland of wild flowers
Decking the matron temples of a place
So famous through the world?

* * * * *
We sauntered, played, or rioted; we talked
Unprofitable talk at morning hours;
Drifted about along the streets and walks,
Read lazily in trivial books, went forth
To gallop through the country in blind zeal
Of senseless horsemanship, or on the breast
Of Cam sailed boisterously, and let the stars
Come forth, perhaps without one quiet thought.

Such was the tenor of the second act
In this new life. Imagination slept,
And yet not utterly. I could not print
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men,

THE PRELUDE

Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old,
That garden of great intellects undisturbed.
Place also by the side of this dark sense
Of noble feeling, that those spiritual men,
Even the great Newton's own ethereal self,
Seemed humbled in these precincts thence to be
The more endeared. Their several memories here
(Even like their persons in their portraits clothed
With the accustomed garb of daily life)
Put on a lowly and a touching grace
Of more distinct humanity, that left
All genuine admiration unimpaired.

Beside the pleasant Mill of Trumpington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade ;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion. And that gentle Bard,
Chosen by the Muses for their Page of State—
Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace,
I called him Brother, Englishman, and Friend !
Yea, our blind Poet, who, in his later day,
Stood almost single ; uttering odious truth—
Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,
Soul awful—if the earth has ever lodged
An awful soul—I seemed to see him here
Familiarly, and in his scholar's dress
Bounding before me, yet a stripling youth—
A boy, no better, with his rosy cheeks
Angelical, keen eye, courageous look,
And conscious step of purity and pride.
Among the band of my compeers was one
Whom chance had stationed in the very room
Honoured by Milton's name. O temperate Bard !
Be it confest that, for the first time, seated
Within thy innocent lodge and oratory,
One of a festive circle, I poured out
Libations, to thy memory drank, till pride

THE PRELUDE

And gratitude grew dizzy in a brain
Never excited by the fumes of wine
Before that hour, or since. Then, forth I ran
From the assembly; through a length of streets,
Ran, ostrich-like, to reach our chapel door
In not a desperate or opprobrious time,
Albeit long after the importunate bell
Had stopped, with wearisome Cassandra voice
No longer haunting the dark winter night.
Call back, O Friend! a moment to thy mind
The place itself and fashion of the rites.
With careless ostentation shouldering up
My surplice, through the inferior throng I clove
Of the plain Burghers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ. Empty thoughts!
I am ashamed of them: and that great Bard,
And thou, O Friend! who in thy ample mind
Hast placed me high above my best deserts,
Ye will forgive the weakness of that hour,
In some of its unworthy vanities,
Brother to many more.

In this mixed sort
The months passed on, remissly, not given up
To wilful alienation from the right,
Or walks of open scandal, but in vague
And loose indifference, easy likings, aims
Of a low pitch—duty and zeal dismissed,
Yet Nature, or a happy course of things,
Not doing in their stead the needful work.

* * * * *
The thirst of living praise,
Fit reverence for the glorious Dead, the sight
Of those long vistas, sacred catacombs,
Where mighty *minds* lie visibly entombed,
Have often stirred the heart of youth, and bred
A fervent love of rigorous discipline.—
Alas! such high emotion touched not me.
Look was there none within these walls to shame
My easy spirits, and discountenance
Their light composure, far less to instil

THE PRELUDE

A calm resolve of mind, firmly addressed
To puissant efforts.

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Yet I, though used

In magisterial liberty to rove,
Culling such flowers of learning as might tempt
A random choice, could shadow forth a place
(If now I yield not to a flattering dream)
Whose studious aspect should have bent me down
To instantaneous service; should at once
Have made me pay to science and to arts
And written lore, acknowledged my liege lord,
A homage frankly offered up, like that
Which I had paid to Nature. Toil and pains
In this recess, by thoughtful Fancy built,
Should spread from heart to heart; and stately groves,
Majestic edifices, should not want
A corresponding dignity within.
The congregating temper that pervades
Our unripe years, not wasted, should be taught
To minister to works of high attempt—
Works which the enthusiast would perform with love.
Youth should be awed, religiously possessed
With a conviction of the power that waits
On knowledge, when sincerely sought and prized
For its own sake, on glory and on praise
If but by labour won, and fit to endure
The passing day; should learn to put aside
Her trappings here, should strip them off abashed
Before antiquity and stedfast truth
And strong book-mindedness; and over all
A healthy sound simplicity should reign,
A seemly plainness, name it what you will,
Republican or pious.

If these thoughts

Are a gratuitous emblazonry
That mocks the recreant age *we* live in, then
Be Folly and False-seeming free to affect
Whatever formal gait of discipline
Shall raise them highest in their own esteem—

THE PRELUDE

Let them parade among the Schools at will,
But spare the House of God. Was ever known
The witless shepherd who persists to drive
A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
A weight must surely hang on days begun
And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the spirit
Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
At home in pious service, to your bells
Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air ;
And your officious doings bring disgrace
On the plain steeples of our English Church,
Whose worship, 'mid remotest village trees,
Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand
In daily sight of this irreverence,
Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
Loses her just authority, falls beneath
Collateral suspicion, else unknown.
This truth escaped me not, and I confess,
That having 'mid my native hills given loose
To a schoolboy's vision, I had raised a pile
Upon the basis of the coming time,
That fell in ruins round me. Oh, what joy
To see a sanctuary for our country's youth
Informed with such a spirit as might be
Its own protection ; a primeval grove,
Where, though the shades with cheerfulness were filled,
Nor indigent of songs warbled from crowds
In under-coverts, yet the countenance
Of the whole place should bear a stamp of awe ;
A habitation sober and demure
For ruminating creatures ; a domain
For quiet things to wander in ; an haunt
In which the heron should delight to feed
By the shy rivers, and the pelican
Upon the cypress spire in lonely thought
Might sit and sun himself. Alas ! Alas !
In vain for such solemnity I looked ;
Mine eyes were crossed by butterflies, ears vexed

THE PRELUDE

By chattering popinjays; the inner heart
Seemed trivial, and the impresses without
Of a too gaudy region.

Different sight
Those venerable Doctors saw of old,
When all who dwelt within these famous walls
Led in abstemiousness a studious life;
When, in forlorn and naked chambers cooped
And crowded, o'er the ponderous books they hung
Like caterpillars eating out their way
In silence, or with keen devouring noise
Not to be tracked or fathered. Princes then
At matins froze, and couched at curfew-time,
Trained up through piety and zeal to prize
Spare diet, patient labour, and plain weeds.
O seat of Arts! renowned throughout the world!
For different service in those homely days
The Muses' modest nurslings underwent
From their first childhood: in that glorious time
When Learning, like a stranger, come from far,
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused
Peasant and king; when boys and youths, the growth
Of ragged villages and crazy huts,
Forsook their homes, and, errant in the quest
Of Patron, famous school or friendly nook,
Where, pensioned, they in shelter might sit down,
From town to town and through wide scattered realms
Journeyed with ponderous folios in their hands;
And often, starting from some covert place,
Saluted the chance comer on the road,
Crying, "An obolus, a penny give
To a poor scholar!"—when illustrious men,
Lovers of truth, by penury constrained,
Bucer, Erasmus, or Melancthon, read
Before the doors or windows of their cells
By moonshine through mere lack of taper light.

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I did not love,
Judging not ill perhaps, the timid course
Of our scholastic studies; could have wished

THE PRELUDE

To see the river flow with ampler range
And freer pace; but more, far more, I grieved
To see displayed among an eager few,
Who in the field of contest persevered,
Passions unworthy of youth's generous heart
And mounting spirit, pitiably repaid,
When so disturbed, whatever palms are won.
From these I turned to travel with the shoal
Of more unthinking natures, easy minds
And pillowy; yet not wanting love that makes
The day pass lightly on, when foresight sleeps,
And wisdom and the pledges interchanged
With our own inner being are forgot.

Yet was this deep vacation not given up
To utter waste. Hitherto I had stood
In my own mind remote from social life,
(At least from what we commonly so name,)
Like a lone shepherd on a promontory
Who lacking occupation looks far forth
Into the boundless sea, and rather makes
Than finds what he beholds. And sure it is,
That this first transit from the smooth delights
And wild outlandish walks of simple youth
To something that resembles an approach
Towards human business, to a privileged world
Within a world, a midway residence
With all its intervenient imagery,
Did better suit my visionary mind,
Far better, than to have been bolted forth,
Thrust out abruptly into Fortune's way
Among the conflicts of substantial life;
By a more just gradation did lead on
To higher things; more naturally matured,
For permanent possession, better fruits,
Whether of truth or virtue, to ensue.
In serious mood, but oftener, I confess,
With playful zest of fancy did we note
(How could we less?) the manners and the ways
Of those who lived distinguished by the badge

THE PRELUDE

Of good or ill report ; or those with whom
By frame of Academic discipline
We were perforce connected, men whose sway
And known authority of office served
To set our minds on edge, and did no more.
Nor wanted we rich pastime of this kind,
Found everywhere, but chiefly in the ring
Of the grave Elders, men unscoured, grotesque
In character, tricked out like aged trees
Which through the lapse of their infirmity
Give ready place to any random seed
That chooses to be reared upon their trunks.

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And oftentimes do flit
Remembrances before me of old men—
Old humourists, who have been long in their graves,
And having almost in my mind put off
Their human names, have into phantoms passed
Of texture midway between life and books.

I play the loiterer: 'tis enough to note
That here in dwarf proportions were expressed
The limbs of the great world ; its eager strifes
Collaterally pourtrayed, as in mock fight,
A tournament of blows, some hardly dealt
Though short of mortal combat ; and whate'er
Might in this pageant be supposed to hit
An artless rustic's notice, this way less,
More that way, was not wasted upon me—
And yet the spectacle may well demand
A more substantial name, no mimic show,
Itself a living part of a live whole,
A creek in the vast sea ; for, all degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived praise
Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good ;
And here was Labour, his own bond-slave ; Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize ;
Idleness halting with his weary clog,
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,

THE PRELUDE

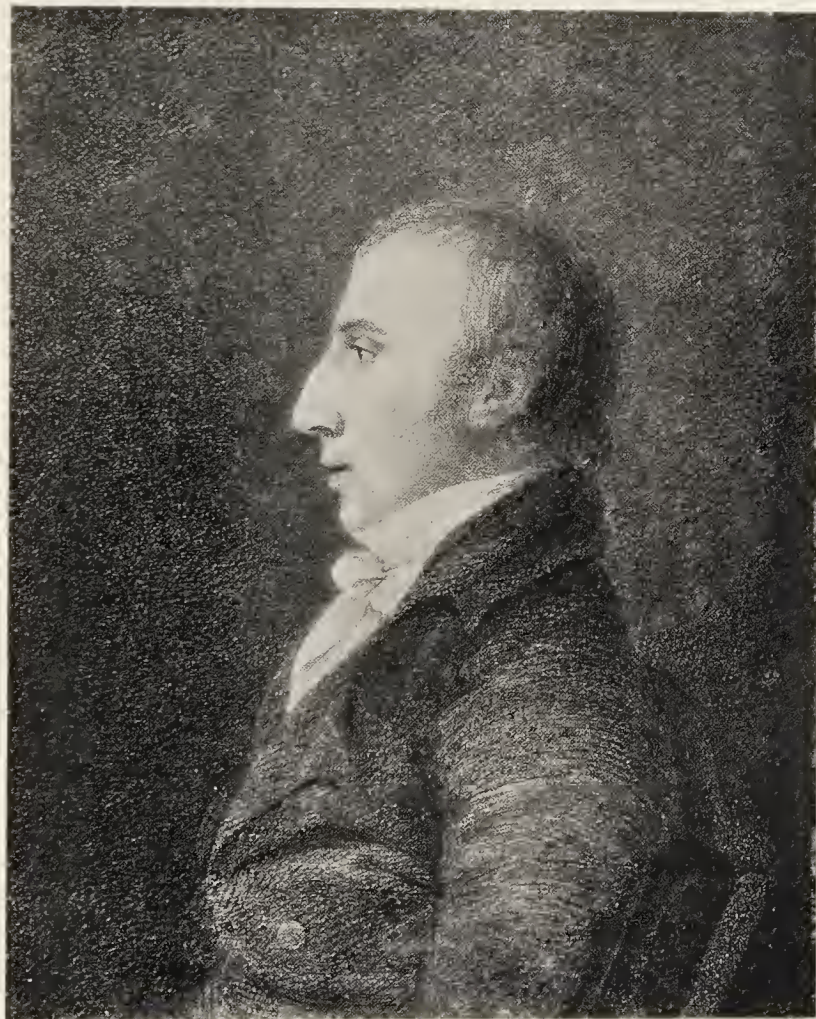
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death ;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray ;
Feuds, factions, flatteries, enmity, and guile
Murmuring submission, and bald government,
(The idol weak as the idolator,)
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him ; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown.

Written by 1805, published 1850
The Prelude, Book III

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
St John's College
1770—1850

THE BACKS

All winter long, whenever free to choose,
Did I by night frequent the College groves
And tributary walks ; the last, and oft
The only one, who had been lingering there
Through hours of silence, till the porter's bell,
A punctual follower on the stroke of nine,
Rang with its blunt unceremonious voice,
Inexorable summons ! Lofty elms,
Inviting shades of opportune recess,
Bestowed composure on a neighbourhood
Unpeaceful in itself. A single tree
With sinuous trunk, boughs exquisitely wreathed,
Grew there ; an ash which Winter for himself
Decked as in pride, and with outlandish grace :
Up from the ground, and almost to the top,
The trunk and every master branch were green
With clustering ivy, and the lightsome twigs
And outer spray profusely tipped with seeds
That hung in yellow tassels, while the air
Stirred them, not voiceless. Often have I stood
Foot-bound uplooking at this lovely tree
Beneath a frosty moon. The hemisphere



William Wordsworth

THE BACKS

Of magic fiction, verse of mine perchance
May never tread; but scarcely Spenser's self
Could have more tranquil visions in his youth,
Or could more bright appearances create
Of human forms with superhuman powers,
Than I beheld loitering on calm clear nights
Alone, beneath this fairy work of earth.

The Prelude, Book VI

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn Ile and fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the note of Praise.

GRAY

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

Published 1822

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE SAME

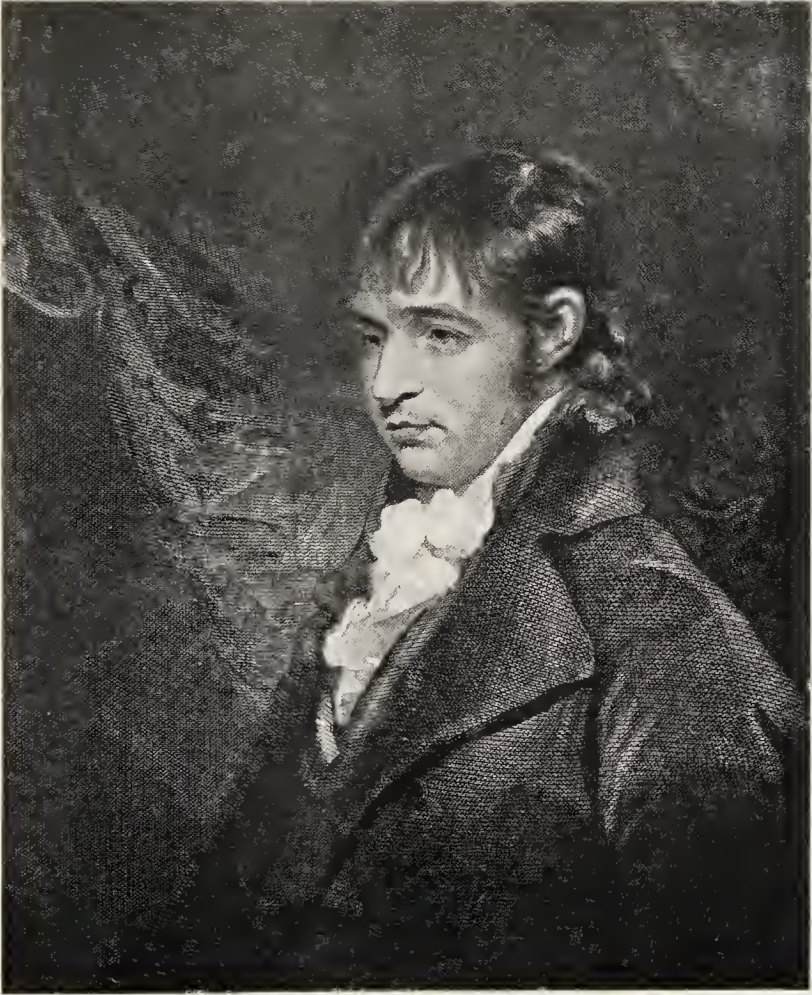
What awful pèrspective ! while from our sight
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide
Their portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.
Martyr, or king, or sainted eremite,
Whoe'er ye be, that thus—yourselves unseen—
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,
Shine on ! until ye fade with coming night !
But, from the arms of silence—list ! oh, list !
The music bursteth into second life ;—
The notes luxuriate—every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast before the eye
Of the devout a veil of ecstasy !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

CONTINUED

They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here ;
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam ;
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam
Melts, if it cross the threshold ; where the wreath
Of awe-struck wisdom droops : or let my path
Lead to that younger pile, whose sky-like dome
Hath typified by reach of daring art
Infinity's embrace ; whose guardian crest,
The silent cross, among the stars shall spread
As now, when she hath *also* seen her breast
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part
Of grateful England's overflowing dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



Richard Porson

RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY VIII TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

The imperial stature, the colossal stride,
Are yet before me ; yet do I behold
The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,
The vestments brodered with barbaric pride :
And lo ! a poniard, at the monarch's side,
Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy
With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,
Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far descried.
Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?
'Mid those surrounding worthies, haughty King !
We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,
How Providence educeth, from the spring
Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,
Which neither force shall check nor time abate.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

ON A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity ;
He was a Fellow of Trinity ;
He knew as much about Divinity
As other Fellows do of Trinity.

RICHARD PORSON
Trinity College
1759—1808

TO DR KIPLING

Orthodoxy's staunch adherent,
Bishop Watson's great Vice-gerent,
Sub-professor Dr Kipling,
Leave off your Yorkshire trick of tippling ;
For while thy Beza is in hand,
Man's salvation's at a stand.

RICHARD PORSON

GRANTA. A MEDLEY

Ἀργυρέαις λόγχαισι μάχου καὶ πάντα κρατήσαις

Oh ! could Le Sage's demon's gift
Be realised at my desire,
This night my trembling form he'd lift
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls
Pedantic inmates full display ;
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight,
Petty and Palmerston survey ;
Who canvass there with all their might,
Against the next elective day.

Lo ! candidates and voters lie
All lull'd in sleep, a goodly number ;
A race renowned for piety,
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur ;
Fellows are sage, reflecting men ;
They know preferment can occur
But very seldom,—now and then.

They know the Chancellor has got
Some pretty livings in disposal ;
Each hopes that one may be his lot,
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

Now from the soporific scene
I'll turn my eye, as night grows later,
To view, unheeded and unseen,
The studious sons of Alma Mater.

There, in apartments small and damp,
The candidate for college prizes
Sits poring by the midnight lamp ;
Goes late to bed, yet early rises.

GRANTA

He surely well deserves to gain them,
 With all the honours of his college,
Who, striving hardly to obtain them,
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge :

Who sacrifices hours of rest
 To scan precisely metres Attic ;
Or agitates his anxious breast
 In solving problems mathematic :

Who reads false quantities in Seale,
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle ;
Deprived of many a wholesome meal ;
 In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle :

Renouncing every pleasing page
 From authors of historic use ;
Preferring to the letter'd sage
 The square of the hypotenuse.

Still, harmless are these occupations,
 That hurt none but the hapless student,
Compared with other recreations,
 Which bring together the imprudent ;

Whose daring revels shock the sight,
 When vice and infamy combine,
When drunkenness and dice invite,
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.

Not so the methodistic crew,
 Who plans of reformation lay :
In humble attitude they sue,
 And for the sins of others pray :

Forgetting that their pride of spirit,
 Their exultation in their trial,
Detracts most largely from the merit
 Of all their boasted self-denial.

'Tis morn ; from these I turn my sight.
 What scene is this which meets the eye ?
A numerous crowd, array'd in white,
 Across the green in numbers fly.

GRANTA

Loud rings in air the chapel-bell ;
'Tis hush'd :—what sounds are these I hear ?
The organ's soft celestial swell
Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.

To this is join'd the sacred song,
The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain ;
Though he who hears the music long
Will never wish to hear again.

Our choir would scarcely be excused,
Even as a band of raw beginners ;
All mercy now must be refused
To such a set of croaking sinners.

If David, when his toils were ended,
Had heard these blockheads sing before him,
To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—
In furious mood he would have tore 'em.

The luckless Israelites, when taken
By some inhuman tyrant's order,
Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,
On Babylonian river's border.

Oh ! had they sung in notes like these,
Inspired by stratagem or fear,
They might have set their hearts at ease,
The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.

But if I scribble longer now,
The deuce a soul will stay to read ;
My pen is blunt, my ink is low,
'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.

Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires !
No more, like Cleofas, I fly ;
No more thy theme my muse inspires ;
The reader's tired, and so am I.

1806

BYRON
Trinity College
1788—1824



The statue of Byron, Trinity College Library

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

High in the midst, surrounded by his peers,
MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears :
Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at his nod.
As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding dome ;
Denouncing dire reproach to luckless fools,
Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms tried,
Though little versed in any art beside ;
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to pen,
Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.
What, though he knows not how his fathers bled,
When civil discord piled the fields with dead,
When Edward bade his conquering bands advance,
Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,
Though marvelling at the name of Magna Charta,
Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta ;
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected laid ;
Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless fame,
Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await ;
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,
If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
But lo ! no common orator can hope
The envied silver cup within his scope.
Not that our heads much eloquence require,
Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
A manner clear or warm is useless, since
We do not try by speaking to convince.
Be other orators of pleasing proud,—
We speak to please ourselves, not move the crowd :
Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,

A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

A proper mixture of the squeak and groan :
No borrow'd grace of action must be seen ;
The slightest motion would displease the Dean ;
Whilst every staring graduate would prate
Against what he could never imitate.

The man who hopes t' obtain the promised cup
Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up ;
Nor stop, but rattle over every word—
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.
Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest :
Who speaks the fastest's sure to speak the best ;
Who utters most within the shortest space
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade ;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept-for die :
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls :
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise ;
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note,
More than the verse on which the critic wrote :
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale ;
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour ;
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard !
Such is their practice, such is their reward !
This much, at least, we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.

1806

BYRON

CAMBRIDGE IN 1809

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!
So lost to Phoebus, that nor Hodgson's verse
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's worse.
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,
The partial muse delighted loves to lave.

* * * *

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,
Expert in science, more expert at puns?
Shall these approach the muse? ah no! she flies,
Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's prize;
Though printers condescend the press to soil
With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by Hoyle;
Not him whose page, if still upheld by whist,
Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.
Ye who in Granta's honours would surpass,
Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown ass;
A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,
Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers
1809

BYRON

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's devilish verses and his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse;
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews";
(Unlucky Tavell! doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears).
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpeners, prodigal of cash;
Fooled, pillaged, dunned, he wastes his term away,
And unexpelled, perhaps retires M.A.;
Master of Arts! as *bells* and *clubs* proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Hints from Horace
1810

BYRON

EPIGRAM ON MANSEL, BISHOP OF BRISTOL

A Peer, God knows, unworthily I'm made,
Meek Mansel cried and bowed his mitred Head.
Yes, yes, was all Sir Busick's arch reply,
God knows that well enough, and so do I!

ON E. D. CLARKE

I sing of a Tutor renown'd,
Who went roving and raving for knowledge,
And gather'd it all the world round,
And brought it in boxes to College.
And because Mathematics was clear,—
Too clear for our Metaphysicians—
Introduced Dr Gall, as I hear,
To enlighten his Academicians.
Tol de rol, etc.

His pupils flock'd eagerly round
When they heard there was nothing to bore 'em,
But guess their surprise when they found
A lot of old skulls placed before 'em!
Astonished, and plagued, and perplex'd,
They stared at their Lecturer able,
And the Freshmen expected that next
The Devil would pop through the table.

"Come round me, ye merry Men all"
Said the Doctor, and sprung from his Chair;
"You shall hear of the wonderful *Gall*,
And of skulls and of brains and of hair.
Of Thought, how it comes and it goes,
And of Life in the marrow descending;
And I'll tell you what nobody knows,
And you'll see me begin at the ending.

ON E. D. CLARKE

“First there’s life that must fashion and warm,
And when figure and form have begun,
The skull is the seat of the charm;
’Tis there you must look for the fun.
And you’ve only to peep in the brain
Just to see how it bumps and it bends;
And when the whole matter is plain,
Why—’tis plain the whole mystery ends.

“Observe now this skull I pick out;
How hard; see how little it moulders;
Hence we may conclude without doubt
’Twas on some Fellow-Commoner’s shoulders.
And *this*, by the marks in this place,
Belonged to some famed Rhetorician;
And *this*, by this little soft place,
Was the head of a Metaphysician.”

Then he talked in a *capital* strain
Of the Lion, the Beaver, and Fox,
And of Parrots with musical brain,
And of men with mechanical blocks;
That the Organ of Courage was clear
To the test of the Investigation;
And he talked till his pupils looked queer,
Of an organ of assassination.

Next he showed how the Organ of Thought
Was developed, as easy as may be;
How Man to perfection was brought
By tinkering the nob of the Baby.
The Doctor grew more and more able,
And his eloquence clearer and clearer,
Till he knocked round the skulls on the table,
And knocked up the skull of each hearer.

ON E. D. CLARKE

But alas! as the Doctor was prosing
Of Brains, and their wonderful parts,
In entered a German imposing
To sell him a lump of Red Quartz.
Red Quartz! There was no standing that;
And besides he had with him a gander
Which he swore had grown jolly and fat
At the tomb of the Great Alexander.

And Flaxman was now at the door
To talk of the Ceres divine,
And Bircham to settle the corps,
And Caldwell to sell him bad wine.
In the court were five Lions from town,
And a message come hot from the master;
So that round about upstairs and down
The plot thickened faster and faster.

“Oh *me!*” cried poor Clarke in a stew,
And to lecture no longer was able.
Off, whizz! like a rocket he flew,
Overturning the skulls and the table.
And he cried in a whiff as he went
That now nothing was more expedient,
That in short they all knew what he meant,
And that now he must be their obedient.

So huzza for all Tutors and Lectures
And our able promoters of knowledge,
And the rest of our learned protectors,
Not forgetting the Cooks of the College.
And long may a Tutor be found
To explain Dr Gall’s lucubrations,
And his humbugging system profound
Of prancing and proud botherations.

circ. 1810

EDWARD SMEDLEY
Sidney College
1788—1836

DEDICATION

PHŒBE FAVE, *NOVUS* INGREDITUR TUA
TEMPLA *SACERDOS*

Hail ! arbiters profound of knowledge,
All-sapient autocrats of college !
Hail each ! but chiefly hail to thee,
Model of mitred dignity !
Hail ! "God-knows-most-unworthy Peer,"
Right-reverend lover of small beer ;
The churchman's shame, the scholar's scorn,
Lampoon, and Epigram in lawn !
Ne'er was by silken apron hidden
More precious stock of fruit forbidden,
Ne'er lurk'd the pious robe within
More full epitome of sin.

Proceed, great patron of us all,
In virtues right episcopal :
Friendship, a play of words with thee,
Sincerity, a jeu d'esprit ;
Thy love of God, the love of siller,
Thy daily manual, Joe Miller.
Proceed, and may your glories close
On the same stage where first they rose ;
Feel, ere you yield your parting breath,
The ruling passion strong in death ;
And, mindful of your speeches past,
Make from a cart your best and last !

From *A Few Verses*,
English and Latin, 1812

EDWARD SMEDLEY

LINES ON HEARING IT SAID THAT
 GEORGE BROWNE HAD SUDDENLY
 BECOME SERIOUS. A GEORGIC

1

George Browne is grown quite grave, they say,
 But who believes the tale?
 George D'Oyly¹ might as soon be gay,
 George Caldwell's flirting fail.

2

George Dyer set the Thames on fire,
 George Rex his rule renew;
 George Regent imitate his sire,
 And to his friends be true.

3

George Rose surpass George Canning's wit,
 George Crabbe turn paltry writer:
 George Hanger dice and faro quit,
 George Pretymann² his mitre.

4

George Hoste or even George Prevost
 Disloyal hearts discover;
 George Leeds too feel the patriot's glow,
 George Pryme turn ardent lover.

5

George Davys sooner cease to talk
 Of Doves and of salvation;
 Or, like George Pryme, a twelvemonth balk
 His hopes of consummation.

6

Nay every George's son on earth
 Might some new frolic follow;
 But still, by George, George Browne's new Birth
 Is more than we can swallow.

1812

EDWARD SMEDLEY

¹ Editor of D'Oyly's and Mant's Bible.

² Bishop of Lincoln. [Afterwards called Tomline: connected with originals of Paston Letters.]

THE BEAU

First mark yon thing, whose vacancy of face
Is well supply'd by folly and grimace :
Sure Nature meant the creature as a show,
And spoil'd a Monkey, to compose a Beau.
He scorns the vulgar task, on books to pore,
Votes Sense a *quiz*, and Virtue a *demm'd bore* ;
Enough for him to ogle, sing, and dance,
The shame of Britain, and the ape of France.
Mark the fair Idiot's dress, his lily hand,
His taper form, too delicate to stand ;
Mark his sweet voice, his soft, affected air,
His essenc'd garments, and his essenc'd hair ;
See him assume the girl, unaw'd by shame,
Till nought remains of manhood, but the name.

From *The Tears of Granta*
1812

P. L. STORY (?)
Jesus College
B.A. 1804.

PHILOSOPHICAL BREAKFAST SONG

All ye learned of Cambridge and Oxford and all,
Ye Bigwigs and Numskulls of College and Hall,
Who would fain be Philosophers thirsting for knowledge,
Come hasten to breakfast at Trinity College.

Chorus

For there's Herschel and Forster and Babbage and all
Are bringing their porridge
Their wit and their knowledge
From each learned College and each learned Hall.

The wisdom they used to say was in the wig
And not in the skull, for the peruke's too big,
But we think that an eggshell is fitter to hold
Our learning, so come ere the coffee be cold.

To-morrow shall Peacock analyses shout,
And Whewell talk learnedly learning about,
And Forster as wild as a fox in the shrouds
Strike the stars, if he don't get his head in the clouds.

There's Herschel in chemistry royally learn'd
Will show how the world to a coke may be turn'd:
So, while life shall remain and the blood gaily flows,
Let's eat and drink well and be jolly as Rose!

Old Parr, [so] they say, is a learned pig,
And Porson with Greek is grown wondrous big,
But I'm bound to say Whewell would bang them all,
Should they come to the scratch in Philosophy Hall.

Though Shelley has cudgelled the Oxford school,
And Byron has made the whole world a fool,
They would barter their cunning, their verses and wit,
For a slice of our breakfast, could they get a bit.

Printed 1843
From *Nugae Cantabrigienses*

THOMAS FORSTER
Corpus Christi College
matr. 1812

ON A MR SHEEPSHANKS¹, WRITING "SATYRS" FOR "SATIRES"

The satyrs of old were satyrs of note,
With the head of a man and the shanks of a goat;
But the satyrs of Jesus these satyrs surpass,
With the shanks of a sheep and the head of an ass.

circ. 1814

¹ Fellow and Tutor of Jesus.

AN EVENING WALK IN CAMBRIDGE

The west is clad in thousand dyes,
The busy hum of day declines,
Peering in beauty from the skies,
The silver star of evening shines.

The air is still, and o'er my brow
The evening breezes softly play,
As up this shaded pathway now
I bend my solitary way.

In such a scene, at such a time,
The sage may rove from labour free,
'Till, settling slow, his thoughts sublime
Subside in sheer vacuity.

In such a scene, at such an hour,
The wounded breast may seek repose,
And feel soft evening's balmy power
Steal gently on his cherish'd woes.

1815

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER
Trinity College
1795—1846

WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

'Tis now night ; the skies are hung
With small bright stars innumerable, that seem
Heaven's eyelets, looking stilly down on man
And man's vain tumults. Many a studious head,
Its labour o'er and learn'd encounters, now
Rests on the pillow, that for many a day
Had toil'd from thorny premises t' extract,
By alchymy of subtlest argument,
Conclusions fair and smooth ; had chas'd, thro' wilds
Of algebra, the shy retiring forms
Of x and z ; or rung the mystic change
On notions and ideas, words and things,
And idol forms Baconian : or discoursed
Of angles plane, and ratios duplicate,
Inventions strange, and figures multiform,
Circle, and square, and shapely trine ; or arm'd
By Paley, with the social compact waged
Relentless war. Myself the while—

1816

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER

MORNING

(TRAVELLING FROM CAMBRIDGE TO LONDON)

How beautiful ! the eastern sky
Is fring'd with soft and lovely red :
Beneath, the meads in prospect lie,
With silvery dew like mist o'erspread.
The single star, that late to view
Shone like a point amidst the sky,
Is lost amidst the brightening blue,
And boundless Morn prevails on high :
And oh ! the clear enchanting sheen
That skirts the east with beauty now,
As if the Sun, himself unseen,
Shew'd to the world his saffron brow.
The Sun is up : his pale red eye
Between the morning mists he shews ;
And, riding slowly up the sky,
Puts on new freshness as he goes.

1817

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER

SONNET

WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE

I was not trained in Academic bowers,
And to those learned streams I nothing owe :
Which copious from those twin fair founts do flow ;
Mine have been anything but studious hours.
Yet can I fancy, wandering 'mid thy towers,
Myself a nursling, Granta, of thy lap ;
My brow seems tightening with the Doctor's cap,
And I walk *gowned* ; feel unusual powers.
Strange forms of logic clothe my admiring speech,
Old Ramus' ghost is busy at my brain ;
And my skull teems with notions infinite.
Be still, ye reeds of Camus, while I teach
Truths, which transcend the searching School-men's vein,
And half had stagger'd that stout Stagirite !

Aug. 15, 1819

CHARLES LAMB

1775—1834

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THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL

On Granta, when the sun was low,
No symptoms lower'd of fearless row,
But all was silent as the flow
Of Camus rolling *tardily*.

But Granta saw another sight,
When radicals presumed at night
With *Carter's* mutton-wicks to light
Their Caroline's base treachery.

Round Hobson's conduit quick array'd,
Each Gownsmen rush'd the cause to aid,
And fast about him each one laid,
With blows that told most terribly.

Then rushing forth the Snobs among,
Fierce from the ranks the Johnian sprung,
And loud and clear the market rung,
With shouts of dreadless liberty.

But redder yet shall be each cheek,
And louder yet each tongue shall speak,
And fiercer yet each soon shall wreak
His vengeance most undauntedly.

'Tis rushlight all—but what can show
The Gownsmen from the Gownsmen's foe,
As shouting in thick files they go
To battle all so merrily?

* * * *

Then rush'd undaunted, to the fight,
The tall—the low—the strong—the light;
And Oh! it was a glorious sight
That strife of Town and Gown to see.

* * * *

Then rush'd the Freshman to essay
His maiden valour in the fray,
And who that valour shall gainsay,
And wrong not such effrontery?

THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL

Then, with one cry so loud and shrill,
It echoed to the Castle Hill,
They charg'd the Snobs against their will,
And shouted clear and lustily.

Then all distinctions were forgot—
Then, silk and velvet had one lot
With *tatter'd stuffs*, upon that spot
Which sacred was to bravery.

No signs of fear, no signs of dread,
Of bloody nose or broken head,
Of wretch by Proctors homeward led
For "acting contumaciously."

No thoughts were there, but such as grace
The memory of that crowded place,
The memory of that gallant race
Who *took* and *gave* so heartily.—

The combat deepens ; on, ye brave,
Who rush to conquest, or to save !
Wave all your *stuffs* and *poplins* wave !
And charge with all your chivalry !

Few, few, shall part where many meet,
Dull soon shall be each crowded street,
Responsive, now, to thousand feet
Pursuing on to Victory.

1820

Gradus ad Cantabrigiam

ON MR SHELFORD OF CORPUS (FAMOUS FOR REJECTING CANDIDATES)

I've seen a man pluck geese on Shelford fen,
And now I've seen a Shelford goose pluck men.

1821

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THE FAREWELL

Farewell to the towers, farewell to the bowers,
Where the sage wizard Art all his charm hath displayed !
And sweet Science cowers, amongst blooming flowers,
In gay robes of glory majestic arrayed.

Farewell, banks of Camus ! thou fair scene of blisses,
The Muse, Love's, and Grace's invincible seat !
Your silver soft stream, like the tide of Ilyssus,
Aye fresher than airs of Hygeia's retreat.

Ye cloisters low bending, and proudly extending,
To cherish young genius and taste in your gloom ;
The spirit befriending, as, softly descending,
It mounts in pure incense to heaven's vaulted dome :

From you I must sever ; then farewell for ever,
Each heart-honoured object that swells my last theme ;
The world is a field I must enter, but never
Can aught charm my soul like your shade, Academe !
From *The Cambridge Tart*

THE BACHELOR

And yet you think I'm growing thinner !—
You'd stare to see me eat my dinner !
You know that I was held by all
The greatest epicure in Hall,
And that the voice of Granta's sons
Styled me the Gourmand of St John's.

1821

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED
Trinity College
1802—1839



Winthrop Mackworth Praed

THE UNION IN 1823

The Union Club, of rhetorical fame,
Was held at the Red Lion Inn,
And there never was Lion so perfectly tame,
Or who made such a musical din.
'Tis pleasant to snore at a quarter before,
When the Chairman does nothing in state,
But 'tis heaven, 'tis heaven, to waken at seven,
And pray for a noisy debate !

PATTISON

Public debts,
Epithets,
Foul and filthy, good and great,
Glorious wars,
British tars,
Beat and bruise
Parlez-vous,
Frenzy, frown,
Commons, Crown,
Ass and pannier,
Rule Britannia !—
How I love a loud debate !

BULWER

Then the Church shakes her rattle, and sends forth to battle
The terror of Papist and sinner,
Who loves to be seen as the modern Maecenas,
And asks all the poets to dinner.

STAPLETON

Then the gentleman Attic, with tales Asiatic
And body that bends with a grace,
The maker of jeers that led us for years,
The prime Staple-Ton of the place.
Indian stories,
Damn the Tories,
None but he can rule the State,
Wise magicians,
Politicians,
Foreign lands,
Kings and wands,

THE UNION IN 1823

Fiends and fairies,
Dromedaries,
Laugh at Boodle's,
Cock-a-doodles—
How I love a loud debate !

RYLANDS

Then up gets a youth with a visage of truth,
An omen of good to our islands,
Who promises health and abundance of wealth
To our Oatlands and Wheatlands and Ryelands.
Sigh and simper,
Whine and whimper,
Kings and princes, Church and State ;
Cut and dried,
Ill applied,
Nightly taper,
Pen and paper,
Audience dozing,
How composing !
Would 'twere shorter !
Milk and water !—
How I love a loud debate !

MACAULAY

But the favourite comes, with his trumpets and drums,
And his arms and his metaphors crossed ;
And the audience—O dear !—vociferate “Hear !”
Till they're half of them deaf as a post.
Oratoric,
Metaphoric,
Similes of wondrous length ;
Illustration,
Conflagration,
Ancient Romans,
House of Commons,
Clever Uriel,
And Ithuriel,
Good old king,
Everything !—
How I love a loud debate !

THE UNION IN 1823

ORD.

With his sayings and saws, his hems and his haws,
Another comes up to the scratch ;
While Deacon and Law unite in a yaw ! [Yawning.
And the President looks at his watch.

Admirable,
Bang the table,
“Sir, although it’s getting late,”
Opposition,
Repetition,
Endless speeches,
Leather breeches,
Taxes, hops,
Turnip-tops,
Leather ’em, lather ’em,
Omnium-gatherum—
How I love a loud debate !

PRAED

Mr Punnett, whose vows are put up for the House
As if he were born to the trade,
Would chafe if we close with the ayes and the noes,
And break up before we have—prayed !

Quite divine
Peregrine,
Never shall we see his mate ;
Fun and flams,
Epigrams,
Leering, lying,
Versifying,
Nodding, noting,
Quibbling, quoting,
“Thief !” and “Bore !”
“Lie !” no more—
How I love a loud debate !

CHARLES AUSTIN

Then up gets the glory of us and our story,
Who does all by logic and rule ;
Who can tell the true diff’rence ’twixt twopence and
threepence,
And prove Adam Smith quite a fool.

THE UNION IN 1823

CHURCHILL

But Lord ! Sir, you ask a more difficult task
Than aught in the son-shop of Burchill,
If you ask me to dish up, like many a Bishop,
The eminent words of the Church—ill.

THE UNION AS A WHOLE

Bow, wow,
What a row,
Money lost, and laurels earned ;
Constitution,
Elocution,
Whig and Tory,
Oratory,
Hauling, bawling,
“ Order ” calling,
Headache, dizziness,
No more business—
Sirs, the meeting is adjourned.

1823

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

• A LETTER
FROM M— V— ESQ^R. OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
TO A FRIEND AT OXFORD

There was a feast, a mighty feast,
For Science and the Gown ;
The College buildings were increased,
The Speaker was come down :
And men of war and men of prayer,
And men of every sort were there,
Peer and Professor, Monk and Mayor,
And Simeonite and Sinner ;
Sweating and swearing, fretting and frying,
Bowing and Bustling, crowding and crying,
And very fond of speechifying,
And very fond of dinner.

Then looking big and looking blue,
Outspake unto his gallant crew
The gracious king of Trinity ;
“ ’Tis contrary to rule and right
That we, the Seniors, should invite,
To see us drink and hear us speak,
The beardless bunglers in bad Greek,
The learners of Latinity :

We will not make the Striplings sick
With claret and with Rhetoric ;
The stream of eloquence and liquor
Shall only flow for Vice and Vicar,
The Court and Caput sweetly blent,
And members of the Parliament,
And Doctors of Divinity.

’Tis proper for young men to pay,
And keep the peace, and keep away !
They’ll find the dinner quite a treat,
And hear the band, and eat the meat,
But to stay drinking !—strange vagary
For men in statu pupillari ! ”

A LETTER

All undergraduates are vermin !
The conclave did that day determine,
For fear of noise and squeeze,
The master should remove at once
The emptiness of dish and dunce,
Thick beer and thirsty bachelor,
Plum Pudding and pert Pensioner,
Young Scholar and old cheese :
That all unseen and all unheard
The ancient ones might be absurd :
That all might join in port and pranks
In reasoning and returning thanks ;
That none might note the trifling slips
Of roaring oaths from reverend lips ;
That Medallists might praise the haunches,
And wranglers fight about the branches,
And sober Tutors drain the bottle,
And pedants quote from Aristotle.

A child might see how this would end.
Hot were our passions, O my friend,
And very hot the weather ;
We all resolved, in either Court,
To cut the business very short
And cut it altogether.

Was it a most atrocious sin
To hurry to the Eagle Inn,
And there to fret, and there to fume
In a great passion and small room ?
Perhaps it was !—I only know
I sat me down at five or so
And dined upon a charming plan,
Clean cloth, stewed eels, and Maryanne.
I am egregiously witty
And Marianne is rather pretty,
And so we grew immensely merry,
And drank the Doctors' health in sherry !

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

I

St. Mary's tolls her longest chime, and slumber softly falls
On Granta's quiet solitude, her cloisters and her halls ;
But trust me, little rest is theirs, who play in glory's game,
And throw to-morrow their last throw for academic fame ;
Whose hearts have panted for this hour, and, while slow months
 went by,
Beat high to live in story—half a dozen stories high.

II

No ; there is no repose for them, the solitary few,
Who muse on all that they have done, and all they meant
 to do ;
And leave the prisoned loveliness of some hope-haunted book,
With many a melancholy sigh, and many an anxious look ;
As lovers look their last upon the Lady of their fancies,
When barb or bark is waiting, in the middle of romances.

III

And some were born to be the first, and some to be the last :—
I cannot change the future now ; I will not mourn the past ;
But while the firelight flickers, and the lonely lamp burns dim,
I'll fill one glass of Claret till it sparkles to the brim,
And, like a knight of chivalry first vaulting on his steed,
Commend me to my Patron Saint, for a blessing and good
 speed !—

IV

O Lady ! if my pulse beats quick, and my heart trembles now,
If there is flush upon my cheek, and fever on my brow,
It is not, Lady, that I think, as others think to-night,
Upon the struggle and the prize, the doubt and the delight,
Nor that I feel, as I have felt, ambition's idle thrill,
Nor that defeat, so bitter once, is bitter to me still :

ON THE EVE OF AN EXAMINATION

V

I think of thee ! I think of thee ! It is but for thy sake
That wearied energies arise, and slumbering hopes awake ;
For others other smiles might beam, so only one were mine ;
For others other praise might sound, so I were worthy thine ;
On other brows the wreath might bloom, but it were more
than bliss

To fling it at thy feet, and say, "Thy friendship hath done this."

VI

Whate'er of chastened pride is mine, whate'er of nurtured power,
Of self restraint when suns invite, of faith when tempests lower,
Whate'er of morning joy I have, whate'er of evening rest,
Whate'er of love I yet deserve from those I love the best,
Whate'er of honest fame upon my after life may be,—
To thee, my best and fairest,—I shall owe it all to thee !

VII

I am alone—I am alone ! thou art not by my side
To smile on me, to speak to me, to flatter or to chide ;
But oh ! if Fortune favour now the effort and the prayer,
My heart will strive, when friends come round, to fancy thou
art there ;

To hear in every kindly voice an echo of thy tone,
And clasp in every proffered hand the pressure of thy own.

VIII

As those who shed in Fairy-land their childhood's happy tears
Have still its trees before their sight, its music in their ears,
Thus, midst the cold realities of this soul-wearying scene,
My heart will shrink from that which is, to that which once
hath been ;

Till common haunts, where strangers meet to sorrow or rejoice,
Grow radiant with thy loveliness, and vocal with thy voice.

IX

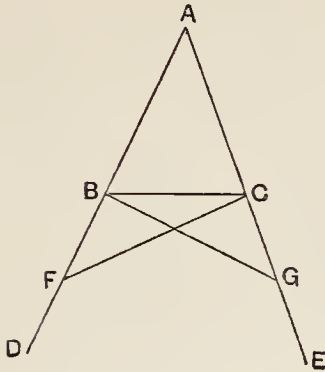
My sister !—for no sister can be dearer than thou art—
My sister !—for thou hadst to me indeed a sister's heart,—
Our paths are all divided now, but believe that I obey,
And tell me thou beholdest what I bid thee not repay :
The star in heaven looks brightest down upon the watery tide:
It may not warm the mariner,—dear Lady, let it guide !

Before 1826 (?)

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

CHARADE

(CAMBRIDGE)



My First in its usual quiet way
 Was creeping along on a wintry day,
 When a minstrel came to its muddy bed,
 With a harp on his shoulder, a wreath on his head ;
 And, "How shall I cross," the poor bard cried,
 "To the cloisters and courts on the other side?"

Old Euclid came; he frowned a frown ;
 He flung the harp and the green wreath down ;
 And he led the boy with a stately march
 To my Second's neat and narrow Arch ;
 And "See," quoth the sage, "how every ass
 Over the sacred stream must pass."

The youth was mournful, the youth was mute ;
 He sighed for his laurel, and sobbed for his lute ;
 The youth took courage, the youth took snuff ;
 He followed in faith his teacher gruff ;
 And he sits ever since on my Whole's kind lap
 In a silken gown, and a trencher cap.

1829 (?)

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

STANZAS
WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF KING'S
COLLEGE CHAPEL

Most beautiful ! I gaze and gaze
In silence on the glorious pile,
And the glad thoughts of other days
Come thronging back the while.
To me dim memory makes more dear
The perfect grandeur of the shrine ;
But if I stood a stranger here,
The ground were still divine.

Some awe the good and wise have felt,
As reverently their feet have trod
On any spot where man hath knelt
To commune with his God ;
By sacred spring, or haunted well,
Beneath the ruined temple's gloom,
Beside the feeble hermit's cell,
Or the false Prophet's tomb.

But when was high devotion graced
With lovelier dwelling, loftier throne,
Than here the limner's art hath traced
From the time-honoured stone ?
The Spirit here of Worship seems
To bind the soul in willing thrall,
And heavenward hopes and holy dreams
Come at her voiceless call ;

At midnight, when the lonely moon
Looks from a vapour's silvery fold ;
At morning, when the sun of June
Crests the high towers with gold ;
For every change of hour and form
Makes that fair scene more deeply fair,
And dusk and daybreak, calm and storm,
Are all Religion there.

1830

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED



E. G. E. Lytton Bulwer, Lord Lytton

NEWTON'S STATUE

Though fair the way the Pilgrim may have past,
Turns he not home exultingly at last?
And though in climes to Muse and Memory dear
My soul is lingering—I recall it *here*—
Lo! where through cloister'd aisles, the soften'd day
Throws o'er the form a "dim religious" ray.
In graven pomp, and marble majesty
Stands the immortal Wanderer of the sky—
The sage, who borne on Thought's sublimest car,
Track'd the vague Moon, and read the mystic Star.—
Sway'd from the planet, or the desert cloud,
To him the Spirits of the Night were bow'd—
Hoar Time reveal'd his marvels—Nature drew
Her secret veil from his undazzled view—
For him, her glowing depths had solemn speech,—
And myriad worlds—life—glory—GOD in each,
Hymning high joy through Heaven's eternal dome,
Blaz'd from the darkness round Jehovah's Home!
Mark ye—how well the kindling Sculptor took
The sweeping robe—the majesty of look—
And o'er each feature's lofty beauty wrought
The deep intense pervading soul of thought,
And that ethereal sunshine which in him
Life could not cloud, and Passion could not dim,
As if the spirit which had winged its way
Through Heaven, had purg'd each earthlier sense away.
Oh, may his influence hallow yet the scene
Where once the lustre of his life hath been—
And—though perchance in vain, Ambition's toil,
Youth's dreaming hope—and Labour's midnight oil,
Yet, ere the evil days of strife and sin
Have thrown their shadows o'er the light within,
Learn we from him that truth less understood,
Man is most great while struggling to be good.

From the prize-poem
Sculpture
1825

E. G. LYTTON BULWER
Trinity Hall
1803—1873

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE

AN ELECTION BALLAD

As I sate down to breakfast in state,
At my living of Tithing-cum-Boring,
With Betty beside me to wait,
Came a rap that almost beat the door in.
I laid down my basin of tea,
And Betty ceased spreading the toast,
"As sure as a gun, sir," said she,
"That must be the knock of the post."

A letter—and free—bring it here—
I have no correspondent who franks.
No! Yes! Can it be? Why, my dear,
'Tis our glorious, our Protestant Bankes.
"Dear Sir," as I know you desire
That the Church should receive due protection,
I humbly presume to require
Your aid at the Cambridge election.

"It has lately been brought to my knowledge,
That the Ministers fully design
To suppress each cathedral and college,
And eject every learned divine.
To assist this detestable scheme
Three nuncios from Rome are come over;
They left Calais on Monday by steam,
And landed to dinner at Dover.

"An army of grim Cordeliers,
Well furnished with relics and vermin,
Will follow, Lord Westmoreland fears,
To effect what their chiefs may determine.
Lollard's bower, good authorities say,
Is again fitting up for a prison;
And a wood-merchant told me to-day
'Tis a wonder how faggots have risen.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP

"The finance scheme of Canning contains
A new Easter-offering tax ;
And he means to devote all the gains
To a bounty on thumbscrews and racks.
Your living, so neat and compact—
Pray, don't let the news give you pain !—
Is promised, I know for a fact,
To an olive-faced Padre from Spain."

I read, and I felt my heart bleed,
Sore wounded with horror and pity ;
So I flew, with all possible speed,
To our Protestant champion's committee.
True gentlemen, kind and well-bred !
No fleering ! no distance ! no scorn !
They asked after my wife who is dead,
And my children who never were born.

They then, like high-principled Tories,
Called our Sovereign unjust and unsteady,
And assailed him with scandalous stories,
Till the coach for the voters was ready.
That coach might be well called a casket
Of learning and brotherly love :
There were parsons in boot and in basket ;
There were parsons below and above.

There were Sneaker and Griper, a pair
Who stick to Lord Mulesby like leeches ;
A smug chaplain of plausible air,
Who writes my Lord Goslingham's speeches.
Dr Buzz, who alone is a host,
Who, with arguments weighty as lead,
Proves six times a week in the Post
That flesh somehow differs from bread.

Dr Nimrod, whose orthodox toes
Are seldom withdrawn from the stirrup ;
Dr Humdrum, whose eloquence flows,
Like droppings of sweet poppy syrup ;
Dr Rosygill puffing and fanning,
And wiping away perspiration ;
Dr Humbug who proved Mr Canning
The beast in St John's Revelation.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S TRIP

A layman can scarce form a notion
Of our wonderful talk on the road ;
Of the learning, the wit, and devotion,
Which almost each syllable showed :
Why divided allegiance agrees
So ill with our free constitution ;
How Catholics swear as they please,
In hope of the priest's absolution ;

How the Bishop of Norwich had bartered
His faith for a legate's commission ;
How Lyndhurst, afraid to be martyr'd,
Had stooped to a base coalition ;
How Papists are cased from compassion
By bigotry, stronger than steel ;
How burning would soon come in fashion,
And how very bad it must feel.

We were all so much touched and excited
By a subject so truly sublime,
That the rules of politeness were slighted,
And we all of us talked at a time ;
And in tones, which each moment grew louder,
Told how we should dress for the show,
And where we should fasten the powder,
And if we should bellow or no.

Thus from subject to subject we ran,
And the journey passed pleasantly o'er,
Till at length Dr Humdrum began ;
From that time I remember no more.
At Ware he commenced his prelection,
In the dullest of clerical drones ;
And when next I regained recollection
We were rumbling o'er Trumpington stones.

1827

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
Trinity College
1800—1859



Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay

EPILOGUE

Before our corps their scenic task renew,
Gentles, I would a word or two with you;
And fear not—Benedick forgets to sneer,
When he remembers he is acting here—
And Beatrice, your graces to obtain,
Anxiously doffs “her Ladyship Disdain.”

[*Looking at* BEATRICE.]

Some weeks ago we tortured every ear
With the trite nonsense of a scribbling peer¹;
To-night we dare the opposite extreme,
And Shakespeare, *Nature's noble*, is our theme;
But chance if then we sunk our shaft too low,
To-night we aim too high—well—be it so.
Our cause is good, and it may claim some praise
To have restored the forms of Shakespeare's days;
[*Pointing to the Ladies.*]

When the men-ladies, as their parts might fall,
Were taught to trip and simper, and “speak small”—
And when, delayed, th' impatient Monarch raved,
The excuse was, “Sire, the Queen is not yet shaved.”
'Twas thus we chose to act—the risk is run—
Our will has triumphed, and the play is done.
No power has tightened the scholastic rein,
And gate-bill thunders have been hurled in vain.
What! if we thus our unchecked course pursue,
Who dares to tell us what we may not do?
Why may we not in living truth upraise
The masquing merriments of antient days?
Why may we not, at no far moment, see
Juliets M.A., and Romeos D.D.?
Then shall the witches dance, or Caesar fall
Stabbed by his Brutus, in a College Hall.
Then in most tender converse shall be seen
An amorous Proctor and an ogling Dean—
While Heads of Houses don the gamesome gear,
And Chafy² makes a grand début in Lear!
Some short time more, the Drama shall replace

¹ *The Follies of Fashion*, by Lord Glengall, also performed at the Hoop Hotel.

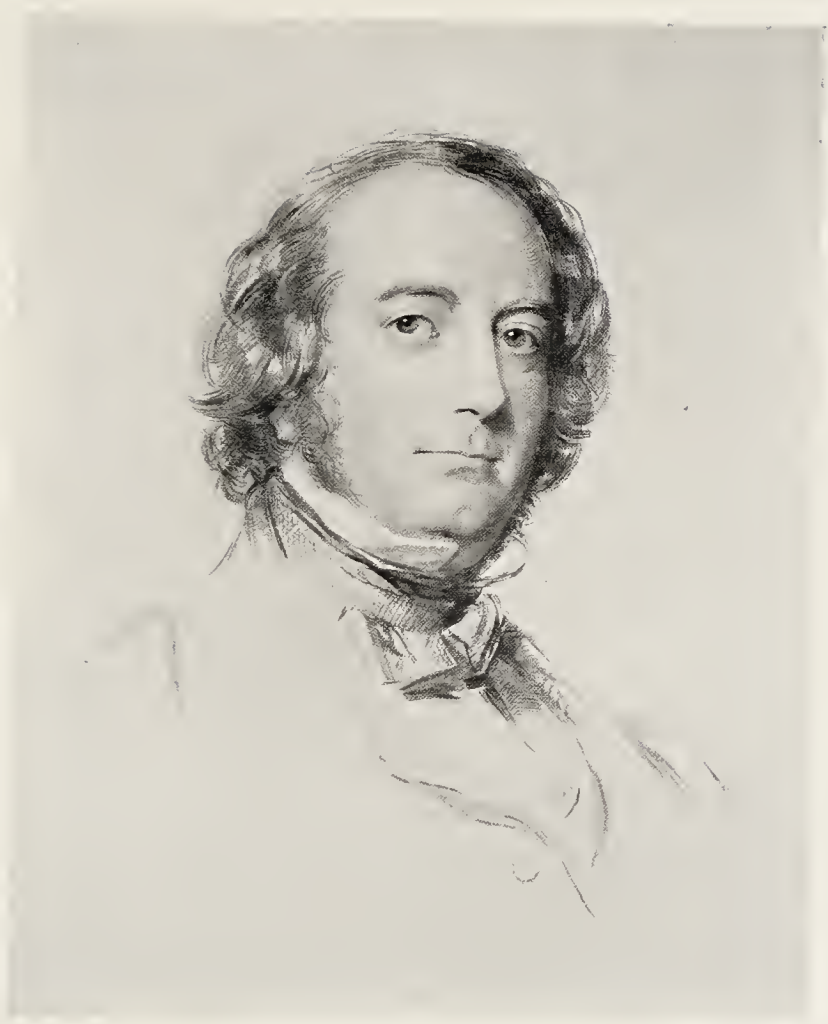
² Master of Sidney, and then Vice-Chancellor.

EPILOGUE

Euclid's grim frown, and Algebra's lean face.
And they who, lusting after laurels, now
Gaze with such rapture on a curve's cold brow,
Or who, in deference to a father's word,
Pay forced addresses to an ugly surd,
Shall find, within our Drama's golden store,
Garlands to win, and beauty to adore.
—"You're going out in honours, my dear fellow?"
"Yes, I shall take my Master's in Othello."
"And I, more humble, for my Senior, Op.,
In 'Charles the Second'—take up Captain Copp."
"What, *you* not passed?" "No; for the rascals say
I acted well, but did not know the play."
"Hamlet, our Senior Wrangler—the Buffoon
In Twelfth Night, second—Cato, Wooden Spoon."
Are these the phantoms of a stage-sick brain?
Well, we have other hopes not *quite* so vain.
Tho' some full sated with collegiate lore,
May tread these boards, or shift these scenes, no more—
Tho' all of us too soon may actors be
On wider stage, with sadder scenery—
Still other Tyros shall give utterance here,
New hands applaud them and new voices cheer,
And fan to flame the fire we humbly lit—
The simple exercise of harmless wit—
While fresh rewards, each rising genius hail,
Till Time itself, or Trinity, shall fail.
But ere *our* artless pageant disappear,
We ask one boon—if, in some after-year,
In evening hours, your eye should chance to light
On any name you recognise to-night—
On some brief record of their mortal lot—
Married, or murdered, ruined, or what not?
While natural thought returns upon its track,
Just pause, and murmur, ere you call it back,
With pleasant memory, sipping your liqueur—
"Yes, yes, he was a Cambridge Amateur."

1830

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES
(LORD HOUGHTON)
Trinity College
1809—1883



Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton

ODE TO THE UNAMBITIOUS AND UNDISTINGUISHED BACHELORS

“Post tot naufragia tutus.”—VIRG.

Thrice happy ye, through toil and dangers past,
Who rest upon that peaceful shore,
Where all your fagging is no more,
And gain the long-expected port at last.
Yours are the sweets, the ravishing delights,
To doze and snore upon your noontide beds;
No chapel bell your peaceful sleep affrights,
No problems trouble now your empty heads.

Yet, if the heavenly muse is not mistaken,
And poets say the muse can rightly guess,
I fear, full many of you must confess
That you have barely *sav'd your bacon*.

Amidst th' appalling problematic war,
Where dire equations frown'd in dread array,
Ye never strove to find the arduous way,
To where proud Granta's honours shine afar.

Within that dreadful mansion have ye stood,
When *moderators* glared with looks uncivil,
How often have ye d—d their souls, their blood,
And wished all *mathematics* at the devil!

But ah! what terrors on that fatal day
Your souls appall'd, when, to your stupid gaze,
Appear'd the *biquadratic's* darken'd maze,
And problems ranged in horrible array!

Hard was the task, I ween, the labour great,
To the wish'd port to find your uncouth way—
How did ye toil, and fag, and fume, and fret,
And—what the bashful muse would blush to say.

But now your painful terrors all are o'er—
Cloth'd in the glories of a full-sleev'd gown,
Ye strut majestically up and down,
And now ye fag, and now ye fear no more.

From *Oxford and Cambridge*
Nuts to Crack, 1835

INSTALLATION ODE

(ON THE INSTALLATION OF LORD CAMDEN)

Thee to her sacred Fanes, and storied Halls
Hung with their own heraldic blazonry
Of Names in Arts renown'd and graceful Chivalry,
Names of her deathless Sons, thee Granta calls.

Welcome to the arching Groves
That musing Meditation loves,
And to the Temple's holier shade
By pensile stone in woven fretwork made.
And welcome to thy venerated Throne
Where Villiers' grace of old and Cecil's grandeur shone!

* * * *

See! what majestic Augurs come!
Foremost, in iron clad, a King is there
Too mighty for his quailing foes,
Too weak to vanquish Care...
Next, happier Richmond, he who twin'd
The snowy with th' ensanguin'd Rose,
Brings them, a chaplet on that prow to bind,
And saintly Margaret braids her pearly flower
To cheer, though billows chafe, and storms around thee
lower.

1835

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH
Trinity College
1807—1885

VERSES

I

O Sidgewick, O Peacock, O Whewell, O Romilly
I'll preach you a ballad I'll sing you a homily
Come hear the prophetic words of a Daniel
They were uttered at Clare, they were heard at Emanuel.

2

When Devils to Cambridge shall Paddington marry
And St. Pancras shall send an express to St. Mary
When the Bank shall go down with 4 horses to meet her
Then down goes St Paul, and up goes St Peter.

3

The Cat's in the larder, the Wolf's in the fold
The Rat's in the garner, the Thief's at the gold
O Journal, and Standard, and John Bull and Age
The Lawyers are come in the Paddington Stage.

4

Come down to the Senate, come up to the vote
From fen, and from dyke, from ditch, and from moat.
Come darker and blacker, come thicker and faster
Come Web-footed Parson, Come Webbe-handed Master.

5

O were there no powers to check the Iscariots
To hamstring their horses, to shatter their chariots
There sprung not a spring, and there split not a spoke
Tho the Journal protested the compact was broke.

6

All Cambridge crowd's round them both gentle and simple
Now are ye for Church Sirs or are you from Temple,
What sort of beast are you, or what kind of vermin
Is it Wig, is it Mitre, is it lawn, is it Ermine.

7

We come not for Church, and we come not for Stall
But we come for a dinner in Trinity Hall
We care not for King, if your commons you'll dish up
We care not for Church, but we'll thank you for Bishop.

VERSES

8

Now look at the lawyers all cursing and cramming
Now hark to the lawyers all swilling and damning.
How the[y] guttle, and guzzle, and rattle, and gabble on—
Huzza for the seven-hilled Strumpet of Babylon.

J. F. E.

ON REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE AFTER TWENTY YEARS

TRINITY

The fair mother of free-minded men
In Granta.

W. S. WALKER

Years have rolled on since first I passed these gates,
Yet each succeeding year I love thee more—
When I revisit thee, within my heart
Thoughts, images, emotions crowd.—The past
Awakens from its tomb, and present light
Blends with the future's dim uncertainty.
All that is best in life I here have known,
Love, Friendship, and Ambition, heavenly Hope
Lifting her seraph-eye to brighter worlds:
And now the gushing founts of tenderness
Which spring perennial in a parent's heart.

From *The Tribute*
1837

THOMAS SPRING RICE
Trinity College
1790—1866

ON "WHO WROTE EIKON BASILIKE"¹

"Who wrote Eikon Basilike?"

"I," said the Master of Trinity,

"I, with my little divinity,

Wrote 'Who wrote Eikon Basilike?'"

RICHARD WHATELY
Oriell College Oxford
1787—1863

¹ A well-known work by Christopher Wordsworth, Master of Trinity.

A NEW SONG TO AN AULD FLING

(OPENING STANZAS)

Never man, I think,
So mouldered in a sinecure as he.

1847
The Princess

I

He's lazy ! he's lazy ! is old Greenwood,
In his nest our sweet bird is singing ;
Brown, Thompson and Whistle are lazy of mood,
Though the Chapel Bell is ringing.

2

Oh ! Master best ! our nightly rest
Is spoilt, is broken through ;
And we must hold, through wet and cold
To Chapel—and for you.

3

'Tis all on account of your notice so long
And your many *notanda* so true,
That daily we're seen, hauled up by the Dean,
With our gowns and our faces of blue.

ON A CERTAIN PROFESSOR OF GREEK

Thou great descendant of the critic line,
True lineal child of Bentley, Brunck, and Porson,
Forgive my sending you this Valentine—
It is but coupling Valentine with Orson.
circ. 1840

WRITTEN IN THE COLLEGE WALKS OF CAMBRIDGE

The Sun is sinking on the couch of Night,
And with his milder eye beholds the scene
Adorn'd, ye stately groves ! with liveliest green,
And with his lustre brighter makes the bright !

I cannot quit this eye-arresting sight :
E'en like the sky, my bosom is serene,
And objects none, meseemeth, intervene
'Twixt me and Him who form'd yon solar light !

Let others Grandeur's glittering baubles prize,
And all their efforts never-wearied try,
To gain the gems which shine in worldlings' eyes :

Be it my task to view the glowing sky,
When Morn and Even spread their varied dyes
O'er green-robed Earth and her blue canopy !

1840

WILLIAM PULLING
Sidney Sussex College
Rector of Dymchurch and
Blackmanstone, Kent

FROM *THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE*
OF WALES

(PRIZE POEM)

Granta,—a nymph who holds her solemn sway
'Mid towering pinnacle and cloister gray,
Where, as a Sibyl o'er her leaves of yore,
She cons her silent page of varied lore;
And oft the rapt enchantress reads afar
The tangled orbit of each separate star,
And knows the rainbow's spell, and how the tide
Endymion-like doth haunt its silvery bride.
And now, when time has quench'd the power which gave
Ethereal music to Castalia's wave,
Has torn the magic from Hymettus' brow,
And left Soracte nothing but her snow,
She guards in many a speaking tome enrolled
The glorious spirit of the days of old—
This quiet vot'ress of monastic cell
With humblest verse, young stranger, greets thee well;
And twines, emerging from her letter'd gloom,
Her sedgy chaplet in thy triple plume.

1842

HENRY JOHN SUMNER MAINE
Pembroke College
1822—1888

THE UNION IN 1820

Nor let me pass
Unsung, those nights and suppers of the gods,
Feasts of the hungry soul, when, at the close
Of some well argued, eloquent debate
Held in the "Union," which with lengthen'd roar
Of cheers had shaken Petty Cury's roofs,
Startling the jaded shopman from his sleep,—
The leaders of the war on either side,
(Their strife suspended) to my neighbouring rooms
Adjourn'd, to sup on oysters.—Aid me now,
O Muse, to tell who first, who last engaged
In those keen conflicts of contending wit
And appetite as keen ;—who (since renown'd
In senatorial or forensic war)
From their first proof and exercise of arms
Offensive and defensive, came to wield
Less cumbrous weapons in colloquial sport,
At those repasts, with us.

PRAED

First, He whose praise
This song already, though in feeble notes,
Unworthily, hath sung—he, then a youth
Fresh from Etonian discipline, well skill'd
In all her classic craft, and therewithal
Known, ere his sun in Granta's sky arose,
For many a boyish feat, unlike a boy's,
Of sparkling prose and verse,—he graced our board
With that rich vein of fine and subtle wit—
That tone of reckless levity—that keen
And polish'd sarcasm—arm'd with which he waged
A war of dexterous sword-play, wherein few
Encounter'd, none o'ercame him :—

THE UNION IN 1820

MACAULAY

By his side
Sat One of ampler brow and ruder frame,—
A presence with gigantic power instinct,
Though outwardly, in truth, but little graced
With aught of manly beauty—short, obese,
Rough-featured, coarse complexion'd, with lank hair,
And small grey eyes,—in face (so many said)
Not much unlike myself,—his voice abrupt,
Unmusical ;—yet, when he spake, the ear
Was charm'd into attention, and the eye
Forgot the visible and outward frame
Of the rich mind within ; with such swift flow
Of full, spontaneous utterance, the tongue
Interpreted the deep impassion'd thought,
And pour'd upon our sense exhaustless store
Of multifarious learning ;—for his mind
Had been, from earliest childhood up to youth,
Insatiable of knowledge, and his brain,—
Not like a pedant's, cumber'd and confused
With ill-digested, heterogeneous hoards
Of intellectual matter, but endued
With power to shape and mould its gather'd wealth
As need suggested,—turn'd, with ready tact,
Its huge artillery on whatever point
It pleased him to assail,—and (sooth to say)
He was not over-scrupulous ;—to him
There was no pain like silence—no constraint
So dull as unanimity :—he breathed
An atmosphere of argument, nor shrank
From making, where he could not find, excuse
For controversial fight :—yet when the fit
Was off him, and he gave his mind free scope
To follow Nature's bidding—who so full
Of genial thought and feeling ?—who so keen
To separate truth from error—to detect
The fallacy in specious terms involved,
Or in the realms of Fiction to discern
The beautiful and just ?—He was, in truth,
(So transcendental sages would affirm)

THE UNION IN 1820

The king of Understanding—unapproach'd,
Unrivall'd in his own particular range
Of thought; and if that range was not the first—
If there were regions into which his gaze
Pierced not—an intuition more profound
Than he affected—such deficiency
Found ample compensation in the strength
And full perfection of his actual powers,
And the quick tact which wielded them.—Meanwhile
His heart was pure and simple as a child's,
Unbreathed on by the world,—in friendship warm,
Confiding, generous, constant; and though now
He ranks among the great-ones of the earth,
And hath achieved such glory as will last
To future generations—he, I think,
Would sup on oysters with as right good will
In this poor house of mine, as e'er he did
On Petty Cury's classical first floor
Some twenty years ago.

* * * *

CHARLES AUSTIN

Next appear'd,
In that superb array of noble minds,
A pale, spare man, of high and massive brow,
Already furrow'd with deep lines of thought
And speculative effort—grave, sedate,
And (if the looks may indicate the age)
Our senior some few years:—no keener wit,
No intellect more subtle, none more bold
Was found in all our host; none deeper fraught
With stores of various learning;—but, in him,
Imagination, fancy, feeling, taste,
And reverential faith and fervent zeal
Were overlaid by huge incumbent weight
Of understanding—so, of late, defined—
The faculty which judgeth after sense.
With poesy and poets still he waged
Relentless war—deeming all such, in sooth,
Mere cumberers of the ground, or haply worse—

Despisers of plain truth—mad mountebanks,
 Who led the minds of simple folk astray
 By their fantastic juggleries, and drown'd
 The voice of reason with their jingling rhymes.
 Such craft to him was hateful ;—Truth alone,
 Truth tangible and palpable ;—such truth
 As might be weigh'd and measured,—truth deduced
 By logical conclusion, close, severe,
 From premises incontrovertible—
 This was the mistress of his fond desire—
 His first, his only love ;—of aught more fair
 Or wonderful he dream'd not ; nought to him
 Existed, in the whole wide world of thought,
 Save what could be defined, mapp'd out, survey'd,
 Adjusted to his liking ;—to his eye,
 Whatever was ideal, seem'd untrue :
 The hopes which he profess'd of earthly good
 Were limited to that which he could see,
 Hear, taste, or feel—ease—pleasure—all the joys
 Which wait on wealth—the exercise and use
 Of intellect :—in all things he appear'd
 A strict utilitarian ;—yet the Man
 Was nobler than his creed, and though he mock'd
 At things, which, to us poets, seem'd almost
 The breath of human life—romantic love—
 Chivalrous honour—patriotic zeal—
 And loyal self-devotion—there were times
 When even these very themes would kindle up
 The better soul within, and he became,
 Unconsciously, the enthusiast he despised.
 Courteous he was and gentle, even to those
 Whose intellectual rank beneath his own
 Lay lowest,—and remembrance, looking back
 Through twenty years, still rests upon his name,
 As on a pleasant thought.

*

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THE UNION IN 1820

W. SIDNEY WALKER

Last appears,
 In this long muster-roll, One o'er whose mind
 Majestic, deep, imaginative, pure
 From aught of worldly taint, which might debase
 Or mar its noble energies, the Muse
 Laments as lost ;—by what mysterious bane
 Of physical or mental malady
 Disorder'd, none can tell ; but so o'erthrown,
 That genius, learning, wisdom, the rich gift
 Of song, on none, in these our latter days,
 More bountifully lavish'd, have, in him,
 Become a shapeless wreck.—May brighter days
 Arise on that dark waste, and heavenly light,
 Piercing its spectral gloom, create anew
 The wondrous world beneath it !

1843
Dream of Life, III

JOHN MOULTRIE
Trinity College
1799—1874

THE CAMBRIDGE WALK

We walked and walked
As chance directed—by the river side
To Grantchester—along the lanes which led
To Cherry Hinton—out by Trumpington—
And Madingley, sole village from the plague
Of ugliness, in that drear land, exempt :
The Gogmagogs were conscious of our talk ;
And I may say that seldom I came home
No wiser than I went.—But in the days
Of early spring, when even those treeless fields
Look'd pleasant in the sunshine, and the lanes
With constellations of bright primrose tufts
Were here and there bestudded,—when the scent
Of the cinque-spotted cowslip was exhaled
From the low meadow grass,—and in the woods
The nightingale (more fitly heard by night)
Sang lustily all day—with what a bound
Of vernal exultation forth we sprang
Into the clear, fresh air!—with what dispatch
Of keen and craving hunger, we assail'd
Our mid-day luncheon in the village inn,
Served haply by the fair domestic hands
Of her, the maid of Quy—that saint whose shrine
By many a Cantabrigian pilgrimage,
(By none more zealous or more pure than ours)
Was, in those days, frequented!—then at eve,
As, homeward bound, through the suburban streets
We wended in grotesque and careless guise—
The very tassels of our trencher caps
With cowslips interlaced,—how cheap we held
The laughter of the mob!—how little fear'd
The frown of Dean or Proctor!—then our meal
Together shared,—the savoury steak sent hot
From the cook's shop—the amber-flowing ale
Of Trinity,—the spare dessert,—the wine,
With olives relish'd—and our day's discourse
Prolong'd till midnight!—College life alone
Can boast such joys as these.

1843

JOHN MOULTRIE

Dream of Life, III

FROM *PLATO*

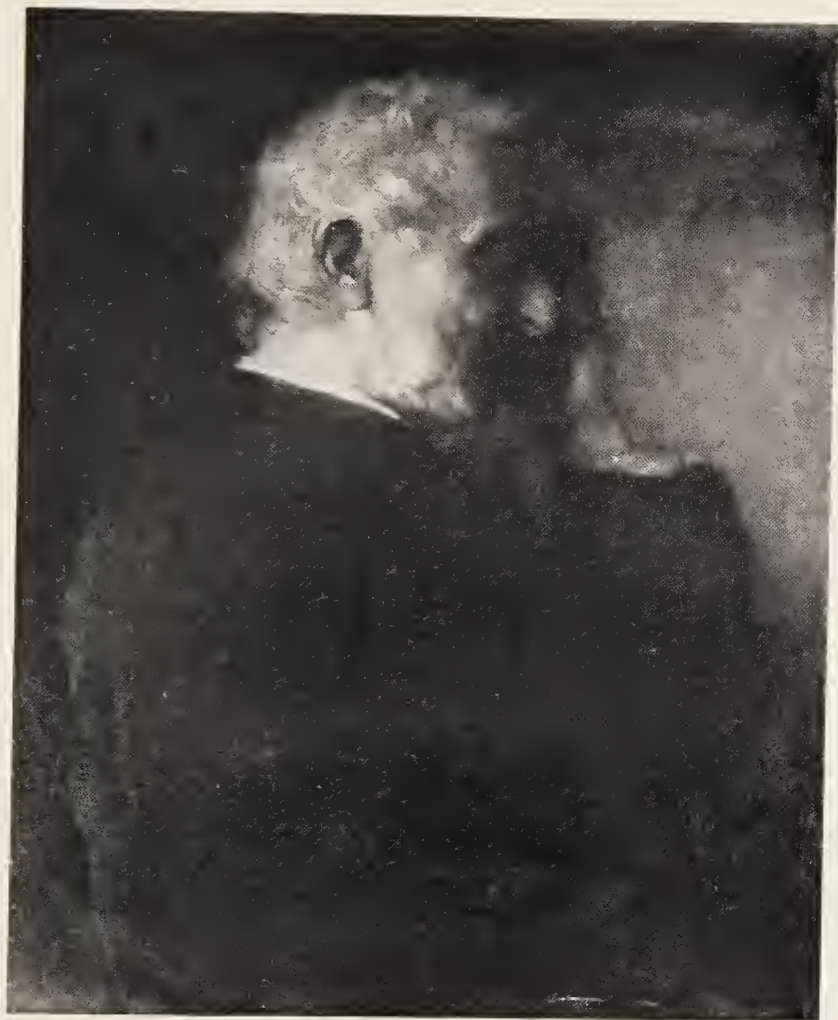
(PRIZE POEM)

They say the world is on the wane, and some
Swear that the age of dwarfish minds is come,
That greatness hath no charter as of yore,
And men revolt from claims of sovereign lore,

And the bold majesty of mental strife
Hath lost its force in our distracted life,
And though the circles widen, fainter gleam

All new emotions on the mirror-stream.
A subtle touch—a brave and calm appeal
To thoughts that thoughtful men alone can feel;
A strong ingenuous plea for what is best,
Which scorns the drossy gauds of interest,—
Such weapons now are blunt, and praters say
That we must fling those time-worn arms away,
Content with faint and faltering hands to wield
The stones we gather from our battle-field.

O Granta! thou that hast the heart of youth
Pulsing with genial heat of ancient truth,
Whose cloistral peace is vocal to the wise,
Whose shadowy rites and fame-lit cemetries
Still bear high witness to the wealth and pride
Of Grecian reason's glowing summer-tide,
Speak for the honour of mankind, and tell
The sceptic herd, how willingly and well
Thy venturous sons are ever bold to try
The sounding depths of bright philosophy.
Stretch out thy hand to help the faithful few,
Who toil to fill their urns with lustral dew,
Wading heart-deep into the brimming stream
That glides around the fadeless Academe.
On—on—our limbs are nerved, our eyes are keen,
The waves we part are glad with tremulous sheen,
Where light and shade are quivering evermore,
Flung from the plane-trees of yon pleasant shore,
And lucent eddies, wreathed on either side,
Play round our bosoms—but the stream is wide,



William Johnson (Cory)

FROM *PLATO*

The farther bank is steep; and they that lack
The sure calm will, are fain to struggle back,
And then disloyal to thy gracious sway,
With sneers of baffled hope they turn away.

Yet some have won the passage hand in hand,
For on that river's marge a duteous band,
With dripping raiment and a beaming face,
Are beckoning us to seek their resting-place.
Lo! the mild company of lordly seers
In choral clusters on the bank appears,
And round one foremost hierarch, whose voice
Breathes like the harping Zephyr, they rejoice.
Their footfalls lightly crisp the dimpled lawn,
Their smiles are free and radiant as the dawn,
Their arms are waving peace—the young gale brings
Sweet awful accents from their communings,
And far-off listeners reverently stoop
To catch the murmurs of that tuneful group,
And, when they pause, deep in the ear doth lie
Their clinging penetrative melody.

1843

WILLIAM JOHNSON (CORY)
King's College
1823—1892

THE PRINCESS

By this small mention of Cambridge, I am caryed into three imaginations: first, into a sweete remembrance of my tyme spent there: than, into some carefull thoughts, for the grevous alteration that folowed sone after: lastlie, into much joy to heare tell, of the good recoverie and earnest forwardnes in all good learning there agayne.

Printed 1570

ROGER ASCHAM
St John's College
1515—1568(?)

We, unworthier, told
Of college: he had climb'd across the spikes,
And he had squeezed himself betwixt the bars,
And he had breathed the Proctor's dogs; and one
Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common men,
But honeying at the whisper of a lord;
And one the Master, as a rogue in grain
Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory.

He swore he long'd at college, only long'd,
All else was well, for she-society.
They boated and they cricketed; they talk'd,
At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics;
They lost their weeks; they vext the souls of deans;
They rode; they betted; made a hundred friends,
And caught the blossom of the flying terms,
But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian-place,
The little hearth-flower Lilia.

1847

ALFRED TENNYSON
Trinity College
1809—1892

IN MEMORIAM. LXXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls
 In which of old I wore the gown ;
 I roved at random thro' the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls ;
And heard once more in college fanes
 The storm their high-built organs make,
 And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;
And caught once more the distant shout,
 The measured pulse of racing oars
 Among the willows ; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about
The same gray flats again, and felt
 The same, but not the same ; and last
 Up that long walk of limes I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.
Another name was on the door :
 I linger'd ; all within was noise
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;
Where once we held debate, a band
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
 And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land ;
When one would aim an arrow fair,
 But send it slackly from the string ;
 And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there ;
And last the master-bowman, he,
 Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
 We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

IN MEMORIAM

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,
And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly-wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

1850

ALFRED TENNYSON

TO THE REV. W. H. BROOKFIELD

Brooks, for they call'd you so that knew you best,
Old Brooks, who loved so well to mouth my rhymes,
How oft we two have heard St. Mary's chimes!
How oft the Cantab supper, host and guest,
Would echo helpless laughter to your jest!
How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,
Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,
Who loved you well! Now both are gone to rest.
Yon man of humorous-melancholy mark,
Dead of some inward agony—is it so?
Our kindlier, trustier Jaques, past away!
I cannot laud this life, it looks so dark:
Σκιᾶς ὄναρ—dream of a shadow, go—
God bless you. I shall join you in a day.

1875

ALFRED TENNYSON



Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SONNET
ON RECEIVING A PRESENT OF TRINITY
AUDIT ALE

One drop I seek not from the sparkling spring
Of Helicon, since, from the cloister'd hoard
Of Trinity, full in my cup is poured
The mantling Audit—Friendship's Offering.
Fancy! I woo thee not, thou magic Queen;
Since, waken'd by this draught to ecstasy,
Rapt mem'ry shews to the unclouded eye
Life's early drama, with each by-gone scene.
A world not of the world:—the gay-throng'd hall
Light with bright faces;—and the shady grove,
Where they of College-heart, deep musing, rove;
The social converse, 'till the Vesper bell;—
The Student's nook, chamber of anxious fears;—
Enough, enough,—my cup is dew'd with tears.

Dec. 2, 1847

'CERGIEL'

CHARLES VALENTINE LE GRICE
Trinity College
1773—1858

AN INCIDENT ON THE STAGE COACH
TO CAMBRIDGE, 1847

The shadow of a bird upon the blind,
Perched in the pleasant lamplight, drew my eye,
As a dim, unknown village I passed by,
The day I left my boyhood's home behind.
Darkness had fallen, and the evening wind
Murmured a pensive echo to my sigh,
When from my dreary vantage I descried
The happy bird, against the light defined.
Of sweet domestic joy the type it seemed,
Which from my life, alas! had taken wing—
But with long years returned; and I have deemed
That bird prophetic, and have heard it sing
Of dearer home-delights which now are mine
And through my window on the stranger shine.

1847

RICHARD WILTON
St Catharine's College

INSTALLATION ODE

Prince, in these collegiate bowers,
Where science, leagued with holier truth,
Guards the sacred heart of youth,
Solemn monitors are ours.
These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,
Raised by many a hand august,
Are haunted by majestic Powers,
The Memories of the Wise and Just,
Who, faithful to a pious trust,
Here, in the Founder's Spirit, sought
To mould and stamp the ore of thought
In that bold form and impress high
That best betoken patriot loyalty.
Not in vain those Sages taught.—
True disciples, good as great,
Have pondered here their country's weal,
Weighed the Future by the Past,
Learnt how social frames may last,
And how a land may rule its fate
By constancy inviolate,
Though worlds to their foundations reel,
The sport of faction's hate or godless zeal.

1847

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

THE CANDIDATES

PRINCE ALBERT on this side, LORD POWIS on that,
We will not say which is the brighter :
But we give up the Youth who invented a *Hat*,
For the man who has rescued a *Mitre*.

Then why, ye Collegiate Heads, do you run
Into all this Senate-House bother ?
Can it be that the Youth who invented the one
Has a share in dispensing the other ?

A GLOSS

Since ALBERT's refusal is plain to be seen,
Your conduct, O Dons, is unwary :
Do you think he means what we know you would mean
If you said "Nolo Episcopari" ?

1847

STAFFORD O'BRIEN
Trinity College
M.A. 1832

PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE

By *moral* force a threatened Church to save,
You once your loves to virtuous LYNDHURST gave :
But now, that danger o'er, a statesman needed,
To your affections POWIS has succeeded,
Thrice happy JOHNIANS ! equally discerning
In Church and State, in Morals and in Learning.

THE RIGHT DIVINE

To win the Court in many a flimsy line
Tractarians prattled of the right divine;
They said 'twere Godless work to contravene
A holy Bishop or anointed Queen.
But when their vain vagaries to retrench,
A Sovereign moved the Apostolic Bench,
There was an end to meek obedience then,
The Crown was nought, the Bishops were but men.
And so they left their Prelates in the lurch
To seek a vague Morgana of a Church;
And now, revengeful, play the dastard's part,
To wound their Sovereign in her woman's heart:
From whence I learn their creed, which is not mine,
That a Tractarian is the right Divine.

Circulated at Election for Chancellor

Feb. 1847

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR?

THE TRACTARIAN

Who do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because I hope
When the *time* comes, he will help us
To bring back the Pope.

THE JOHNIAN

Who do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because the Dons,
Of Trinity and King's oppose him,
I whole-*hog* with John's.

THE YOUNG LAWYER

Who do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because I read
Punch—and, like all godless noodles,
Only know his creed.

WHO DO YOU VOTE FOR?

COUNTRY CLERGYMAN

Who do you vote for? My Lord Powis.
Why? Because he's done
Russell out of five new Bishops—
And I may be one.

LOYALIST

Who do you vote for? For Prince Albert.
Why? Because I ween
He's the noble-hearted Husband
Of our noble-hearted QUEEN !

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT

Stern fate hath clipped, with cruel shear,
In spite of all physick,
A worthy duke, a noble peer,
To virtue and to Cambridge dear,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
He ruled us but for seven short year,
His death was all too quick;
We howl, and drop the briny tear
Upon his lamentable bier,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

About his venerated dust,
Our tear-drops tumble thick;
He was our champion kind and just,
In him was all our hope and trust,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
But weep and blubber though we must,
For this of dukes the pick,
We must not cry until we bust—
Such conduct would inspire disgust,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT

My Granta! wipe your weeping face,
And be philosophick;
Look round and see can we replace
In any way his poor dear Grace,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
Who is the man to meet our case?
Who enters in the nick,
To take Northumbria's vacant mace?
There is a gent of royal race,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
There is a gent of royal breed,
There is a princely brick,
Who doth on every virtue feed,
As wise in thought as great in deed;
To him we'll fly, (says Crick.)
O Prince! come succour at our need,
This body politic;
Heal up our wounds, which gape and bleed;
Prevent us running quite to seed,
(Cries Reverend Mr. Crick.)
On thee our hopes and faith we pin;
Without thee, ruined slick;
To thee we kneel with humble shin;
Stand by us, guide us, hem us in,
Great Prince! (cries Mr. Crick.)
Thou bright exemplar of all Prin-
ces, here your shoes we lick;
Kings first endowed us with their tin,
Why mayn't we hope for Kings agin?
(Says independent Crick.)
Our tree is of an ancient root,
And straightway perpendic-
ular to heaven its boughs will shoot,
If you but listen to our suit,
(Says Reverend Mr. Crick.)
We grovel at your royal boot;
Ah! don't in anger kick,
Great Prince! the suppliants at your foot,
See how our lips cling fondly to 't,
(Cries that true Briton, Crick.)



William Makepeace Thackeray

THE CAMBRIDGE ADDRESS TO PRINCE ALBERT

From faction's sacrilegious claws
 Keep Church and Bishopric;
Support our academic cause;
Uphold our rights; defend our laws,
 (Ejaculated Crick.)
The speech was done. He made a pause
 For Albert and for Vic;
Three most vociferous huzzaws
Then broke from mighty Whewell's jaws,
Who, as a proof of his applause,
Straight to the buttery goes and draws
 A pint of ale for Crick.

1847

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
Trinity College
1811—1863

DE SENECTUTE

But see, he comes, a veteran grey,
 He comes, dear honest fellow,
Still found through seventy winters gay,
 Not soured by age, but mellow.
His every look is kind and blithe,
 Content in every feature;
He steals from Time his odious scythe,
 And seems reprieved by nature.
Good-humour on his brow serene
 Her beauteous chaplet places;
Gives Wisdom an attractive mien,
 And Virtue all her graces.
Though fast may fade the leaves away,
 Autumnal tints assuming,
His spirits scorn his frame's decay,
 And all his soul is blooming.

On Youthful Old Age
From *Poems*

WILLIAM SMYTH
1765—1849

TRINITY BRIDGE

Upon the bridge of Cam a student stood,
Which parts the avenue of ancient limes,
And marked the shadows trembling in the flood,
Musing on memories of bygone times.

The sun athwart the fading chestnuts made
A waving radiance in their golden hair,
Which in the quivering water idly played,
And, thence reflected, glanced yet doubly fair.

Memories of joys departed rose to being,
Like withered leaves all gilt by fancy's ray,
His mind no longer viewed the present, seeing
The happier visions of a bygone day.

There mingled forms and faces which he knew
And gentle voices sounded on his ear,
Which from their heaven-ward exaltation drew
Softness of tone that made them doubly dear.

One pale face seemed to smile upon him too,
One voice spoke comfort with a mother's love,
Bidding him think on what remained to do,
And bade him plume his wings to soar above.

Then spoke in sadder tones which seemed to say,
"Thou hast not wholly kept thy settled course,
But fallen a step from out the narrow way,
And every declination brings remorse."

1849

FREDERICK HOARE COLT
Trinity College
B.A. 1850

THE BOATING CANTAB

You may sing of the joys of the gun and the bat,
Of winging a bird as he flies, Sir,
Of hunting the hare-skin, and running the rat,
And fighting a cock without eyes, Sir;
You may tell the sweet raptures of courting a lass,
And shooting a bolt from love's quiver,
But what in the world can those pleasures surpass,
That we boating gents find on the river?
Tol de diddle tol lol, etc.

When the Chapel bell tolls, as the herald of day,
And bright Phœbus exhibits his noddle,
And the mists of the night are all clearing away,
To the "Piece" in our great coats we toddle.
When to keep up our wind three times round it we run,
And return with a pain in the liver,
But what does it matter, my boys, when there's fun
To be found every night on the river?

Then there's breakfast, you know, when stale bread's all the go,
With beef-steaks as raw as my hand, Sirs,
And cigars were forbid 'cause they make us to blow,
And the nymphs 'cause they keep us on land, Sirs;
Next our blisters we scrub with the ointment they dub
Dr Holloway's sweet "Solace-giver,"
But what though it pain us—aye there is the rub,
When it's all for the sake of the river?

At length comes the night, fraught with joy and delight,
Of the race—By Jove, it's like heaven,
With the men at the Plough calling out, "Go it bow,"
And the men on the path "Go it seven."
Then awaiting the gun that announces the fun,
For an hour in our jerseys we shiver,
And "Two," a young fool, that has scarcely left school,
Cries "Can *this* be the fun of the river?"

THE BOATING CANTAB

Hark! the gun has gone thrice, and now off in a trice,
With the Johnians we're soon on a level,
When Hicks who's no dab with the oars cuts a crab,
And our coxswain he swears like the devil.
Still we gain, Sir, we gain! now we've bumped them 'tis plain,
How our hearts with excitement they quiver!
—And we'll wap that young Hicks, since he might by his
tricks,
Have lost us a place on the river!

1849
From *Sketches of*
Cantabs, by John Smith
(of Smith Hall) Gent.

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS
Trinity College
1828—1884

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING FOR THE NEW PROVOST OF KINGS—D^R OKES

How Kings have slept in oaks of old
Our English Chroniclers have told:
But Fortune now the changes rings,
For Okes to-night shall sleep in Kings.

1850

ANDREW LONG
King's College
1814—1887

ALMA MATER

Once again within the grey old college,
Pillow'd in the mateless student's nest—
Nest, where ever broods maternal knowledge,
Best beloved of them that know her best.

Thy great children I behold, O Mother,
Soaring grandly in the distant skies;
Single, yet to thee and one another
Bound for aye in closest kindred-ties:

They are not departed altogether—
They have left a glowing track behind;
Light and odours from each dewy feather
Of their pinions linger on the wind,

Melt into a halo and a glory
That above us holds eternal sway,
Tinting these time-hallowed courts and
With the splendours of a younger day,—

Day of pure and heavenward aspirations—
Day of clearest sunniest thoughts sublime
Wakening all the brotherhood of nations,
Gilding e'en the farthest peaks of time.

I am shrined beneath this day of splendour,
Hid within this gorgeous noon awhile;
Brilliant are its rays—but ah, more tender
Is the moonlight of a human smile!

Still, for Love there is no mortal heaven—
She on Sorrow's thorny pallet lies;
For her own soft cradle-nest was riven
When the wind first blear'd her opening eyes

Therefore thou art blest, O calm and lonely
Woer of the great Pierian Nine;
Spirits mute and gentle, striving only
Which shall bring thee rapture most divine:

ALMA MATER

They, their eager hands for ever joining,
Fondly cluster round thee and above;
In thy hair their varied flowers are twining,
In thine eyes their countless looks of love.

Therefore 'tis a good thing thus to linger
By the crystal fount of light a space,
Tracing round its brim with reverent finger
All high names that sanctify the place;

And from those immortals gone before us
Gathering ever hallow'd thoughts and sage,
While their spirits' shadows hovering o'er us
Flush with riper tints the mellow'd page.

Yes—she is a true majestic Mother,
And her cloister'd mansions are a home:
Search and look—thou shalt not find another
Warm as hers in all the days to come:

Very sweet her short and tented unions
Of the nomad spirits as they rove;
Very pleasant her uncheck'd communions,
Passing all except a woman's love!

Very dear to drink her lovely waters
Underneath an oasis of palms,
While as yet no sudden fierce avatars
Soil our moonlit dews, our fragrant calms;

Waters, welling thro' the soft and porous
Edge where sward and desert are at strife:
Young green years behind—and oh! before us,
Scorch'd and bare, the boundless breadth of Life!

1850
From *Benoni*

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY
Trinity College
1828—1910

TO THE CLOISTERS,
TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
ON REVISITING THEM AT MIDNIGHT

[Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia manes
Exululant]

Ye bare stone cloisters, shadow-haunted, bleak !
And hollow-muttering aisle-echoes blent
With sighs, as of lorn spectres once intent
On noble aims, o'er which now night-winds shriek
Sad dirges through your iron grates ! Oh, speak
No longer of the past, the lost, misspent !
How often erst were my lone footsteps bent,
As now, among the pillar-glooms, that streak
Your deep-worn pavement, when the cloudy reek
Of ghosts seem'd thronging to exhort, implore
And warn me, yea with tears ! the while I swore
With unabating constancy to seek
And realize the forfeit hopes of yore !
Yet now—again those voices ! Oh, no more !

From *Poems of Early Years*
in nine chaplets

By a Wrangler of Trinity College.
1851

CLARE HALL

[Clare Hall took the name of Clare College in 1856]

A long dim avenue of cloister'd elms,
With lichen'd boles and sere luxuriantly
Shooting their sombre way by glimpses up
Thro' drooping masses sweet of pale spring-green
Unripen'd into summer's : lower down,
Bossing their stems like flowers, quaint curling gnarls
Dotted with tender leafings : on each hand
Dark fringing lines of laurel evergreens,
Making impervious secrecy between
And silence : and far overhead a dome

CLARE HALL

Of verdant light—a dreamy depthless glow
Half seen, half felt,—most like to that serene
And pearly clearness sleeping thro’ still depths
Of ocean-water: all the pathway lies
In breadths unbroken steep’d of purple shade,
Yet thin and half unreal, for ceaselessly
Some ripe transparent lustre from above
Melts downward thro’ the shadow, flushing o’er
With mellow haze of sunshine all the gloom.

Thus do I walk, alone with loneliness,
Almost alone with silence and repose;—
But in the broad hush some sweet things are left
To keep alive the memory of sound:
The rippling roll of old monastic bells,
That Nature loves, for kindest with her own,
Of all Art’s studied voices, do they blend:
The songs of timid birdlings in the brake—
The laurel brake—trilling low quivering sounds
In no unhappy mood, but such as, raised
Out of the safe serene of common joys,
Trembles and shudders at its own delight:
And the long whisper of soft fruitful rain
Among the tree-tops, roofing in our hearts
With shower of beaded tinklings, a cascade
And we beneath its arch,—making us full
Of moist cool thoughts, and a pure grateful sense
Of nameless odours; buoyant with it come
Strange gusts of airy freshness, born of Spring.
These, and but these,—enough of sound nor more
To make the silence sweeter,—linger near;
All else is Sabbath—slumber—and the grave.

1852

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY

From *Benoni*

AT CAMBRIDGE

White-throated swans and sedges of the mere
Still float, still quiver, on the shining stream;
And underneath an antique bridge I hear
Smooth waters lapping slowly, and their gleam
Frets the cold dark wherein my boat is moor'd:
Nor overhead the storied elms of June
Forget to murmur, nor to welcome noon
With quiet: save when some stray breeze, allured
By fragrance of the central avenue,
Creeps, cooling ever, down the elastic arch,
And through branch'd cliffs and green inwoven shelves
Lets in fresh glimpses of the sultry blue.
So year by year regardless Nature blooms;
So year by year, for all the far-off tombs
Of those who loved them, these impassive courts
Lay their calm shadows on the grateful sward:
No change is here nor any peace is marr'd
Save ours, who, pausing in life's midday march,
Miss the dear souls of all these fair resorts,
And find instead our own forgotten selves.

1865

ARTHUR JOSEPH MUNBY

From *Verses New and Old*

THE BACKS

Dropping down the river,
Down the glancing river,
Through the fleet of shallops,
Through the fairy fleet,
Underneath the bridges,
Carv'd stone and oaken,
Crowned with sphere and pillar,
Linking lawn with lawn,
Sloping swards of garden,
Flowering bank to bank;
'Midst the golden noontide,
'Neath the stately trees,
Reaching out their laden

THE BACKS

Arms to overshadow us;
'Midst the summer evens,
Whilst the winds were heavy
With the blossom odours,
Whilst the birds were singing
From their sleepless nests.

Dropping down the river,
Down the branchéd river,
Through the hidden outlet
Of some happy stream,
Lifting up the leafy
Curtain that o'erhung it,
Fold on fold of foliage
Not proof against the stars.

Drinking ruby claret
From the silvered "Pewter,"
Spoil of ancient battle
On the "*ready*" Cam,
Ne'er to be forgotten
Pleasant friendly faces
Mistily discerning
Through the glass below.

Ah! the balmy fragrance
Of the mild Havanna!
Downed amidst the purple
Of our railway wrappers,
Solemn-thoughted, glorious
On the verge of June.
Musical the rippling
Of the tardy current,
Musical the murmur
Of the wind-swept trees,
Musical the cadence
Of the friendly voices
Laden with the sweetness
Of the songs of old.

1852

JAMES PAYN
Trinity College
1830—1898

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE DEAN

John Alexander Frere, John,
When we were first acquaint,
You lectured us as freshmen
In the weary term of Lent:
But now you're gettin' old, John,
And your time is drawing near,
So I think we'd better say good bye,
John Alexander Frere!

John Alexander Frere, John,
How swiftly time has flown!
The weeks which you refused us
Are now no more your own;
Tho' time was in your hand, John,
You lingered out the year,
A year of grace and cash unto
John Alexander Frere.

There's young Monro of Trinity
And Hunter bold of Queens'
Who scorned the College system
And vexed the souls of Deans.
But all these petty squabbles
More ludicrous appear
When we gaze on thy departing form,
John Alexander Frere.

There's many a better man, John,
Who scorns the scoffing crew,
But keeps a warm affection
For the notes he got from you:
"Why Mr Smith was out last night,
Till two o'clock or near,
The Senior Dean requests to know;
Yours truly, J. A. Frere."

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE DEAN

John Alexander Frere, John,
I wonder what you mean
By mixing up your name so
With me and with the Dean;
Another Don may Dean us,
But ne'er again, we fear,
Shall we receive such notes as yours,
John Alexander Frere.

The Lecture-room no more, John,
Shall hear thy drowsy tone;
No more shall men in Chapel
Bow down before thy throne:
But Shillington with meekness
The oracle shall hear,
That set S. Mary's all asleep,
John Alexander Frere.

Once more before we part, John,
Let all be clean forgot,
Our scandalous inventions
And thy consummate rot,
For under all conventions
The small heart lived sincere,
The Kernel of the Senior Dean
John Alexander Frere.

1854

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL
Trinity College
1832—1879

THE DEATH OF THE CAPUT

A name hath perished, handed down from Great Elizabeth;
Crowd, ladies old, and celebrate the last rites due to death.
Go ye upon your pious task, for the dead Caput mourn;
The Veto, empty name, sleeps low in everlasting urn.
If a fond lingering regret for regent touch your hearts;
If for non-regent, seniors both of Masters skilled in Arts;
If for the vetoing power once given unto the Doctors three,
Who erstwhile went to represent each learned Faculty;
Go ye in crowds, ye ladies old; loose, Elegiac Muse,
Thy locks dishevelled: Granta sad her defunct Caput rues.
Ye Seventeen, who over halls or colleges preside,
Henceforth with you the reins of power the Senate shall divide.
So we amongst ourselves henceforth our share of honour hold,
So you'll not feather for yourselves your nests, ye ladies old.
See yonder man with drooping wings, Lord of Emmanuel,
To whom his wondrous archness gives his name's first syllable,
Who seeks, as duck at thunder-tide, with uprolled eye the clouds,
And in his toga's ample fold his sacred loins enshrouds.
Why, old man holy, weepst thou? A council shalt thou see,
Where the Vice-Chancellor is past and ever past shall be.
So shall a Caput still be left albeit the Caput's dead:
So, as before, a Caput yet reigns in the council Head.
Nor add we one, but four beside; a portent strange and greater
Than Hydra docked by Hercules brings forth our Alma Mater.
So shall thy forehead's solemn grace preserve its honours due;
So shalt thou haply be thyself part of the council new.
Still Corrie's firmness shall survive; we shall be still beguiled
By Whewell's courteous gentleness, and Cartmell's wisdom mild.

1855

RICHARD SHILLETO
Peterhouse
1809—1876

ON THE UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS OF 1855

When Holmes¹ made good the double fight,
This paradox befel,
A Craven scholar proved his right
To bear away the Bell.

From *Leviora* 1888

THOMAS FRANK BIGNOLD
Caius College
† 1888?

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE

Which of all moments of life brims over with glory supremest?
Sweet, Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman, to pass
Double First!
Sweet, in your maiden speech to astonish the Treasury Benches,
While even Palmerston grunts, "Gad here's a chap that
can speak."
Sweet, amid lime-trees' blossom, astir with the whispers of
springtide,
Maiden speech to hear, eloquent murmur and sigh.
Ah, but the joy of the Thames, when Cam with Isis contend-
ing,
Up the Imperial stream flash the impetuous Eights!
Sweeping and strong is the stroke as they race from Putney
to Mortlake,
Shying the Crab-tree bight, shooting through Hammer-
smith Bridge;
Onward elastic they strain to the deep low moan of the row-
lock;
Louder the cheer from the bank—swifter the flash of the
oar!
Ay, and the winners that day, whether light blue win it or
dark blue,
Seldom hereafter in life glory supreamer shall know.

1855
From *The Realm*

MORTIMER COLLINS
1827—1876

¹ Arthur Holmes of Clare, afterwards Editor of the *Catena Classicorum*.

KING'S BRIDGE

I

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark,
And the trees stand silent in the park;
And winter passeth from bough to bough
With stealthy foot that none may know,
But little the old man thinks he weaves
His frosty kiss on the ivy leaves.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall

The river droppeth down,

And it washeth the base of a pleasant hall

On the skirts of Cambridge town.

Old trees by night are like men in thought,

By poetry to silence wrought;

They stand so still and they look so wise,

With folded arms and half-shut eyes,

More shadowy than the shade they cast

When the wan moonlight on the river passed.

The river is green, and runneth slow—

We cannot tell what it saith;

It keepeth its secrets down below,

And so doth Death!

II

Oh! the night is dark; but not so dark

As my poor soul in this lonely park:

There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,

Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall;

But harshly the sounds of gladness grate

On one that is crushed and desolate.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall

The river droppeth down,

As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall

On the skirts of Cambridge town.

KING'S BRIDGE

Oh, Sister! Sister! could I but hear
What this river saith in night's still ear,
And catch the faint whispering voice it brings
From its lowlands green and its reedy springs;
It might tell of the spot where the greybeard's spade
Turned the cold wet earth in the lime-tree shade.

The river is green, and runneth slow—

We cannot tell what it saith:

It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

III

For death was born in thy blood with life—
Too holy a fount for such sad strife:
Like a secret curse from hour to hour
The canker grew with the growing flower,
And little we deemed that rosy streak
Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.

From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall

The river droppeth down,

As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall

On the skirts of Cambridge town.

But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,
And ruder and redder that rosy hue;
And the half-shed tears that never fell,
And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,
And the wild, wan smile,—all spoke of death,
That had withered my sister with his breath.

The river is green, and runneth slow—

We cannot tell what it saith:

It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

IV

'Twas o'er thy harp one day in June,
I marvelled the strings were out of tune;
But lighter and quicker the music grew,
And deadly white was thy rosy hue;

KING'S BRIDGE

One moment—and back the color came,
Thou calledst me by my Christian name.
 From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Thou badest me be silent and bold,
But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.
I never wept, and I never spake,
But stood like a rock where the salt seas break;
And to this day I have shed no tear,
O'er my blighted rose and my sister's bier.
 The river is green, and runneth slow—
 We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

V

I stood in the church with burning brow,
The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow.
I noted each pause, and counted each swell,
As a sentry numbers a minute bell;
For unto the mourner's heart they call
From the deeps of that wondrous ritual.
 From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
 The river droppeth down,
 As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
 On the skirts of Cambridge town.
But little to me were the psalm and prayer,
As they rose and fell on the cold church air,
Nor felt I a holier presence near
Than the withered flower on her darksome bier;
But I stood and prayed, as mourners may,
True prayer, though the thoughts be far away.
 The river is green, and runneth slow—
 We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
 And so doth Death!

KING'S BRIDGE

VI

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark;
The trees stand silent in the park.
The festal lights have all died out,
And nought is heard but a lone owl's shout.
The mists keep gathering more and more;
But the stream is silent as before.
From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall
The river droppeth down,
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall
On the skirts of Cambridge town.
Why should I think of my boyhood's pride
As I walked by this low-voiced river's side?
And why should its heartless waters seem
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?
But it will not speak; and it keeps in its bed
The words that are sent us from the dead.
The river is green, and runneth slow—
We cannot tell what it saith:
It keepeth its secrets down below,
And so doth Death!

1856
From *Poems*

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER
University College, Oxford
1814—1863

CAMBRIDGE

When I was a student at Cambridge, during the great festivals I spent half the night awake listening to the bells. The university is on a river; so, from the undulation of the water, their sound is sweeter.

circ. 1500

JOHN MAIR

Ah me! were ever river-banks so fair,
Gardens so fit for nightingales as these?
Were ever haunts so meet for summer breeze,
Or pensive walk in evening's golden air?
Was ever town so rich in court and tower
To woo and win stray moonlight every hour?
One thing thou lackest much; the wild wind swells,
The feast-days come, and yet night silent falls
On the poor listening stream and patient halls;
Thou art a voiceless place,—thou hast no bells.
Yea, but for thy mute shrines, thou wert a town
That might grey Oxford's vocal towers disdain,
Where Isis flows and Cherwell ripples down,
Timing¹ their several voices to the strain!

1856

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER

SHORT ANALYSIS OF THE 'PLURALITY OF WORLDS'

Should man, through the stars, to far galaxies travel,
And of nebulous films the remotest unravel,
He still could but learn, having fathomed infinity,
That the great work of God was—The Master of Trinity.

1866

From *The Return of
the Guards and
other poems*

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE
Christ Church, Oxford
1810—1888

¹ *sic.* Tuning?

IO PAEAN

Muse of the moderns, sing how the Rebellion,
Known by the name of the great Servile War,
Rakishly led by the funny Trevelyan,
Died with a monster vote stuck in its "Jaw."

Tell how the men of the modern Thermopylae,
Wasted by treachery, beat black and blue,
Fell by the heels of the Giant Monopoly,
Squelching the life from the dwarfed Q. Q.

Sing how the phalanx, so wary and thrifty,
Quoted the pocket and called on the gods
To parry the thrusts of the hundred and fifty
Who pressed them to death with such terrible odds.

Yet Io Paean are theirs, if true glory
Remains with the heroes who die on the field,
Let then each warrior, sword hacked and gory,
Tenderly ride to his home on his shield.

Dead in their harness, 'tis they are the victors,
Or might have been such, with aid of more whips:
Give them the honor of fasces and lictors;
Friends of Humanity, ope not your lips!

Written in the Union Society's Suggestion
Book, April 1858

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

(The scene is laid in the Old Court of Trinity, letter Z, on a winter morning. Two gyps are asleep outside the door. The clock strikes six and they awake, and begin talking.)

Gyp A. I dreamed we both were waiting in the Hall
Serving refreshments at the Bachelors' Ball.

There, gayest trifler in the throng of dancers,
Was Clayton¹ cutting figures in the Lancers.

Gyp B. Well dreamt! But I have dreams as fine as you.
Here's one as marvellous, and just as true.

Methought I heard our Rhadamanthine Mayor
Deal justice from the magisterial chair.

A Corpus sizar had been well-nigh slain

By fifteen blackguards in St. Botolph's Lane.

The Mayor approved his fellow-townsmen's pluck,
And fined the plaintiff two-pound-ten for luck.

As pensively he rubbed his broken head,

"Confound old Currier Balls!" the gownsman said².

Gyp A. Come now, I'll chat a little with the audience.

Our master here, who keeps in the top-story,

Honest Philoleon, for his first three years

Led a most quiet and gentlemanly life.

He was not gated more than twice a term;

He read three hours a-day, rode every week;

Last year pulled seven in our second boat.

In all things moderation was his motto.

But now he's gone stark mad; and you must guess

What sort his madness is³.

[*To the spectators.*]

¹ This reverend gentleman preached an annual sermon against the Bachelors' Ball: a festival about which reading men talked a great deal, but at which they would as soon have thought of appearing as Mr Clayton himself.

² In this autumn frequent collisions occurred between the boating-men of the University and the police. The most obnoxious member of the force was a certain 20 C, or 20 K, who is more than once alluded to in the course of this Drama. Mr Balls, the Mayor for the time being, had pretty constantly to sit in judgment on cases of assault and battery.

³

ἐπεὶ τοπάξετε.

Ἀμυνίας μὲν ὁ Προνάπους φήσ' οὐτοσί
εἶναι φιλόκυβον αὐτόν· κ.τ.λ.

Wasps, line 73.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Gyp B. That Queens' man there
Says that he's bent on being senior wrangler¹.
Gyp A. No, no; he won't be old enough these ten years.
Gyp B. And that black-whiskered noisy party yonder,
Sitting amongst a group of Harrow freshmen²,
Guesses he aims at office in the Union.
Gyp A. What, to be called "united" and "compact,"
And to be chaffed in the Suggestion Book?
Not quite so low as that. Come, try again.
D'ye give it up? Well, listen, and I'll tell you.
One Sunday evening, last May term, at tea
He met by chance a troop of roaring Lions,
And came back swearing he must join their number,
Or give up hopes of immortality.
From that day forth he ran about the College,
Talking of "Truth," and "Realised Ideals";
And asking men to give him a *ποῦ στῶ*³;
And telling them he saw within their eyes
Symptoms which marked affinity of souls.
So, in this state of things, his younger brother
Bdelyleon came up this term to College,
A sensible sharp-tempered Eton freshman;
Who, when he saw his brother's strange distemper,
Blushed for himself and for the family.
And first he tried by pleasing the old fellow
To wean him from his hobby; taught him songs,
And took him out to supper: but whenever
His health was drunk, and he was asked to sing,
He spoke straight off a canto from "St. Clair"⁴.
And then he dressed him in his best, and washed him,
And got him made a member of the Musical:

¹ Queens' college carried off the blue riband in the years 1857 and 1858, in the person of champions who, according to the gossip of the Senate-house, were by some years senior to their competitors.

² "There they sit, compact, united": was the beginning of the peroration of a notorious attack upon the official party in the Union Debating Society at Cambridge.

³ "Give us a *ποῦ στῶ*, and we will move the world."—Extract from the Preface to the *Lion*.

⁴ A poem in Octosyllabics, entitled "St Clair," was among the contributions to the *Lion*, which was published by Mr Palmer.



Sir George Otto Trevelyan

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

But, at the first rehearsal, off he ran,
His fiddle on his back, and never stopped
Till he was inside Palmer's Printing-office.
So, vexed and wearied at his constant folly,
The young one locked him up within his rooms,
And placed us here on sentry, day and night.
But the old chap is sly, and full of tricks,
And loves his liberty.

[PHILOLEON *appears at the window.*

Phil. Hallo, you scoundrel!

Just let me out: 'tis time to go to lecture.

Gyp A. Why you're a Questionist: you have no lectures.

[*Enter BDELYLEON.*

Bdel. Was ever freshman plagued with such a brother?

What have I done that I deserve this evil?

I never was undutiful; I never

Have read a line of Alexander Smith;

Nor picked a pocket; nor worn peg-top trousers;

Nor taken notes at any college lecture.

Who calls Dame Fortune blind does not belie her.

Phil. I want a supper order from my Tutor.

Bdel. No, no, old boy, I took good care of that:

I got you an Aegrotat. Sold again!

Where are you now? Good heavens!

[PHILOLEON *puts his head out of the chimney.*

Phil.

I'm the smoke¹.

Bdel. Confound the man who altered all our chimneys!

Jackson, run up, and beat him with the pewter

Till he backs water; then clap on a sack.

[PHILOLEON *reappears at the window.*

Phil. "O Lord St Clair, on bended knee

I charge you set the maiden free!"

Bdel. In mercy stop that nonsense quick.

Your Lion always makes me sick.

I feel as ill as when I tried

My first and only Smoker's Pride.

¹ οὗτος, τίς εἶ σύ;
καπνὸς ἐγὼ γ' ἐξέρχομαι.

Wasps, line 144.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Phil. O may the curses of the Gods light on you!
And may you wallow in the lowest Hades,
Along with all the men who've struck their Tutor,
Or laid against the boat-club of their College,
Or caught a crab just opposite the Plough:
In that sad place of punishment and woe
Where lectures last from early dawn till noon,
And where the gate-fines rival those of Christ's,
And there's a change of Proctors every week!¹
Then you'll repent of having used me thus.

Bdel. You blasphemous old villain! Come, you fellows,
We all must need some coffee this cold morning.

[Enter Chorus of writers of the "Lion," preceded by a chorister bearing a lantern.]

Chorus A. Rosy-fingered dawn is breaking o'er the fretted
roof of King's.

Bright and frosty is the morning. Sharp and clear each
football rings.

Gyps across the court are hurrying with the early breads and
butters.

Blithely hums the Master's butler while he's taking down the
shutters.

In our rooms we left the kettle gaily singing on the coals;
And within the grate are steaming eggs, and ham, and toast,
and rolls.

Soon we'll have a jovial breakfast with the members of our
mess,

Chatting of our darling project, future hopes and past success.

We have come to fetch our brother. What can cause his
long delay?

It was not his wont to keep us shivering here the livelong day.
He was always sharp and sprightly when the Lion was in
question;

Ever ready with an Essay; ever prompt with a suggestion.
Surely he must be offended

At our leaving out his poem:

Yet no insult was intended,

As our want of space must show him.

¹ New Proctors are as much dreaded in the college courts as new Ministers in the public offices.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Or perchance he came home jolly,
Wishing to knock down the porter,
And lies cursing at his folly,
With a tongue that tastes like mortar.
Show yourself upon the landing:
Hear your loved companions' groans:
For our feet are sore with standing
On the rugged Old Court stones.

[PHILOLEON *shows himself at the window.*

Phil. Comrades, when I heard your voices, how my heart
within me leapt!

Thoughts of happier days came o'er my spirit, and I almost
wept:—

Those bright days when free and happy with some kindred
soul I strayed,

Talking of The Unconditioned up and down the chestnut
glade.

Now a cruel younger brother keeps me under lock and key.
Those I hate are always by me. Those I love I may not see.
O my own, my cherished Lion, offspring of my cares and toil,
Would that I and thou were lying underneath the All Saints'
soil!

Drop your voices, sweet companions, lest you rouse a sleeping
Bear.

Chorus A. Does he then despise our anger? All men know
who ate Don't Care.

Never fear him! We'll protect you. Do not heed his threats
and frowns.

Say your prayers, and jump down boldly! We will catch
you in our gowns.

[PHILOLEON *places his leg over the window-sill, but is
seized from behind by BDELYLEON.*

Bdel. Not so fast, you old deceiver! From your evil courses
turn.

Never will I tamely let you join in such a vile concern.
Sooner than behold my brother sunk to such a depth of scorn,
Gladly would I bear to see him walking on a Sunday morn
'Twixt a pair of pupil-teachers, all the length of Jesus-lane,
With a school of dirty children slowly shambling in his train:
Or behold him in the Union, on the Presidential seat,

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Shakspeare¹ smiling blandly o'er him, Freshmen ranting at his feet.

Get you gone, you pack of scoundrels! Don't stand bawling here all day.

Williams, fetch me out the slop-pail: Jackson, run for 20 K!

Chorus A. Slay the despot! Slay the tyrant! Him who cannot brook to see

All his neighbours dwelling round him peaceable, secure, and free.

Well I know you've long been plotting how to seize the Castle-hill

With a band of hired assassins, there to work your cruel will.

Let the man who wrote "the Sirens" make a feint upon the door:

Bring us ladders, ropes, and axes; we must storm the second floor.

[*Enter Chorus of First Trinity boating-men.*]

Chorus B. Here they are. Upon them boldly! Double quick across the grass!

Cut them off from Bishop's Hostel, lest along the wall they pass!

Forward, Darroch! Forward, Perring! Charge them, Lyle, and now remember

'Gainst what odds you fought and conquered on the fifth of last November:

When you broke with one brave comrade through an armed and murderous mob.

Fear not an aesthetic humbug, you who've faced a Cambridge snob.

Men of twelve stone, in the centre! Coxswains, skirmish on the flank!

You're too eager there, you youngsters: Jones and Prickard, keep your rank!

Do not stay to spoil the fallen while a soul is left alive.

We must smoke them out and kill them, now we've caught them in the hive.

[*They charge the writers in the "Lion," who fly in all directions.*]

¹ In the old Union a Shaksperian bust of more than ordinary vapiditv formed a prominent object above the head of the President.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

Victory! Victory! now for a shout
As when we bumped the Johnians out!
Vain was the might of Elective Affinities
When brought face to face with our valiant First Trinities.
Victory! Victory! Huzza! Tantivy!

For when a man

Who can hardly scan

Talks of "the pictured page of Livy,"

'Tis time for every lad of sense

To arm in honesty's defence

As if the French were steaming over

In rams of iron from Brest to Dover.

[BDELYLEON *comes out leading PHILOLEON*
dressed in a First Trinity costume.

Bdel. Thank you, my brave allies! And now to prove

The confidence I have in your discretion

I here entrust to you my elder brother,

To watch his morals, and to cure his madness.

So treat him kindly; put him in a tub,

And take him down the river every day;

And see that no one asks him out to supper,

To make him tipsy. Be not hard upon him,

But let him have his pipe and glass of sherry,

Since he is old and foolish. And, if ever

He comes back sound in body and in mind,

I'll stand you claret at the next Club-meeting.

[*Exit* BDELYLEON.]

PARABASIS

We wish to praise our poet, who despising fame and pelf
Flew like a bull-dog at the throat of the jagged-toothed
monster itself¹

Which rages over all the town, from Magdalene-bridge to
Downing,

With the bray of a dreamy German ass 'neath the hide of
Robert Browning.

¹ θρασέως ξυστὰς εὐθὺς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς αὐτῷ τῷ καρχαρόδοντι.

Wasps, line 1031.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA

But some of you good fellows think, as the poet grieves to
hear,
That you are laughed at in "the Bears," the play he wrote
last year:
So he assures you faithfully no insult was intended.
Do not cherish bitter feelings; for least said is soonest mended.
And next he bids us tax our wit
To tell some members of the Pitt,
Whose names he knows not, when they meet
Him passing into Sidney-street,
Not to bawl out "The Bear, The Bear!"
First because he does not care:
Then surely for a man of taste
It is a sin and shame to waste
In calling nicknames near the Hoop
The breath that's given to cool our soup.
So, being a good-tempered bard,
Whichever of them leaves his card
He'll ask him out next week to dine,
And shake hands o'er a glass of wine.
And now he bids you all good evening, and farewell till next
October;
And hopes to night you'll sup like princes, and that none will
go home sober.
If policeman K arrests you, let not that your spirits damp:
Break his head, and shave his whiskers, and suspend him to the
lamp¹.

1858

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN
Trinity College
1838—

¹ This advice was taken only too literally. The officer in question, on the night of the First Trinity boat-supper, ventured within the gates of the College, and was there maltreated in a manner that led, if the author's recollection serves, to the incarceration of some of the offenders. The prosecutor commented with much severity upon the concluding lines of the *Dionysia*.

CAMBRIDGE

Two fitful lamps in the silent court
Scarce vigour enough can muster
To throw on the nearest ivy-leaves
A faint and sickly lustre.
My voiceless books on their dusty shelves
Hang drearily round and above me,
For I'm a poor wretch with a Fellowship
And never a soul to love me.—
One or two friends, good fellows enough,
Still linger about the old College;
One or two bring me a noddle to stuff
With scrapings of Classical knowledge;
One or two dons I don't care for a straw
In years and in learning above me;—
Servants that live on me, cramming their maw,—
But never a soul to love me!
Right it should be so;—why should it not?
Love for the lovable only;—
Yet a tup put to graze by himself for the rot
May be pardoned for saying he's lonely.

1859

From *Arachnia*

JAMES ROBERTSON
Jesus College
Head-Master of Haileybury
(1836?—1903)

JULIA

AN ODE

Sage beside the River slow
Sat a Don renowned for lore
And in accents soft and low
To the elms his love did pour.

“Julia, if my learned eyes
Gaze upon thy matchless face,
'Tis because I feel there lies
Magic in thy lovely grace.

JULIA

"I will marry ! write that threat
In the ink I daily waste:
Marry—Pay each College debt,
College Ale no more will taste.

"Granta, far and wide renowned,
Frowns upon the married state;
In her views she'll soon come round,
Hark! Reform is at the gate.

"Other fellows shall arise,
Proud to own a husband's name:
Proud to own their infants' cries,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From our ancient College walls,
Armed with trumpets, noisy things,
Shall astound us by their squalls.

"Sounds no wrangler yet has heard,
Our posterity shall fright:
E'en 'the Eagle,' valiant bird,
Shall betake itself to flight."

Such the thoughts that through him whirl'd
Pensively reclining there:
Smiling, as his fingers curl'd
His divinely-glowing hair.

He, with all a lover's pride,
Felt his manly bosom glow,
Sought the Bull, besought the Bride,
All she said was "No, Sir, No!"

Julia, pitiless as cold,
Lo the vengeance due from Heaven!
College Livings he doth hold;
Single bliss to thee is given.

1859
From *The Eagle* vol. 1

EDWARD WOODLEY BOWLING
St John's College

A COLLEGE MEMORY

We followed up the river as we rode,
And rode till midnight when the college lights
Began to glitter firefly-like in copse
And linden alley.

1847

From *The Princess*

ALFRED TENNYSON

I paced beneath the ancient chestnut trees,
That grace our College walks, in solitude;
And listened to the whispers of the breeze,
As round my path the yellow leaves it strewed.
Mild was its breath, which sparing where it could,
Took but the leaves that were prepared to die;
And bore them gently to their rest, as would
A mother bear her babe when sleep was nigh,
And ever as they fell, it heaved a heavy sigh.

I paced those walks again, at Eventide,
But now the trees were desolate and bare,
For e'en the whispering breeze itself had died,
And Nature shuddered in a mute despair;
But lo! uprising thro' the darkening air,
The Evening star shed forth its welcome beam,
And cast upon the world a smile so rare,
That Death more beautiful than Life did seem,
Since on so dark an hour Love shed so bright a gleam.

1859

From *The Eagle* vol. 1

T. A.

THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY

(A FRAGMENT OF AN IDYLL)

—So the stately bust abode
For many a month, unseen, among the Dons.
Nor in the lodge, nor in the library,
Upon its pedestal appeared, to be
A mark for reverence of green gownsman-hood,
Of grief to ancient fogies, and reproof
To those who knew not ALFRED, being hard
And narrowed in their honour to old names
Of poets, who had vogue when *they* were young,
And not admitting later bards; but now,
Last week, a rumour widely blown about,
Walking the windy circle of the Press,
Came, that stern WHEWELL, with the Seniors,
Who rule the destinies of Trinity,
Had of the sanctuary barred access
Unto the bust of ALFRED TENNYSON,
By WOOLNER carved, subscribed for by the youth
Who loved the Poet, hoped to see him set
Within the Library of Trinity,
One great man more o' the house, among the great,
Who grace that still Valhalla, ranged in row,
Along the chequered marbles of the floor,
Two stately ranks—to where the fragrant limes
Look thro' the far end window, cool and green.
A band it is, of high companionship,—
Chief, NEWTON, and the broad-browed VERULAM,
And others only less than these in arts
Or science: names that England holds on high.
Among whom, hoped the youth, would soon be set,
The living likeness of a living Bard,—
Great ALFRED TENNYSON, the Laureate,
Whom Trinity most loves of living sons.

THE LAUREATE'S BUST AT TRINITY

But other thought had WHEWELL and the Dons,
Deeming such honour only due to those
Upon whose greatness Death has set his seal.
So fixed their faces hard, and shut the doors
Upon the living Poet: for, said one,
"It is too soon," and when they heard the phrase,
Others caught up the cue, and chorussed it,
Until, the poet echoing "Soon? too soon?"
As if in wrath, WHEWELL looked up, and said:—

"O Laureate, if indeed ye list to try,
Try, and unfix our purpose in this thing."
Whereat full shrilly sang th' excluded bard.

"Soon, soon, so soon! WHEWELL looks stern and chill,
Soon, soon, so soon! but I can enter still."

"Too soon, too soon! you cannot enter now."

"I am not dead: of that I do repent.
But to my living prayer, O now relent":
"Too soon, too soon! you cannot enter now."

"Honour in life is sweet: my fame is wide.
Let me stand at DRYDEN's, BYRON's side."
"Too soon, too soon! you cannot enter now."

"Honour that comes in life is rare as sweet;
I cannot taste it long: for life is fleet."
"No, no, too soon! You cannot enter now!"

So sang the Laureate, while all stonily,
Their chins upon their hands, as men that had
No entrails to be moved, sat the stern Dons.

From *Punch*
12 Nov. 1859

TOM TAYLOR
Trinity College
1817—1880

THE PROCTOR

Six shil-*lings*, a fourpence, a fourpenny piece,
By these things our revenues increase.

SOLO.—*Proctor. Second part*

Oh, while he laughs and while he sings,
We can no longer stay,
Oh, if he likes to do such things,
Of course he'll have to pay.

TRIO AND DANCE

Six shil-*lings* &c.

[*Exeunt Proctor and bulldogs dancing.*]

1859

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND
Trinity College
1837—

THE A.D.C.

Bring them in, Prompter; all of them. Why, bless us!
What a vast heap of Prologues and Addresses.
Is't for my own or for my parent's crime
That I must wade through all this mass of rhyme?
I'll read 'em out, and you shall help me choose.
'Gad! here's an invocation to the muse.
"Descend, Thalia, from yon heaven descend:
The inauguration of your shrine attend;
Melodious goddess." No, not if I know him;
It's too much like a Chancellor's prize poem.
Here's one in Latin, all about Cothurnum,
And Sophocleum; take 'em off and burn 'em.
This seems the best. Kind gentles, one and all,
Whether from Jesus Lane, or Humphry's Hall,
On Magdalene's jovial towers, or pleasant Clare,
Or the lone waste of distant Downing's air;
We'll give to each one in our several parts,
A brave house-warming that shall cheer your hearts.



Sir Francis Cowley Burnand

THE A.D.C.

Compare this spacious area with the floor
Where once you jostled, laughed, perspired, and swore;
Fitter for some old unwashed Cynic's tub
Than for the home of our Dramatic Club.
How can our actors now they've grown so tall
Within such puny limits strut and bawl?
At the Queen's rifle-levée I'll engage her
To see no sight so fine as our Drum-major.

Yet not without one fond and loving sigh
We bid our ancient stage a long good-bye.
For there, full oft, marred by no envious hiss,
Loud swelled the laugh that hailed each tone of Twiss.
There he whose name we proudly cherish still,
Dido's great author, fleshed his maiden quill¹.
Is there one here whose brains with Paley reek?
Who shudders at the thought of Monday week?
Let him to-night, while laughing till he hoarse is,
Forget the parallelogram of forces.
Ye sons of Trinity, forget your grief,
The clotted gravy and the bleeding beef,
The greasy female waiters, hideous vision,
And the precarious fate of our petition².
Enjoy the passing moment as it flies,
We'll do our best to feast your ears and eyes:
Forgive out faults and recognise with glee,
In a new dress, your old friend A.D.C.

1860

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN
Trinity College

¹ Sir Francis C. Burnand.

² This was the largest,—and, it is to be hoped, the last,—of the many petitions which had been laid before the Master and Senior Fellows praying for an improvement in the dinners.

MARCH 5TH, 1860

There's a clash of martial music through the ancient college
comes,

There's a flourish loud of trumpets and a muffled roll of drums,
St Mary's bells are pealing on, and flags are waving free,
And there's crowding on the King's Parade, a sight of sights
to see;

For thick along yon narrow street a serried line appears,
'Tis Alma Mater's trusty sons, the RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

There's many a stout athletic frame amid that gallant corps,
There's many a slashing cricketer, and many a stalwart oar,
There's many a swell who loves to lounge and smoke the
idle weed,

And many a man who flees a wine and sports his oak to read,
And beardless freshmen march in rank with dons of high
degree,

One spirit in six hundred hearts, one true fraternity.

Why let the prosing pedant chide, the lazy idler sneer,
The sinews of our English land, its youth and prime are here :
Service, forsooth, they'll never see! Your pointless taunt
unsay!

What higher service can be theirs, than they have paid to-day ?
The noblest works for man assigned since first the earth he
trod,

Allegiance to his country's Queen, and worship to his God.

And should the cloud, that threatens yet, e'er burst upon our
shore,

And fierce invaders on the strand their eager myriads pour,
When round the Island, beacon-lit, fast flies the warning word,
To draw "for Altar and for Hearth" the bayonet and the
sword,

To lay the foeman in the dust, to break invasion's brunt,
God speed our gallant Riflemen, and CAMBRIDGE TO THE
FRONT!

1860

P. O.

From *The Eagle* vol. I

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT OF 1860

Some twenty years back, o'er his nectar one day,
King Jove to the gods in Olympus did say,
Degenerate mortals, it must be confessed,
Grow smaller each year round the arm and the chest,
Not ten modern navvies together could swing
The stone that great Ajax unaided did fling.

They may talk of their Heenan, and Paddock, and Nat :
I'll bet that old Milo, though puffy and fat,
Would thrash the whole ring, should they come within range,
From slashing Tom Sayers to shiftY Bill Bainge.
I've determined, as plain as the staff of a pike,
To show to the world what a man should be like.
Go, fetch me some clay ; no, not that common stuff,
But the very best meerschaum—and fetch me enough.
We'll all lend a hand ; so let Mars bring his pluck,
And Phœbus his deftness, and Hermes his luck.
But Bacchus and Venus had best keep away,
At least for the month that precedes Putney day.
I'll make eight hearty fellows, all muscle and bone,
Their average weight shall be hard on twelve stone ;
With shoulders so broad, and with arms so well hung,
So lithe in the loins, and so sound in the lung ;
And because I love Cambridge, my purpose is fixed, I
Will make them her crew in the year eighteen-sixty.

Stand by me, dear reader, and list to my song,
As our boat round Plough-Corner comes sweeping along.
I'll point out each hero, and tell you his name,
His college, his school, and his titles to fame.
No fear of a crowd ; towards the end of the course
They have left all behind but a handful of horse.
To keep at their side on the gods one must call
For the wind of a tutor of Trinity Hall.¹

One stroke, and they're on us. Quick ! Left face and double !
Look hard at the bow ; he is well worth the trouble.
'Tis Heathcote, the pride of First Trinity Club,
The boast of our Eight, and the tale of our tub.

¹ An allusion to Leslie Stephen, the king of length-runners, in days before length-running became a profession.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT OF 1860

No Oxonian so gay but will tremble and wince
As he watches the oar of our gallant Black Prince.
Who can think on that morn without sorrow and pain,
When valour proved futile, and skill was in vain?
As they watched the light jerseys all swimming about,
The nymphs of the Thames, with a splash and a shout,
Cried, "Thanks to rude Boreas, who wishing to please us,
Has sent to our arms Harry Chaytor of Jesus.¹"

Next comes David Ingles, and long may he live,
Adorned with each laurel our river can give.
Had the Jews seen our David but once on the throne,
They would not have thought quite so much of their own.
Deign, then, to accept this my humble petition,
And make me your chief and your only musician :
And so, when you've passed, as you will do with ease,
I'll sing you, my David, a Song of Degrees.

Oh, blame not the bard if at thought of his section
The blood in his temples with vanity tingles :
Who would not dare deeds worth a world's recollection
With a sergeant like Heathcote, a corporal like Ingles ?

Old Admiral Blake, as from heaven he looks down,
Bawls out to his messmates, "You lubberly sinners,
Three cheers for my namesake ! I'll bet you a crown
He'll thrash the Oxonians as I thrashed the Mynheers."

Here's Coventry next, but not Patmore, no, no !
Not an "angel" at all, but a devil to row. .
Should Louis Napoleon next August steam over,
With scarlet-breeched Zouaves, from Cherbourg to Dover,
We'll send him to Coventry : won't he look blue,
And wish he were back with his wife at St Cloud ?

A problem concerning the man who rows six,
Puts many high wranglers quite into a fix :
James Stirling himself, as he candidly owns,
Can't conceive how a Cherry can have thirteen stones.

¹ In 1859 the race was rowed in a storm, and the Cambridge boat, holding an exceptionally fine crew, was swamped ; the cox, indeed, being nearly drowned.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT OF 1860

But oh for the tongue of a Dizzy or Cairns,
Thou fairest and strongest of Trinity bairns,
To tell how your fellow-collegians in vain
Of the veal and the Peterhouse pudding complain,
Of the greasy old waiters, and rotten old corks,
And the horrors that lurk 'twixt the prongs of the forks.
Men point to your muscles, and sinews, and thews, sir,
The wonder and envy of many a bruiser ;
And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,
So well have you thriven on Trinity beef¹.

But how shall I worthily celebrate you
The hope of our colours, the joy of our crew ?
Shall I sing of your pluck, or the swing of your back,
Or your fierce slashing spurt, most redoubtable Jack ?
The world never saw such a captain and cargo
Since Jason pulled stroke in the good ship the Argo.
And oh, when you pass to the mansions above,
Look down on your Cambridge with pity and love !
Then, on some future day of disaster and woe,
When the wash surges high, and our fortunes are low,
When Oxford is rowing three feet to our two,
And victory frowns on the flag of light blue,
Oh, then may our captain in agony call
On the 'varsity's guardian angel, Jack Hall.

You may search the whole coast from Land's End to North
Foreland,

But where will you find such a steersman as Morland ?
Just look at him peering, as sharp as a rat,
From under his rum little shaggy black hat ;
Let all honest Cambridge men fervently pray
That our pet Harrow coxswain, for once in a way,
Though as valiant a sergeant as any we know,
On Saturday next may show back to the foe.

¹ The burning question with Trinity undergraduates in 1860, as it always had been, and perhaps always will be, was the alleged badness of the dinner in hall.

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT OF 1860

So at night, when the wine-cups all mantling are seen
(Whatever the mantling of wine-cups may mean)
With your temper at ease, and your muscles unstrung,
And your feet 'neath the table right carelessly flung,
As you press to your lips the beloved nut-brown clay,
So cruelly widowed for many a day ;
Oh, then as one man may the company rise,
With joy in their hearts, and with fire in their eyes,
Pour out as much punch as would set her afloat,
And drink long and deep to our conquering boat !

1860

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN
Trinity College

EPIGRAM

ON THE ATTENDANCE OF A CERTAIN TRINITY FELLOW AT CHAPEL

Where is the junior Fellow, where is he
Who in attending chapel is remiss ?
O Combination Room of Trinity,
Blore, Hort, Burn, Hammond, Lightfoot, answer this !
The voice again cried, "Tell, O tell me, where ?"
And Echo from the Clock-tower answered, "Ware."

1860 ?

SONG OF THE ROWERS ON THE CAM

How beautiful at summer's eve to glide along the stream,
A sturdy crew, whose hearts are true, when all around
doth seem

As though Dame Nature pridefully displayed her varied
charms,

To wile us from the busy town, and revel in her arms.

We bid adieu to scenes of toil, and seek for ruddy health,
Nor care for those who ponder o'er their books or stores of
wealth;

All jollity, our spirits free, devoid of care or woe,
As merrily at summer's eve adown the Cam we row.

* * * *

My dear old native river! when thy banks with verdure
bright

Are smiling, thou dost ever yield one Cam-born heart
delight;

There's a charm in thy meandering—music in thy flow,
Which those who on thy bosom glide alone can feel and
know:

Not he who fills a gilded car, and orders with a frown,
Can boast of pleasures half so sweet as we can call our own.
Should heaven decree that I should see grey locks upon my
brow,

I'll sing of days when down the Cam we gaily used to row.

1861

TIMOTHY LOKER

SPENSER DESCRIBETH A GRASS- CUTTING MACHINE

I

Then on he pass'd a sturdie Porter bye,
Nathlesse it was no Castle that did frown,
But manie clerkes liv'd here in companie,
And Wranglers were yclad in cap and gowne,
—The College of Saint John of high renown ;
And learned deep in Mathematick lore,
The Students high throughouten all the town :
Within, a spacious court with paved floor,
And squares of verdant sheen uprose his eyen before.

II

There on the grasse within this goodlie court,
A hideous monster fed with horrid tongue,
Ne knight with such a dragon-whelp had fought,
Ne poet such prodigious birth had sung ;
And up and down it pass'd the grasse among ;
And still with fearfull sownd its teeth did grind,
That all the bodies nerves and fibres wrung :
Its bellie low upon the earth did wind,
Four human legs before, and eke a pair behind.

III

And but that it on simple grasse did feed,
And low its bodie trail upon the grownd,
It seem'd that salvage race which bookmen reed,
The Anthropophagi, whose shoulders rownd
To grow above their ugly heads are fownd.
But well I ween that nothing mote compare
With all that mightie Beastes infernal sound,
Save manie feends concerting some fowle ayr
On verie rustie fyles which no man's eares may bear.

A GRASS-CUTTING MACHINE

IV

And much in sooth this sownd the clerkes opprest,
And did confound them in their studie quight,
Albeit no fear their bodies e'er possrest,
The creature would ne scratch, ne tear, ne bite,
(Certes its sownd would almost kill outright)
And manie a charm they try'd within their ken,
To ease them from its power by day and night;
For well 'twas thought it was three proper men,
Bound by some evil bond which might be broke agen,

V

Which quickly Geomet perceived trew,
And hasten'd to dissolve the cruell spell,
For gentle pitie mov'd him, when he knew
The creature did no harm, but worken well;
Nathlesse that awefull noyse no tongue may tell;
Then loud he shouted out the magick word,
Beere! Beere! the yron from the bodie fell,
The curse was broke, the monster's corps was stirr'd,
Uprose three goodlie men—the sownd no more was heard.

1861

F. H. D.

From *The Eagle* vol. II

HORACE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS

SONG

Natis in usum laetitiae. HOR. *Ode* 27, Book I

To fight o'er cups for joy ordained
Suits well barbarian morals.

Let us our blushing Bacchus keep
From taint of bloody quarrels.

For Median daggers don't agree
With beer-cup rich and brown :
So rest your elbow on your couch,
And take your liquor down.

Come, drink about ! and, if you wish
That I should do the same,
I must request yon junior soph
To tell his sweetheart's name.

Bend close this way—ah, wretched boy,
You're not her only suitor.
That lady has been long engaged
To our Assistant Tutor.

THE BEDMAKER

I make the butter fly, all in an hour :
I put aside the preserves and cold meats,
Telling my master his cream has turned sour,
Hiding his pickles, purloining his sweets.
I never languish for husband or dower :
I never sigh to see gyps at my feet :
I make the butter fly, all in an hour,
Taking it home for my Saturday treat.

WHEN WE WERE FRESH

We were fresh together.
I never can forget
How in October weather
On Parker's Piece we met;
Nor how in hall we paid so dear
For shapeless lumps of flesh,
And sized for cheese and college beer,
When you and I were fresh.

We were Junior Sophs together,
And used one Paley card.
They plucked my every feather,
A usual fate, but hard.
You got the Craven and the Bell,
While I in folly's mesh
Without a single struggle fell,
When you and I were fresh.

We're Questionists together;
We both have reached the verge
And limit of our tether,
The hood of fur and serge.
Though this should be a Federal firm,
And that a hot Secesh,
We'd fondly still recall the term
When you and I were fresh.

THE RANSOM OF HORACE

Mæcenas. Augustus, spare this most unlucky lad,
Who's far too idle to be very bad.
He sings a sparkling song, can write a bit,
And owns some talent, impudence, and wit.
He's asked to every supper in the town ;
He got a Camden, and he halved a Browne ;
And, as a coping-stone to all his praise,
He got a seventh class in both his Mays.

Augustus. Well, if this budding hero is a poet,
We soon shall find some means to make him
show it.
To 'scape the consequences of your frolic,
Be pleased to parody the tenth Bucolic.

Horace. What haunts detain you on this ill-starred day,
 Castalian Muses, say ?
 What seat of classic lore, what hallowed stream ?
 Strayed you by sedgy Cam,
 While from the Barnwell dam
 You watch the gambols of the silver bream ?
 Or by the willows weeping
 O'er Cherwell slowly creeping
 Swoll'n with the suds of many an ancient hall
 Past Jowett's cloistered cell and Stanley's stall ?
 Or have ye flown, invoked in boyish song,
 To Harrow's far-seen hill ?
 Or hard by Avon's rill
 Beloved of Hughes the earnest and the strong ?

Augustus. Well done! you really have a turn for rhyme.
I think we'll hear the rest another time.
Maecenas, you'll impress on him, I hope,
How very narrowly he missed the rope.
I'll give your protégé, still more to pleasure ye,
A nomination in the public Treasury.

1862

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

TRINITY CLOISTERS

The delicious banks of sacred Cam.

HENRY DENNE
Trinity College
B.A. 1693

When the moon rides high in glory, and the night is hushed
and still,
'Mid the pillars as I wander, changing thoughts my memory
fill :

Thoughts of those who there before me paced the echoing
cloister stone ;
Wond'ring thoughts of those to follow when my steps have
passed and gone.

Not alone I seem to wander—figures ever haunt the place :
Newton, with the light of science beaming in his haggard face ;

Then the sage, whom most I worship—he, of intellect supreme,
Stalks beside me, all enshrouded in some philosophic dream.

After him the dry old lawyer, who was aye his bitterest foe ;
Even now he scowls upon him hate that only rivals know.

Donne, composing graceful stanzas, set in some fantastic strain ;
Herbert, wrapt in holy thought, and Dryden, pass and pass again.

Then a laugh that echoes strangely, tossed from pillar back
to wall,
And a noisy group rush gaily through the screens and past
the hall.

And amid them flashing, jeering, brilliant, bitter, wild with
spleen,
Byron—venting all his anger on some frigid senior Dean.

Sneering at some would-be Tully who had dared to raise
his eyes
To the most audacious limit of a “Declamation Prize !”

Then in some dark corner brooding stands in silent reverie
Porson, meditating canons on the use of οὐ and μὴ.

TRINITY CLOISTERS

And again—for thoughts, defying all the bounds of misty
years,
Crowd more thickly on my spirit, and my eyes are moist
with tears—

There I see him stand—the Princely—who shall never more
be seen

In the cloisters of our College, or the palace of our Queen.

Loved by all who knew him living, lost to all who mourn
him dead :

She bewails a parted Consort ; we lament a noble Head.

Rest his dust ! But what fair spirit would my lighter fancies
move ?

Ah ! 'tis true, that poet's adage, "Pity is akin to love."

All my "ancients" melt before it, unsubstantial shades of men
Melt into the cold mist, creeping slowly to me from the fen.

And my own, my loved one's image brightens, brightens in
my view,

And I trace the moments backward to the hour we kissed
"Adieu !"

Then I hurry to my chamber, nerved and strong for manly
toil,

Sowing in the fields of labour hope to reap love's harvest-
spoil.

Thus the hours pass into morning, till from Mary's belfry
height

Sounds, amid the cloister pillars, a most musical Good-night.

From *College Rhymes* VIII

Lent Term 1862

A. M.

Trinity College

ON THE DEATH OF WHEWELL

And, as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea,
So thou, dear Cam ! contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow ;
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.

From *Florelia*
1707 ?

ELIJAH FENTON
Jesus College
1683—1730

Gone from the rule that was questioned so rarely,
Gone from the seat where he laid down the law ;
Gaunt, stern, and stalwart, with broad brow set squarely
O'er the fierce eye, and the granite-hewn jaw.

No more the Great Court shall see him dividing
Surpliced crowds thick round the low chapel door ;
No more shall idlers shrink cowed from his chiding,
Senate-house cheers sound his honour no more.

Son of a hammer-man : right kin of Thor, he
Clove his way through, right onward, amain ;
Ruled when he'd conquered, was proud of his glory,—
Sledge-hammer smiter, in body and brain.

Sizar and Master,—unhasting, unresting ;
Each step a triumph, in fair combat won—
Rivals he faced like a strong swimmer breasting
Waves that, once grappled with, terrors have none.

Trinity marked him o'er-topping the crowd of
Heads and Professors, self-centred, alone :
Rude as his strength was, that strength she was proud of,
Body and mind, she knew all was her own.

ON THE DEATH OF WHEWELL

"Science his strength, and Omniscience his weakness,"
So *they* said of him, who envied his power;
Those whom he silenced with more might than meekness,
Carped at his back, in his face fain to cower.

Milder men's graces *might* in him be lacking,
Still he was honest, kind-hearted, and brave;
Never good cause looked in vain for his backing,
Fool he ne'er spared, but he never screened knave.

England should cherish all lives from beginning
Lowly as his to such honour that rise;
Lives, of fair running and straightforward winning,
Lives, that so winning, may boast of the prize.

They that in years past have chafed at his chiding,
They that in boyish mood strove 'gainst his sway,
Boys' hot blood cooled, boys' impatience subsiding,
Reverently think of "the Master" to-day.

Counting his courage, his manhood, his knowledge,
Counting the glory he won for us all,
Cambridge—not only his dearly loved College—
Mourns his seat empty in chapel and hall.

Lay him down here—in the dim ante-chapel,
Where *Newton's* statue looms ghostly and white,
Broad brow set rigid in thought mast'ring grapple,
Eyes that look upward for light—and more light.

So should he rest—not where daisies are growing:
Newton beside him, and over his head
Trinity's full tide of life, ebbing, flowing,
Morning and evening, as he lies dead.

Sailors sleep best within boom of the billow,
Soldiers in sound of the shrill trumpet call:
So his own Chapel his death-sleep should pillow,
Loved in his life-time with love beyond all.

TOM TAYLOR

From *Punch*, March 17, 1866

YE CRUELLE COXWAYNE

Ne yette ye fowlest monstre have I sunge
Which with hys creweltie doth us affryght:
Of hym I stryve to telle with prentice tonge;
Ye dredde of rowers alle:—ye cockswayne hight.
In sooth hee is a fiers and seely wight,
As ever tim'rous menne dyd quayle before:
In rayment warm and thycke is hee bedyght,
Ye while he joys to see us atte ye oare
Swinking alle lyghtlie cladde, til harte and hande be sore.

Smalle is hys guize; yette sternely doth he wreke
Hys wrath on any who from Rawleigh's weede
Dare in hys presense rayse ye comelie reeke,
Ne doth hee never piteous cravings heede,
Whenne for more beere in summer-tyde we plede;
But haught and stoure, as barron in hys halle,
With squeeky voyce, whereas in soarest neede
Of reste we pant inspyring, hee doth calle,
“Fyve! are you nerely redde? Look sharpe! Now rowe on
alle.”

Ah? what Hyrcanian tyger broughte thee forthe,
What amphisbaena of ye Lybian wylde,
What beare in forests of ye salvage Northe?
Certes, no gentle mother called thee chylde,
Ne hast thou never played with sisters mylde;
But some fowle fiende didde bryng thee from hys denne,
And us some spelle of grammarye beguyled.
But never shalt thou rule ower skyffe agenne,
Thou scorne of goddes above, and lothsome dredde of menne.

1867

From *The Light Blue*

COLUMNÆ ROSTRATÆ

On April 1, 1870 Cambridge, stroked by Mr Goldie, won the Boat Race for the first time for ten years. The Oxford stroke was Mr Darbishire.

I.¹ "Why is Oxford's proud column become so soon mouldy?"
"Twas of Darbishire spar; but our column is Goldie."

II. *Aurea nunc primum sunt saecula, plurimus auro*
Venit honos, auro conciliatur amor. OVID.

Goldie's is the luck to-day,
Goldie's is the glory:
Goldie's love will not say Nay,
When he tells the story.

III. *Kalendae Apriles.*

Ye backers bold of Oxford's luck
At four to six, I praise your pluck,
Though not of cash the netters;
To call you fools would not be fair;
On *All-fools'-Day* you only share
The folly of your Betters.

1870

OUTIS

AD CHLOEN, M.A.

(FRESH FROM HER CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION)

Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue,
 And your hose;
And your brow is like the snow,
And the various things you know
 Goodness knows.

And the rose-flush on your cheek,
And your algebra and Greek,
 Perfect are;
And that loving lustrous eye
Recognises in the sky
 Every star.

You have pouting piquant lips,
You can doubtless an eclipse
 Calculate;
But for your caerulean hue
I had certainly from you
 Met my fate.

If by an arrangement dual
I were Adams mixed with Whewell,
 Then some day
I, as wooer, perhaps might come
To so sweet an Artium
 Magistra.

CHLOE, M.A.,

AD AMANTEM SUUM

Careless rhymers, it is true
That my favourite colour's blue;
 But am I
To be made a victim, sir,
If to puddings I prefer
 Cambridge π ?

CHLOE, M.A.

If with giddier girls I play
Croquet through the summer day
 On the turf,
Then at night ('tis no great boon)
Let me study how the moon
 Sways the surf.
Tennyson's idyllic verse
Surely suits me none the worse
 If I seek
Old Sicilian birds and bees—
Music of sweet Sophocles—
 Golden Greek.
You have said my eyes are blue;
There may be a fairer hue
 Perhaps—and yet
It is surely not a sin
If I keep my secrets in
 Violet.

1871
From *Poems*

MORTIMER COLLINS

A SKETCH OF THE BOAT-PRACTICE

Thus have I seen, with *Ditton* full in View,
The hapless Student in a frail canoe
Start from his Dreams of Comfort at the Cry,
"The 'Varsity"—and Strength and Paddle ply:
Him, as he dashes sidelong to the Bank,
And gripes with both his hands the grasses lank,
The Coxswain stern, too full of Scorn to speak,
Avoids, avoids, yet ever seems to seek;
Each close at Hand his oar a Moment poises,
Dyed in a Strong Solution of Turquoises,
Then dips and strains it; rise on either Hand
Ridges obliquely refluxent to the Land;
The Shallop rocks.—"*Macgregor*" shrinks and twitches,
And feels the sousing Flood in all his Breeches.

1871
From *The Tatler*
in *Cambridge*

ARTHUR WOOLLGAR VERRALL
Trinity College
1851—

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE
BEING THE STORY OF A PASS EXAMINATION
BY BRED HARD

Hence awhile, severer Muses ;
Spare your slaves till drear October.
Hence ; for Alma Mater chooses
Not for ever to be sober :
But, like stately matron gray,
Calling child and grandchild round her,
Will for them at least be gay,
Share for once their holiday.

1862

From *The Inaugural Ode on
the Installation of the Duke of
Devonshire*

CHARLES KINGSLEY
Magdalene College
1819—1875

Which I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
And the same I would rise to explain.

I would also premise
That the term of Pass-ee
Most fitly applies,
As you probably see,
To one whose vocation is passing
The "ordinary B.A. degree."

Tom Crib was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply ;
But his face it was trustful and childlike,
And he had the most innocent eye.

Upon April the First
The Little-Go fell,
And that was the worst
Of the gentleman's sell,
For he fooled the Examining Body
In a way I'm reluctant to tell.

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE

The candidates came,
And Tom Crib soon appeared;
It was Euclid. The same
Was "the subject he feared";
But he smiled as he sat by the table
With a smile that was wary and weird.

Yet he did what he could,
And the papers he showed
Were remarkably good,
And his countenance glowed
With pride when I met him soon after
As he walked down the Trumpington Road.

We did not find him out,
Which I bitterly grieve,
For I've not the least doubt
That he'd placed up his sleeve
Mr. Todhunter's excellent Euclid,
The same with intent to deceive.

But I shall not forget
How the next day at two
A stiff paper was set
By Examiner U—
On Euripides' tragedy, Bacchae,
A subject Tom "partially knew."

But the knowledge displayed
By that heathen Pass-ee,
And the answers he made,
Were quite frightful to see,
For he rapidly floored the whole paper
By about twenty minutes to three.

Then I looked up at U—
And he gazed upon me;
I observed, "This won't do";
He replied, "Goodness me;
We are fooled by this artful young person,"
And he sent for that heathen Pass-ee.



Arthur C. Hilton

THE HEATHEN PASS-EE

The scene that ensued
Was disgraceful to view,
For the floor it was strewed
With a tolerable few
Of the "tips" that Tom Crib had been hiding
For the "subject he partially knew."

On the cuff of his shirt
He had managed to get
What we hoped had been dirt,
But which proved, I regret,
To be notes on the rise of the Drama,
A question invariably set.

In his various coats
We proceeded to seek,
Where we found sundry notes
And—with sorrow I speak—
One of Bohn's publications, so useful
To the student of Latin or Greek.

In the crown of his cap
Were the Furies and Fates,
And a delicate map
Of the Dorian States,
And we found in his palms, which were hollow,
What are frequent on palms,—that is dates.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for plots that are dark
And not always in vain,
The heathen Pass-ee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

1872

ARTHUR CLEMENTS HILTON
St John's College
1851—1877

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN

BY LOUISA CAROLINE

N.B. A *Vulture* is a rapacious and obscene bird, which destroys its prey by *plucking* it limb from limb with its powerful beak and talons.

A *Husbandman* is a man in a low rank of life, who supports himself by the use of the *plough*. JOHNSON'S *Dictionary*.

The rain was raining cheerfully,
As if it had been May,
The Senate-House appeared inside
Unusually gay;
And this was strange, because it was
A Viva-Voce day.

The men were sitting sulkily,
Their paper work was done,
They wanted much to go away
To ride or row or run;
"It's very rude," they said, "to keep
Us here and spoil our fun."

The papers they had finished lay
In piles of blue and white,
They answered everything they could,
And wrote with all their might,
But though they wrote it all by rote,
They did not write it right.

The Vulture and the Husbandman
Beside these piles did stand;
They wept like anything to see
The work they had in hand;
"If this were only finished up,"
Said they, "it would be grand!"

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN

"If seven D's or seven C's
We give to all the crowd,
Do you suppose," the Vulture said,
"That we could get them ploughed?"
"I think so," said the Husbandman,
"But pray don't talk so loud."

"Oh, Undergraduates, come up,"
The Vulture did beseech,
"And let us see if you can learn
As well as we can teach;
We cannot do with more than two,
To have a word with each."

Two Undergraduates came up,
And slowly took a seat;
They knit their brows, and bit their thumbs,
As if they found them sweet;
And this was odd, because you know
Thumbs are not good to eat.

"The time has come," the Vulture said,
"To talk of many things—
Of Accidence and Adjectives,
And names of Jewish kings;
How many notes a sackbut has,
And whether shawms have strings."

"Please, Sir," the Undergraduates said,
Turning a little blue,
"We did not know that was the sort
Of thing we had to do."
"We thank you much," the Vulture said;
"Send up another two."

Two more came up, and then two more,
And more, and more, and more;
And some looked upwards at the roof,
Some down upon the floor,
But none were any wiser than
The pair that went before.

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN

"I weep for you," the Vulture said;
 "I deeply sympathize!"
With sobs and tears he gave them all
 D's of the largest size,
While at the Husbandman he winked
 One of his streaming eyes.

"I think," observed the Husbandman,
 "We're getting on too quick;
Are we not putting down the D's
 A little bit too thick?"
The Vulture said with much disgust,
 "Their answers make me sick."

"Now, Undergraduates," he cried,
 "Our fun is nearly done;
Will anybody else come up?"
 But answer came there none;
And this was scarcely odd, because
 They'd ploughed them every one!

1872

ARTHUR CLEMENTS HILTON

TOWN AND GOWN

A CHARADE

On pinnaced St Mary's
Lingers the setting sun ;
Into the streets the blackguards
Are skulking one by one :
Butcher and Boots and Bargeman
Lay pipe and pewter down,
And with wild shout come tumbling out
To join the Town and Gown.

And now the undergraduates
Come forth by twos and threes,
From the broad gate of Trinity,
From the green gate of Caius :
The wily bargeman marks them,
And swears to do his worst ;
To turn to impotence their strength,
And their beauty to *my first*.

But before Corpus gateway
My second first arose,
When Barnacles the Freshman
Was pinned upon the nose :
Pinned on the nose by Boxer,
Who brought a hobnailed herd
From Barnwell, where he kept a van,
Being indeed a dogsmeat man,
Vendor of terriers, blue or tan,
And dealer in *my third*.

'Twere long to tell how Boxer
Was "countered" on the cheek,
And knocked into the middle
Of the ensuing week :
How Barnacles the Freshman
Was asked his name and college ;
And how he did the fatal facts
Reluctantly acknowledge.

TOWN AND GOWN

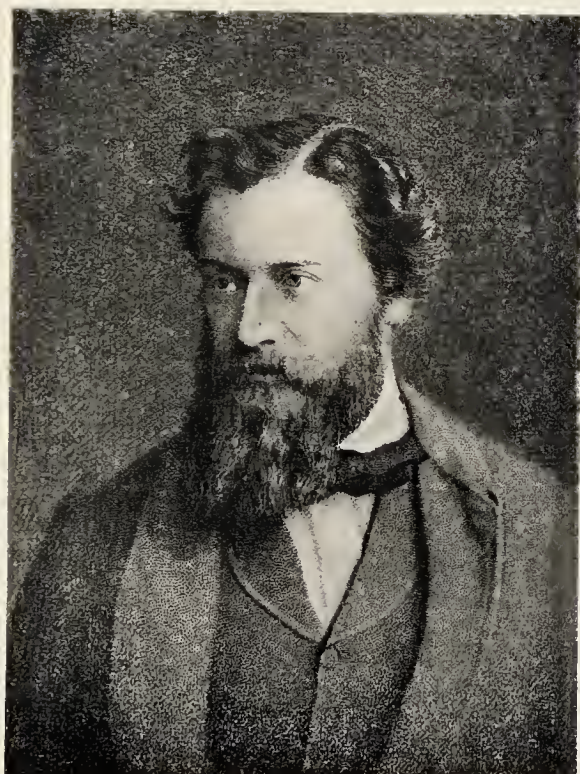
He called upon the Proctor
Next day at half-past ten;
Men whispered that the Freshman cut
A different figure then :—
That the brass forsook his forehead,
The iron fled his soul,
As with blanched lip and visage wan
Before the stony-hearted Don
He kneeled upon *my whole*.

Answer "Marrowbones"

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY
Christ's College
1831—1884

"HIC VIR, HIC EST"

Often, when o'er tree and turret,
Eve a dying radiance flings,
By that ancient pile I linger
Known familiarly as "King's."
And the ghosts of days departed
Rise, and in my burning breast
All the undergraduate wakens,
And my spirit is at rest.
What, but a revolting fiction,
Seems the actual result
Of the Census's enquiries
Made upon the 15th ult.?
Still my soul is in its boyhood;
Nor of year or changes recks,
Though my scalp is almost hairless,
And my figure grows convex.
Backward moves the kindly dial;
And I'm numbered once again
With those noblest of their species
Called emphatically "Men":
Loaf, as I have loafed aforetime,
Through the streets, with tranquil mind,
And a long-backed fancy-mongrel
Trailing casually behind:



C. S. Calverley

“HIC VIR, HIC EST”

Past the Senate-house I saunter,
Whistling with an easy grace ;
Past the cabbage-stalks that carpet
Still the beefy market-place ;
Poising evermore the eye-glass
In the light sarcastic eye,
Lest, by chance, some breezy nursemaid
Pass, without a tribute, by.

Once, an unassuming Freshman,
Thro' these wilds I wandered on,
Seeing in each house a College,
Under every cap a Don :
Each perambulating infant
Had a magic in its squall,
For my eager eye detected
Senior Wranglers in them all.

By degrees my education
Grew, and I became as others ;
Learned to blunt my moral feelings
By the aid of Bacon Brothers :
Bought me tiny boots of Mortlock,
And colossal prints of Roe ;
And ignored the proposition
That both time and money go.

Learned to work the wary dogcart
Artfully thro' King's Parade ;
Dress, and steer a boat, and sport with
Amaryllis in the shade :
Struck, at Brown's, the dashing hazard ;
Or (more curious sport than that)
Dropped, at Callaby's, the terrier
Down upon the prisoned rat.

I have stood serene on Fenner's
Ground, indifferent to blisters,
While the Buttress of the period
Bowled me his peculiar twisters :
Sung “We won't go home till morning” ;
Striven to part my backhair straight ;
Drunk (not lavishly) of Miller's
Old dry wines at 78/ :—

“HIC VIR, HIC EST”

When within my veins the blood ran,
And the curls were on my brow,
I did, oh ye undergraduates,
Much as ye are doing now.
Wherefore bless ye, O beloved ones:—
Now unto mine inn must I,
Your “poor moralist¹,” betake me,
In my “solitary fly.”

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY

IN MEMORIAM

“Tumulo Licinus jacet”

Time, whose sure scythe brings to an end all,
Mows down our last of barbers Bendall,
Whose hand and foot like lightning sped,
As wig he trimmed and chin and head—
Who waked us—on occasion bled—
And shaved our lazy ones in bed.
The sole surviving college barber
We, Peterhouse, no longer harbour;
For he, who others shaved without
A scar, himself is clean shaved out.
Clotho has spun his thread of years,
And Lachesis not interferes,
So Atropus has ta'en his shears,
Shears, sharper than her own, and shorn
The feeble yarn, at length outworn.
Greet, chafer, bason, powder, pole,
Comb, napkin, soap, the good old soul—
Greet him all Barbers' solemnly
Incorporated Company,
Before whom ye have reached the goal.

¹ “Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly.”

GRAY.

IN MEMORIAM

Ye shades of Barns and Smyth of old
Whom oft he powdered, oft he polled,
Vouchsafe to him your welcome best
Within the islands of the blest—
We bid his gentle spirit rest.

In Peterhouse not fruitlessly
At students' doors did Bendall knock.
Not trulier told the hour than he
The chapel bell—the chapel clock.
Now at St Peter's gate he stands
His task here done, his wages ta'en.
He knocks, and with uplifted hands
Asks entrance—nor asks he in vain.

1875

RICHARD SHILLETO
Peterhouse
1809—1876

ON REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

I have a debt of my heart's own to thee,
School of my soul! old lime and cloister shade!
Which I, strange suitor, should lament to see
Fully acquitted and exactly paid.
The first ripe taste of manhood's best delights,
Knowledge imbibed, while mind and heart agree,
In sweet belated talk on winter nights,
With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me;—
Such things I owe thee, and not only these:
I owe thee the far-beaconing memories
Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
Of life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
Now cast their brightness from the farther side
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.

Published 1876

LORD HOUGHTON
Trinity College
1809—1885

ON REVISITING CAMBRIDGE
AFTER A LONG ABSENCE ON THE CONTINENT

Nor few, nor poor in beauty, my resorts
In foreign climes,—nor negligent or dull
My observation, but these long-left courts
I still find beautiful, most beautiful !
And fairly are they more so than before ;
For to my eye, fresh from a southern land,
They wear the colouring of the scenes of yore,
And the old Faith that made them here to stand.
I paint the very students as they were,
Not the men-children of these forward days,
But mild-eyed boys just risen from their knees,
While, proud as angels of their holy care,
Following the symbol-vested priest, they raise
The full response of antique litanies.

1876
From *Poems*

LORD HOUGHTON

ST JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE

Your Halls, your ancient Colleges,
Your portals statued, with old Kings and Queens,
Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries,
Wax-lighted chapels, and rich-carven screens ;
Your solemn organ-pipes that blow
Melodious thunders through your vacant courts
At noon and eve.

I stand beneath the tree, whose branches shade
Thy western window, Chapel of St John !
And hear its leaves repeat thy benison
On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid ;
Then I remember one of whom was said
In the world's darkest hour, "Behold thy son !"
And see him living still, and wandering on
And waiting for the advent long delayed.
Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you for evermore !"

1878

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
1807—1882

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

But, as the present chronicle expires,
The writer asks one boon, and so retires ;
That on some pleasant evenings, when you're freed
From toil and care, and these brief records read,
In thought you will the path of life retrace,
And hear once more the voice, and see the face
Of many an old companion, then so young,
With whom you've acted, laughed, and danced, and sung.
Then, as you watch the fragrant cloud ascend,
Distance enchantment to the view shall lend,
While, as you close the book, and cease to read,
You'll murmur, "Those were happy days indeed !"
The coffee finished, sip your *Eau de vie*,
And, from your heart, cry, "*Floreat A. D. C. !*"

1879

SIR FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND
Trinity College
1837—

VALE !

In the struggle and the strife
Where the problems of our life
All were new,
Alma Mater, thou hast stood
As our standard of the Good
And the True.

From *Songs after Work*

LOUIS MAGEE

I thought to wander in the pleasant groves
Wherein Apollo and the Muses dwell,
And where the sound of song for ever roves,
Fed with deep draughts from that Pierian well ;
For these old Homer weaves another song,
And Dante chants his mystic melodies,
And fair-haired Milton, freed from earthly wrong,
No longer blind, with deep immortal eyes.
But me, compelled to tread a harder way,
On-rushing Time doth ravish of delight,
And few there be that reach the fuller day ;
Yet sometimes in my winter shall the light
Of that eternal summer far away
Break on the gloom with rays of memory bright.

From *The Cambridge Review*

1879

THE LITTLEGO

So that fair Cam saw thee matriculate,
At once a tyro and a graduate.

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618—1648

(Air : *Kaphoozelum*)

When I was young and wholly free
From any vice, however nice,
And did not yet aspire to be
Where men of beer and skittle go,
My young idea used to shoot,
Secure and gay, from day to day,
Until I met that hideous brute,
The fiend-descended Littlego.

Chorus

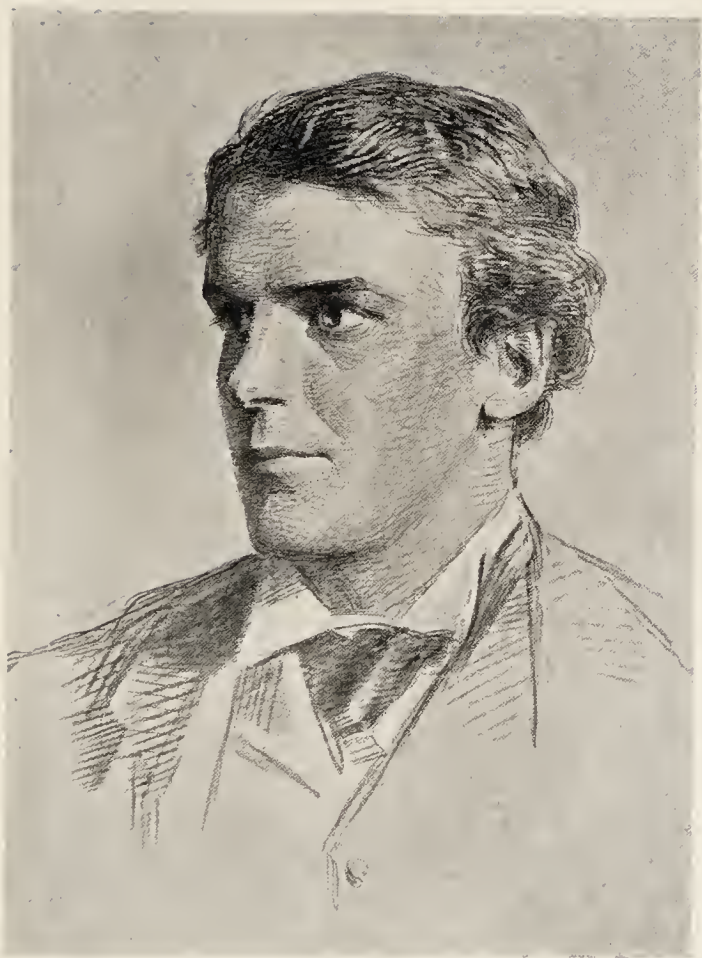
Oh ! the Littlego, the Littlego, the Littlego !
Oh ! the Littlego, the daughter of the Devil !

Alas ; poor victims that we are,
Who sport beside the Cam's clear tide,
Before we get us to the Bar,
To Church or to Hospital go,
We study Mr Paley's views,
We have to deal with yards of steel,
We likewise woo the tragic muse,
And all to pass the Littlego.

Chorus

I too, like other men, was coached,
Was duly packed with fact on fact,
And then that awful hall approached
Where all who live by victual go :
They ploughed me once, they ploughed me twice,
I won't say when those cruel men
Desisted, but let this suffice :
I *did* get through the Littlego.

Chorus



James Kenneth Stephen

THE LITTLEGO

I feel inclined to prophesy
That this effete and obsolete
And hydra-headed pest will die
And to perdition it'll go :
They'll substitute for complex plans
Incontinent abolishment,
And only antiquarians
Will care about the Littlego.

Chorus

But still at that appalling hour
When churchyards gape, a hideous shape
Behind me moved, by unseen power,
Like some debauched bandit 'll go :
Enveloped in a Paley sheet,
It waves on high an $x + y$,
And dogs me down each dismal street—
The spectre of the Littlego.

Chorus

1880

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN
King's College
1859—1892

THE KING'S BOAT CLUB

LENT, 1880

(Air: *It's a fine hunting day*)

On a damp windy day
In tempestuous May,
In a most insufficient attire,
What a pleasure to row
For a furlong or so,
And to glow with a patriot's fire :
There is glory to win in the fray,
There are crowds to applaud all the way,
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree,
If we all go out every day.

THE KING'S BOAT CLUB

Chorus

Let's all go out every day
From now till the middle of May!
We shall very soon be
At the top of the tree
If we all go out every day.

By the top of the tree,
As I think you must see,
It's the head of the river I mean:
An appropriate place
For our vessel to grace
At which she will shortly be seen:
There are still a few boats in the way,
But Rome is not built in a day,
And I have not a doubt
We shall bring it about
If we all go out every day.

Chorus

Says our captain, says he:—
"May you all of you be
Dissected and roasted and skinned:
Five rowed with his back
In the shape of a sack
And then, when I swore at him, grinned:
Six, get those hands sharper away!
Keep your eyes in the boat there, I say!
Now get on to it, do!
Get that body down, Two!
Your time's worse than ever to-day."

Chorus

Both our Tutors are there,
Neither pleasure nor care
Can keep them away from the scene:
And who shouteth so loud
In that jubilant crowd
As each blown but uproarious Dean?

THE KING'S BOAT CLUB

The Provost brings down Mrs A,
Who runs a good part of the way;
Our Proctor¹ himself
Throws his bands on the shelf
And dismisses his staff for the day.

Chorus

1880

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

TO C. S. C.

Oh, when the grey courts of Christ's College glowed
With all the rapture of thy frequent lay,
When printers' devils chuckled as they strode,
And blithe compositors grew loudly gay :
Did Granta realise that here abode,
Here in the home of Milton, Wordsworth, Gray,
A poet not unfit to cope with any
That ever wore the bays or turned a penny ?

The wit of smooth delicious Matthew Prior,
The rhythmic grace which Hookham Frere displayed,
The summer lightning wreathing Byron's lyre,
The neat inevitable turns of Praed,
Rhymes to which Hudibras could scarce aspire,
Such metric pranks as Gilbert oft has played,
All these good gifts and others far sublimer
Are found in thee, beloved Cambridge rhymers.

And scholarship as sound as his whose name
Matched thine (he lives to mourn, alas, thy death,
And now enjoys the plenitude of fame,
And oft to crowded audience lectureth,
Or writes to prove religion is the same
As science, unbelief a form of faith):—
Ripe scholar ! Virgil's self would not be chary
Of praises for thy *Carmen Seculare*.

¹ Altered later to "Oscar Browning."

TO C. S. C.

Whene'er I take my "pint of beer" a day,
I "gaze into my glass" and think of thee:
When smoking, after "lunch is cleared away,"
Thy face amid the cloud I seem to see;
When "that sweet mite with whom I used to play,"
Or "Araminta," or "the fair Miss P."
Recur to me, I think upon thy verses,
Which still my beating heart and quench my curses.

Ah, Calverley! if in these lays of mine
Some sparkle of thy radiant genius burned,
Or were in any poem—stanza—line
Some faint reflection of thy muse discerned:
If any critic would remark in fine
"Of C. S. C. this gentle art he learned";
I should not then expect my book to fail,
Nor have my doubts about a decent sale.

1891

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

From *Lapsus Calami*

ON THE KING'S PARADE

As I was waiting for the tardy tram,
I met what purported to be a man.
What seemed to pass for its material frame,
The semblance of a suit of clothes had on,
Fit emblem of the grand sartorial art
And worthy of a more sublime abode.
Its coat and waistcoat were of weird design
Adapted to the fashion's latest whim.
I think it wore an Athenaeum tie.
White flannels draped its too ethereal limbs
And in its vacant eye there glared a glass.

In vain for this poor derelict of flesh,
Void of the spirit it was built to house,
Have classic poets tuned their deathless lyre,
Astute historians fingered mouldering sheets

ON THE KING'S PARADE

And reared a palace of sententious truth.
In vain has y been added unto x ,
In vain the mighty decimal unrolled,
Which strives indefinitely to be π .
In vain the palpitating frog has groaned
Beneath the licensed knife: in vain for this
The surreptitious corpse been disinterred
And forced, amid the disinfectant fumes,
To yield its secrets to philosophy.
In vain the stress and storm of politics
Beat round this empty head: in vain the priest
Pronounces loud anathemas: the fool
In vain remarks upon the fact that God
Is missing in the world of his belief.
Vain are the problems whether space, or time,
Or force, or matter can be said to be:
Vain are the mysteries of Melchisedec,
And vain Methuselah's unusual years.

It had a landlady I make no doubt;
A friend or two as vacant as itself;
A kitchen-bill; a thousand cigarettes;
A dog which knew it for the fool it was.
Perhaps it was a member of the Union,
Who votes as often as he does not speak,
And "recommends" as wildly as he spells.
Its income was as much beyond its merits
As less than its inane expenditure.
Its conversation stood to common sense
As stands the *Sporting Times* (its favourite print)
To wit or humour. It was seldom drunk,
But seldom sober when it went to bed.

The mean contents of these superior clothes
Where they but duly trained by careful hands,
And castigated with remorseless zeal,
Endowed with purpose, gifted with a mind,
And taught to work, or play, or talk, or laugh,
Might possibly aspire—I do not know—
To pass, in time, for what they dare to scorn,
An ordinary undergraduate.

ON THE KING'S PARADE

What did this thing crawling 'twixt heaven and earth,
Amid the network of our grimy streets?
What end was it intended to subserve,
What lowly mission fashioned to neglect?
It did not seem to wish for a degree,
And what its object was I do not know,
Unless it was to catch the tardy tram.

1891

JAMES KENNETH STEPHEN

A WREATH

The wreath is woven, may its fragrance steal,
Sweet as the breath of lilies in the Spring,
From where the far-famed city brinks the Cam,
Eastward and westward, bearing rich perfume
Of buds of Hope and Beauty, and perchance
Wafting its odours down the stream of Song.

From *A Wreath of Songs* by the
Cambridge Lotos Club
1880

A FAREWELL TO CAMBRIDGE

Six years ago I went, full high desire,
Full ardent zeal, full youthful fire,
To search those springs I deemed had overflow
Of truth and culture high and low.
Methought, youth drank like academic bees
From Granta's flowers long draughts of these,
Which for the space of three years being hived,
Might form a store e'en so long-lived
As its collector's self.

Methought to hear high themes in ancient halls,
Hallowed by age and name; whose walls
For centuries had seen young minds expand
To be thought rulers of our land.
Here courtly Spenser rhymed, here Milton wrote,
Here Wordsworth idling learnt the note
Which raised him to the pinnacle of fame;
Here the self-conscious Byron came,
With self-destroying soul.

* * * *

How quickly was the fatal truth revealed,
How long before the wound was healed!
Great were they, for they great to Granta came,
And great *by chance* they left the name.
Nought for such men had wrought her life, her thought,
Each for himself the problem sought,
Alone, alone had solved.

* * * *

Farewell! we part, and though I fain would see
Changes that may not, cannot be,
It well may hap, that in a later day
Of light some stronger, brighter ray
May strike thy gloomy halls and pass within
To fructify the germs therein.
And on that day I should in error fall,
And if I named them bigots all,
Be bigot most myself.

From *The Cambridge Review*

LOKI

CAMBRIDGE MEMORIES

And hath that early hope been blest with truth ?
Hath he fulfilled the promise of his youth ?
And borne unscathed through danger's stormy field
Honour's bright wreath and virtue's stainless shield ?

FREDERIC WILLIAM FARRAR

Trinity College

1831—1903

All hail, ye dear familiar towers,
Rising before me like a dream,
Dreamt long ago amid the bowers
Which shade that classic stream.

On trees and battlements I gaze,
Till through a veil of gathering tears
I dimly see the purple haze
Of far-off happy years.

Under those studious walls I walked
With buoyant step, when life was young,
And Hope beside me gaily talked,
And birds around me sung.

The pleasant flutter of the gown
I feel as in the bygone time,
In grassy court, or quiet town,
Or avenue of lime.

Once more beneath the dim expanse
Of fretted roof I hear the roll
Of organ, wave and wave, advance
And flood my raptured soul.

Once more I greet the mighty shade
Of Newton toiling in his tower,
Or glorious Milton as he strayed
In youth's fresh morning hour.

With cherished friend I thrid the gloom
Of college cloister as of yore ;
Or hour by hour in lonely room
O'er learning's page I pore.

CAMBRIDGE MEMORIES

With eager crowds beneath the feet
Of saint or sage I take my place,
And gather flowers of wisdom sweet
The after-years to grace.

Hail then, ye dear familiar towers,
Sacred to learning and to truth,
Amid whose academic bowers
Dwell England's choicest youth.

Long may ye flourish as of old,
With sister-towers, a goodly band,
The light of life on high to hold,
And pour it o'er the Land!

1873
From *Wood-notes*

RICHARD WILTON († 1903)
St Catharine's College

CAMBRIDGE DAYS

The precious years we spent at Catharine Hall,
How dear their distant memory! when the dew
Of youth was on us, and the unclouded blue
Above us, and Hope waved her wings o'er all.
The ancient elms, green Court, and tinkling call
Of Chapel-bell; gowns flitting o'er the view
To Hall or Lecture, even the dingy hue
Of College-front—how fondly we recall.
Our strolls in gardens or by winding river,
The famous men we heard, the books we read,
The dreams we dreamt—will make us one for ever;
Nor time nor place nor circumstance can render
Our hearts indifferent to those years long fled,
With their rich store of recollections tender.

circa 1873
From *Lyra Pastoralis*

RICHARD WILTON

CAMBRIDGE FROM A DISTANCE
ON RECEIVING *THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW*
WHEN ABROAD

Far from the old Cam's banks my work I found
Sickening, monotonous ;—failing of my aim—
My soul with bright ideals and visions aflame
Was beaten down into a weary round ;—
Was this the end of all ?—Despair then wound
Slowly his coils about me, when there came,
To cheer my fainting heart, to chide and blame
My foolish fears, that name of welcome sound.

Dear memories of old familiar places
Stirred by those pages—news I longed to hear,—
And noble words, and names that call up faces
Grown sacred by long absence,—bringing again
High hopes and purpose, learnt when you were near :—
Now up ! and welcome life, and work, and pain !

From *The Cambridge Review*, 1881

A FAREWELL
(AFTER HEINE)

The sad rain falls from Heaven,
A sad bird pipes and sings ;
I am sitting here at my window,
And watching the spires of "King's."
O fairest of all fair places,
Sweetest of all sweet towns !
With the birds, and the greyness and greenness,
And the men in caps and gowns.
All they that dwell within thee,
To leave are ever loth,
For one man gets friends, and another
Gets honour, and one gets both.
The sad rain falls from Heaven ;
My heart is great with woe—
I have neither a friend nor honour,
Yet I am sorry to go.

1881

AMY LEVY
Newnham College

ALMA MATER

A haunted town thou art to me.

ANDREW LANG.

To-day in Florence all the air
Is soft with spring, with sunlight fair;
In the tall street gay folks are met;
Duomo and Tower gleam overhead,
Like jewels in the city set,
Fair-hued and many-faceted.
Against the old grey stones are piled
February violets, pale and sweet,
Whose scent of earth in woodland wild
Is wafted up and down the street.
The city's heart is glad; my own
Sits lightly on its bosom's throne.

* * * *

Why is it that I see to-day,
Imaged as clear as in a dream,
A little city far away,
A churlish sky, a sluggish stream,
Tall clust'ring trees and gardens fair,
Dark birds that circle in the air,
Grey towers and fanes; on either hand,
Stretches of wind-swept meadow-land?

* * * *

Oh, who can sound the human breast?
And this strange truth must be confessed;
That city do I love the best
Wherein my heart was heaviest!

AMY LEVY

CAMBRIDGE IN THE LONG

Where drowsy sound of college-chimes
Across the air is blown,
And drowsy fragrance of the limes,
I lie and dream alone.

A dazzling radiance reigns o'er all—
O'er gardens densely green,
O'er old grey bridges and the small
Slow flood which slides between.

This is the place ; it is not strange,
But known of old and dear.—
What went I forth to seek ? The change
Is mine ; why am I here ?

Alas, in vain I turned away,
I fled the town in vain ;
The strenuous life of yesterday
Calleth me back again.

And was it peace I came to seek ?
Yet here, where memories throng,
Ev'n here, I know the past is weak,
I know the present strong.

This drowsy fragrance, silent heat,
Suit not my present mind,
Whose eager thought goes out to meet
The life it left behind.

Spirit with sky to change ; such hope,
An idle one we know ;
Unship the oars, make loose the rope,
Push off the boat and go

Ah, would what binds me could have been
Thus loosened at a touch !
This pain of living is too keen,
Of loving, is too much.

From *A London Plane-Tree*
1889

AMY LEVY

LINES ON A FIRST EVENING IN KING'S CHAPEL

The chapel-bells
 Call'd us: we left the walks; we mixt with those
 Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,
 Before two streams of white from wall to wall,
 While the great organ almost burst his pipes,
 Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court
 A long melodious thunder to the sound
 Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies.

From *The Princess* 1847

ALFRED TENNYSON

Within a carven niche of Western wall
 I sit, and watch afar a white robed choir
 Pass into light, as some lost soul might gaze
 Thro' dark'ning portals, into Paradise.

The sunset of the windows is one night;
 But, lingering softly in a thousand cells,
 And endless maze of fairy tracery,
 A radiance, as of dying summer day,
 Streams over capital, arch, and capital,
 And even brightens down to that dark bar
 That cuts their shining shafts: and lo! above,
 Two giant horns of darkness, angel-tipped,
 And charged with sleeping thunder.

All is still:

Save where from far beyond is borne the hum
 Of measured voices following measured voice,
 While nearer, louder, ever and anon,
 A solemn answer peals, and dies away.

Again a pause, and waiting eyes look up
 To those twin angels keeping watch on high:
 For their dumb trumpets speak—and now at last
 Stately and slow, an even melody,
 Wave after wave, rolls forth; and on its breast,
 Clear as the sunbeam, pure as throstle's note,
 A cherub voice, that trills, and shakes and falls,
 In time with that deep pulse that throbs below,
 Or, surging high to that vast canopy,
 Whose endless echoes steal the wand'ring strain,
 Fades, but to rise again more full, more clear
 In some high burst of triumph or of praise,

LINES ON A FIRST EVENING IN KING'S CHAPEL

Or tender tones of pity or of prayer,
Thrilling the darkness, ravishing ear and soul
In one deep ecstasy, and now 'tis lost
(Not lost, but ever and anon, above
Still flushing, like the ripples on a stream)
In other voices joining all the chains
Of harmony, till one full tide of song
Flows on that fuller yet and louder swells,
Till whelmed from hearing, 'neath a mightier sea:
For all the winds, the spirits of the storm
Man's art has prisoned in those brazen bars,
Are loosed at once with multitudinous roar
That mocks the crash of tempest on a cliff
Rock-bound, or that great anvil's angry clang
When Vulcan forged the bolts that shook the world.

Now softly, sweetly floats upon the ear
The first mild murmur of the waking waves
When Zephyr whispers: but the fancy flies:
High up a solitary clarion shrills
A challenge to the deep, that low replies
With roll of bars that stalks along the roof,
A march of gods triumphant. Hark! again:
A thousand trumpets speak in that fierce blast!
A second louder, fiercer! and the last
A thunderclap.

And on the panting air
Steals forth soft piping of a single flute,
That swells into a myriad nightingales,
And ever shriller higher, while below
Still mutter chords of thund'rous undertone:
Till wrought through many a fugue, and pathless maze
Of matchless harmony, those thousand tongues
Speak but one language and their mighty strain
Rolls to its close, and dies in majesty.

Light footsteps echo on the chequered floor
And fade into the night, but nevermore
Though from this sacred silence I depart,
Shall that almighty charm pass from my heart.

From *The Cambridge Review*
Feb. 15, 1882

G.

AFTERNOON CHAPEL

Cloud overhead and darkening of the skies,
Yet the glow lingers on the pictured panes;
Reluctantly the gold and ruby wanes
From robes of saints and royal blazonries.
So let the monotones of prayer arise,
And the choir's music, louder than the rain's,
Blend with the organ. Though the wind complains,
Without the windows still its wailing dies.
But we must leave at length the goodly fane,
And as the closing of the carven door
Shuts in the vision of the shrine dim-lit,
We meet the passionate weeping of the rain;
The wind's old wail is louder than before,
And nothing in the music answers it.

1884
From *Poems*

ARTHUR REED ROPES
King's College

ON THE BRIDGE

All the storm has rolled away,
Only now a cloud or two
Drifts in ragged disarray
Over the deep darkened blue;
And the risen golden moon
Shakes the shadows of the trees
Round the river's stillnesses
And the birdsong of the June.
Under me the current glides,
Brown and deep and dimly lit,
Soundless save against the sides
Of the arch that narrows it;
And the only sound that grieves
Is a noise that never stops,
Footsteps of the falling drops
Down the ladders of the leaves.

1884

ARTHUR REED ROPES

IN CHAPEL

O academic preacher, rest, and spare
 Thy pious platitudes, nor half-intone
 The words that up to the vast vaulting drone
And mingle with their echoes in the air,
Till the long murmur eddies everywhere
 Down from each great rose-carven central stone
 To vex my dreaming mind, that now has grown
To more a mood of poetry than prayer;
For over glories of the gleaming pane
 There flits a face that here no hand might paint,
 Too fair for any loveless sinless saint:
And a sound haunts me like the sweet refrain
 Of some old lay of love, that ever stirs
 Across the chanting of the choristers.

1884

ARTHUR REED ROPES

A BALLADE OF DITTON

Muse, give me the power to relate,
In verse that shall sparkle and glow,
What throngs pay the toll at the gate,
And walk on the banks to and fro !
If half of my poem or so
I could crib like the present Lord Lytton,
I might venture to picture the show
When we're all in the meadow at Ditton.

"Dear, is that the 'Varsity Eight
In black and light blue?" "O dear no ;
That is Sidney, I think. You must wait ;
You can tell them by seeing them row."
And so the girls talk as they go,
With about as much sense as a kitten,
But it makes the proceedings less slow
When we're all in the meadow at Ditton.

At last come the races, and great
Is the cheering of friend and of foe ;
Then twilight suggests it is late,
And the throng melts to nothing like snow.
Young lovers go homeward in woe,
And feeling confoundedly smitten,
For somebody else is the beau
When we're all in the meadow at Ditton.

ENVOI

Fair maids, do not look high and low
For the minstrel by whom this was written ;
It's the time of the races, you know,
When we're all in the meadow at Ditton.

1884

From *The May Bee*

OCCASIONS

The days that in the folded past
Are beautiful, God made them so ;
It was no hand of ours that cast
The tender seed and bade it blow.

That day when soaring hope was crowned—
Was crowned beyond her best desire,
The happy spirit searching found
But ashes where she dreamed of fire.

The hours we plotted long and late
To cleanse from all unworthy fears,
And cram with pleasures, weeping sate,
And would not lift their head for tears.

But thrilling memory still recalls
How once unwillingly we came
From dim delights of studious halls
Half petulant and half in shame ;

And passed through many a village bower
Of autumn, red with russet blooms,
Till underneath the sombre tower
That overhangs the place of tombs,

We heard high up the hoarse chime tell
The hour ; and dost remember, friend,
How sober-suited evening fell
About the woods of Audley End ?

1884

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON
King's College

WICKEN FEN

Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes
Angulus ridet.

“Five miles from anywhere!”—I see
The far-removed hostelry
That o’er the fen with cheery light
My early footsteps did invite;
Still whisper soft those wakeful leaves
Twinkling beneath the thatched eaves,
Tho’ Eurys once with angry stride
Robbed the green giant of half his pride.

And what hath been the mystic spell
That lured my fancy to this cell?
’Tis there the daedal earth is drest
With all that Nature broiders best;
There dwells the water-lily, queen
Of pearly Flora’s wide demesne,
Nor heeds Apollo’s archery
Tho’ vertical he’s throned on high,
And all the hills are wrapped in haze
That grassy Wicken’s height surveys;
There breathes the scent of meadow-sweet
About the purple loose-strife’s seat,
And flowery rushes float among
The pipy hemlock’s tangled throng,
And sedgebirds sing, and o’er the waste
Yon insect guides his amber haste.

But when the purple summer’s past,
And Boreas with sleety blast
Is blown upon the frozen mere
With death-bells of the dying year;
When to their sanctuary nigh
Athwart the orange-bosomed sky
Slant companies of mallards stream,
And bitterns boom, and plovers scream;
Then draw we round the ingle bright,
Or e’er we bid a last good-night,
And brim the joyful bowl, and tell
How Hereward gained the Dyke so well,
When Ely’s monks lit Burwell’s breach,
And Saxon earls were lords of Reche.

1885

From *Novae Arundines*

HERBERT HAILSTONE

Peterhouse

1848—1896

ERASMUS'S WALK

The dog-star burns ; prithee, bring out thy book,
Pale student, and invite a noon's repose.
Beneath yon elms, whose airy porticoes
Weep their dark shadows o'er the dimpled brook.
Dost mark how from the bridge his baited hook
The fisher-boy, a busy truant, throws ?
Dost list how sweet the water that o'erflows ?
'Twas for such tender haunts that one forsook
His father-land, Erasmus : sure the grove
So musical with summer's harmony
Oft called him from his studious tow'r to rove ;
And, as old Camus crept along the lea,
Oft he bethought him of his ancient love,
And of the noises of the Northern Sea.

1885

HERBERT HAILSTONE

From *Poems of Nature*

ON KING'S BRIDGE

The tired earth slumbers in the arms of night,
The queenly moon keeps vigil, while I gaze
Upon the drowsy river : softly plays
The myriad smile of God's unfathomed light
O'er its slow ripples : from the azure height
The wind, that stirs the winter-woven lace
Of branches broidered on the sky, conveys
A message from the Heaven-Father, bright
With promised bounty. Let me dream awhile ;
Though Earth be dark with sin and pain and death,
Heaven's light is o'er me, as the zephyr's breath
Murmurs joy-laden, and from yon mighty pile,
Where solemn shadow folds the hoary shrine,
An angel presence ceaseth not to shine.

From *The Cambridge Review*
April 29, 1885

JAMES HOPE MOULTON
King's College

BOURN BROOK : SUMMER

Still stream, from every toil and care remote,
Where the faint breeze has long since dropped and died,
And the thick shades that on thy surface float
Make it most sweet to linger at thy side ;
Where, unafraid, the lapwing sounds his note
And, undisturbed, the wild fowl past us glide :—
'Tis half a sin to push on with our boat
And break the stillness of thy silent tide !
How oft, a child, I wandered down the glade
Pressing, the flowers upon thy banks to pull ;
How oft, a boy, upon thy banks I played
And started at thy stillness—fancy-full.
But now these fancies into nothing fade—
I only know that thou art beautiful.

1885

From *The Cambridge*
Independent Press

CHARLES SAYLE
New College Oxford,
and St John's College

ANGULUS TERRARUM

Within the grey encircling walls
The sun leads on another day,
Where quiet leisure hourly calls
Her votary from the world away.
Philosophy shall lap us round,
To dream of spheres where all is well,
Not troubled by the uncertain sound
Of those that prate of heaven and hell.
Grave history shall ply her arts,
To show us, from the storied page,
That Science cannot harden hearts,
Nor stay the heavenward pilgrimage.
No Muse shall be that shall not lend
Her soaring impulse to the soul,
Discern the lover in the friend,
Or point the falling to the goal :

ANGULUS TERRARUM

Staid Clio, queen of human speech,
 Urania of the starlit eye,
And the sweet maiden that shall teach
 The cheek to blush, the heart to sigh.

Neither shall Music be denied,
 To wing the heart that pants to see
The shine of beauty, half descried,
 Half slighted by the things that be.

The sunlight falls on level lawn,
 And wooded knoll with kindlier gleam,
And statelier palaces adorn
 The reaches of the brimming stream.

The lazy water laps the wall,
 Skirting the terraced walks, that go
By storied tower and cool dim hall
 And gardens where the roses blow.

High frown the gabled roofs, and higher
 The huddled elms aerial slope ;
And peering over all, the spire
 That points a finger up in hope.

These all about me ; far below
 A solemn fountain hourly drips,
Where bronze-wreathed dolphins plunge and throw
 Cool water from their green-fringed lips.

And on the lawn, with restless feet,
 And nodding necks of changing shine,
Pigeons patrol, when suns are sweet,
 Westward or eastward, all in line.

And in the dark elms, half the day,
 Or white-spined chestnut, light the doves ;
Too mild to work, too fond to play,
 And crowning half-a-hundred loves.

Heaven lies about us ; could we lay
 Our hands upon it, it were well.
But oh ! how slight a failing may
 Turn paradise to dreary hell !

ANGULUS TERRARUM

The sordid spirit, and the brute
Impulse, that most, when hearts beat high,
Tugs at his chains, with throes that shoot
And quiver, bidding good thoughts die :

And only when the soul is dull
With terror of the looming years,
And scorn of self, he deigns to lull
The sting that cost us toil and tears.

All these; and sullen discontent
That chides the smiling suns of May
For burning, yet can find a vent
For humours when the skies are grey.

These are our foes; and we will live
As though we may not wholly slay
The cares that prick us on to strive,
The fears that prompt us when to pray.

Like men that watch, for some great king,
A barren frontier, where the sky
Stoops to the distance, vanishing
In dimness, and the land is dry.

Sometimes the red sand-pillars stalk
Out of the desert, or the wastes,
Wan like a level water, baulk
The thirsty soul that thither hastes.

Sometimes a thin voice seems to float
Out of the stillness, crying faint;
Or the dull seacrow's dismal note
Sounds, or the bittern's measured plaint.

So long, they know not if they be
Men, or mere phantoms of the night;
Like the pale lights that flicker and flee
In marshlands, where the rush blows white.

Only that northward, where the wind
Draws from the land that once was theirs,
Bells from the city echo, and bind
Sweet music on the wandering airs.

ANGULUS TERRARUM

And once they saw a sight so sweet
They scarce could trust their wondering eyes;
The snowbound mountains, at whose feet
Their king's imperial palace lies.

*His word, they said, bade the high tower
Rock to the music of the bells;*

*His eye, they whispered, hour by hour
Upon those happy mountains dwells.*

1886

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

THE SCHOOL OF PYTHAGORAS

Oft, as I stroll adown the dusky lanes
On Granta's stream, I pause before a pile
Of builded stones, and yield myself awhile
To contemplation's charm. How what remains
Of the quaint school bewilders all my brains!
Rude arches wrought in a fantastic style,
A breadth of bygone chambers, a dim file
Of Norman lights—each work mine orbs enchains.
And what a label hath this home of naught
Save garden-fruits! Uprises in the mind
An image of that ancient sage, who taught
How souls from outworn bodies unconfined
Were to fresh cells of later beings brought—
Ah, blind ascetic, leader of the blind!

1886

HERBERT HAILSTONE

From *Grantæ Imagines*

THE ROUND CHURCH

Still doth the calm of holy quiet reign
About this circle, eldest-born of four
Erst traced by Norman hands: 'tis sweet t'adore
An offspring of the Holy City's fane.
Betwixt the massy pillars that sustain
Yon ceiled cone, all on the chequered floor
Dance Phœbus' hues—or, be keen daylight o'er,
Fair Dian flings around her liquid rain.
Here let me sit in pious solitude:
Nor shall the boast superb of Christendom,
That royal shrine, which not the fingers rude
Of mad unfaith nor Time hath overcome,
So surely bid me feel that God is good,
Guiding us from our cradle to the tomb.

1886

HERBERT HAILSTONE

PEMBROKE

"O ancient and religious home!" So spake
The virgin queen, the while she viewed the house
Of Valence-Mary, mindful of the vows
Of holy men', that erst for conscience' sake
Feared not the fury of the flaming stake.
And shall not e'en to-day those mulberry-boughs,
Sweet ancient home, soft memories arouse
In lesser hearts that of thy love partake?
Yea, for the nursling of a poet's dawn
Still doth endure, tho' oft the wintry wind
Hath wept upon the martyr-haunted lawn—
Green monument of an all-gracious mind,
That, amid lone Ierne's hills withdrawn,
Failed not the guerdon of her Muse to find.

1886

HERBERT HAILSTONE

¹ Ridley, Rogers and Bradford, the martyrs, as well as Spenser, were members of Pembroke Hall.

THE BACKS

Tell me, ye groves, when 'tis your zenith-time;
Is 't when upon each elm the fiery flush
Of orange Autumn sits, and grasses lush
Are golden-green—is 't then your beauty's prime?
Is 't when hoar Winter's deftly-finger'd rime
Hath spread its net upon each naked bush?
Is 't when Spring's clarion, the speckled thrush,
Trills from the tranced thorn his note sublime?
Nay, 'tis upon some Summer eve of June,
When level lawns are set with old and young,
And, lo, from out the east the meek-eyed morn
Comes sailing, and I hear the oarsmen's tongue—
O God, my very soul is like to swoon;
Thy beauty, Granta, hath but half been sung.

1886

HERBERT HAILSTONE

LINES TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

AT BREAKFAST IN ST JOHN'S COMBINATION
ROOM

Welcome, good friend; your hand! now you're in reach of us
we'll freely say what else were unexpressed;
for friend you surely are to all and each of us,
and these old walls ne'er held a worthier guest.

No guest more well-beloved, more soul-unbending,
since the frail Mayflower bore the pilgrims bold;
stern hearts, in hard New England still defending
whate'er was best and noblest in the Old.

Here round your chair unseen in gathering number
throng eager shades, no feeble band nor few,
ghosts of a fruitful past, awaked from slumber
to give their gracious benison to you.

Says rare Ben Jonson "Ha! one more good fellow!
'ods life, we'll add him to our tuneful quire";
and bids you stay and pass an evening mellow
with Herrick, genial soul, and courtly Prior.

LINES TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Then gentle Wordsworth brings his ghostly greeting
wafted from northern dales and mountains lone,
beaming with eye serene for joy at meeting
a heart as large and single as his own.

A heart to love mankind with love unchanging,—
no shallow worldling there, nor dried-up don;
but through all moods of human life-strains ranging
from tender Iris to the young man John.

In love we greet you, friend; in love we speed you;—
for greeting soon is o'er, and parting nigh:
and when we see you not, we yet shall read you
in this calm corner, while the world rolls by.

Farewell. By all the benefactors' merits,
who bade us be, and raised our Johnian towers;
by all the joys and griefs mankind inherits,
that ever stirred this little world of ours;

by all sweet memory of the saints and sages
who wrought among us in the days of yore;
by youths who, turning now life's early pages,
ripen to match the worthies gone before;

on us, oh son of England's greatest daughter,
a kindly word from heart and tongue bestow.
Then chase the sunsets o'er the western water,
and bear our blessing with you as you go.

June 18, 1886

WILLIAM EMERTON HEITLAND
St John's College

JUBILATE

*One Bird is best*¹, the blind old *Chian* cried,
To shed for Fatherland the crimson tide.
One Bird is best, all *Johnians* agree,
 To hymn our Monarch and her Jubilee.
 Th' Imperial Eagle, proud her sway to own,
 Grovels recumbent 'neath th' Imperial throne.
 But who am I such glories to rehearse
 And dim their brightness in a purblind verse?
 Like the gilt emblem on *New Buildings* seen
 I strive to soar above Earth's carpet green;
 Anon, eyes dazzled by such Majesty,
 Droop a lame pinion and forget to fly.
 Not mine to sing of *horrid War's* alarms,
 Not mine to sing the triumphs of our arms.

* * * *

Then draw we closer still th' encircling ring;
 A son of *Cambridge*, let me *Cambridge* sing.

Mark we the changes in our Ancient Town,
 While fifty summers pass o'er *England's* Crown.
 No *Girton* then far reared her modest head;
 No *Newnham* bolder marked the *Backs* with red;
 No *Ridley* nursed 'neath elms' umbrageous green
 The lisping Bishop and the prattling Dean.
 No lost *iota* in proud *Selwyn's* scroll
 Watched like the *Pleiad* happier sisters roll.
 No slipp'ry Asphalt echoed to the feet,
 No plunging cab-horse rinked the public street.
 So amid *Arctic* ice the polar bear
 Shuffles ungainly to his polar lair;
 Horror uplifts the sailor's prickly hair.

¹ *Εἰς ὁλῶδς ἄριστος, ἀμύνεσθαι περὶ πάτρης.* For the above rendering I am indebted to the College Examination *passim*.

JUBILATE

No *Cambridge Locals* spread from town to town,
 And *Index Number* was a name unknown;
 Nor yet had entered man's still guileless soul
Left-hand-top-corner's neatly punctured hole.
 And, worst of all, not yet aesthetic eyes
 With rapture marked a gamboge *Bridge of Sighs*.
 So have I seen o'er *Zankle's* storied straits
 A mellow saffron flood the Sunset gates;
Calabria's mountains the soft splendour own,
 And yellower grows white *Reggio's* dotted town:
 Such have I viewed an *Anglo-Indian* old,
 Whose lurid guineas paled their sallow gold.

Now all is changed; as Time's stream onward flows,
 Our Morals soften and our Learning grows.
 The *Theban* riddle is fulfilled in us,
 Nor need we more a modern *Oedipus*.
 Four-foot we crawled weak infants on the floor;
 Two-footed next learned *Love's* delusive lore;
 Then, still progressive in great *Nature's* plan,
 Steps forth the glorious three-foot *Tripes Man*.
 The ancient tongues of Athens and of Rome
 Now echo purely in their *Western* home;
Macaulay's schoolboy in true accent drones
 Great *Tully's* wisdom in great *Tully's* tones.
 Th' unconscious Organ must th' improvement share,
 And *Wōx-oomāhnāh* wings the heavenward prayer.

* * * *

If such the *Past*, what shall the *Future* see?
 Research and Learning, Peace and Harmony!
 Then bold *Biologists*—adventurous brood!—
 Crossing unscathed the intervening road,
Geology's fair self, no longer coy,
 Kind shall invite to *petrologic* joy;
 While they, full fain to roll the friendly log,
 Dissect again the vivisected dog.
 A loving ardour fans the mutual flame,
 Diverse their methods, but their end the same.

* * * *

JUBILATE

Astonied *Nature* marks the onward course,
And *Cam* flows backward—slightly—to his source.
The foes of *Cambridge* at the sight may grieve,
Hebrew *Apella* listens to believe.
If with such strides the *Age* shall still progress, }
Soon *Vice* her rugged front cowed shall repress, }
And *Virtue* reign in hideous nakedness.
sat iubilatumst : plaudite.

1887

HARRY REDE TOTTENHAM
St John's College

CHRIST'S GARDEN

Souvent me souvient—oft we call to mind
The noble deeds of her whom we revere,
And all th' innumerable ties that bind
Old Christ's men to the college long held dear.

1908

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT

Beneath this turf lie roses whose pale blood
The very hand of Milton may have shed,
Or ash of bays once pleated for the head
Of Quarles, whose early modesty withstood
No well-meant clamour of a student-brood;
Great poets here, and Platonists long-dead,
By feathered Clio and Urania led,
Have waited for the moment and the mood.
Ah! who shall say these warm and russet walls,
This lustrous pool upon whose mirror falls
The shadow of so many an ancient tree,
Embrace not still the past, as perfumes hold
The spirit of flowers that may no more unfold
Their living buds on any lake or lea?

1887

From *Christ's College Magazine*

EDMUND WILLIAM GOSSE
1849—

ON THE NINETIETH BIRTHDAY OF
DR RICHARD OKES, PROVOST OF
KING'S

A little flock we were in Henry's hall,
 Few were the subjects of your early sway;
 Hardly the circle widened, till one day
The guarded gate swung open wide to all.
Many and mighty are they now that call
 The saintly king Our Founder, when they pay
 Their fuller reverence in the ancient way,
And with fresh numbers keep the festival.
Three generations of the lives of men,
Of scholars' generations three times ten,
And still your hand lifts high the golden flame
 Of sacred knowledge till to-day you hear
Our birthday homage to our Provost's name,
 With ninefold honour for your ninetieth year.

Dec. 15, 1887

CHANGES

RONDEAU OF COLLEGE RHYMES

Our college rhymes—how light they seem,
Like little ghosts of love's young dream
That led our boyish hearts away
From lectures and from books, to stray
By flowery mead and flowing stream!
There's nothing here, in form or theme,
Of thought sublime or art supreme:
We would not have the critic weigh
Our college rhymes.
Yet if, perchance, a slender beam
Of feeling's glow or fancy's gleam
Still lingers in the lines we lay
At Alma Mater's feet today,
The touch of Nature may redeem
Our college rhymes.

1904

HENRY VAN DYKE

From *Music and other Poems*

Jam pauca aratro iugera regiae
Moles relinquent.

O, Alma Mater, art thou too
Translated in so short a space?
Ah me! since eighteen-eighty-two
Thou wear'st a worse, an altered face.
When we thy happy shades forsook,
Thy blessing sounding in our ears,
We cast one fond, one backward look
Among the pleasant, shadowy years.
"Yes! we shall change"—we softly cried,—
"New foes, new fights await us now,
And hopes unblessed, and hated pride
Will rule harsh lines along our brow;
"Yet thou"—we said—"O tried and true,
Shalt neither larger grow nor less,
And still from day to day renew
Thy ancient, awful loveliness.

CHANGES

"Our eyes shall look on sand and sea,
Our feet shall faint on vale and hill;
Yet let us feel where'er we be,
That Cambridge will be Cambridge still!"

Alas! thou art not! thou art made
A land of villas—load by load
The waggons grumble past, and trade
Is busy on the Barton Road.

* * * * *
The grudging tutor, who of late
Lived on in celibate content,
Now meekly plans a nursery grate,
And speeds the growing pediment.

* * * * *
So thick the dire contagion spreads,
The bachelor of fifty-three,
Like Ahab, lusts for garden beds,
And emigrates from Trinity.

* * * * *
Cambridge! I know thee not: what though
In nooks and corners, half unseen,
Half unsuspected thou dost know
Some lingering grace of grey and green;

Though sometimes on the Coton track,
Half lost in villas, I descry
Those fretted turrets, gazing back
Against the radiant summer sky;

Though sometimes as I creep and peer
'Mid residences trim and tall,
I mark how momentarily appear
The remnants of an ancient wall.

New faces pass me in the street,
The names above the doors are new;
The undergraduates I meet
Seem mutely asking, "Who are *you*?"

1888

From *The Cambridge*
Fortnightly

CAMBRIDGE, 15TH APRIL, 1888

It was the year's first rain; the parched earth
Waited in mild impatience for the birth
Of that sweet harbinger of Nature's mirth,
Her child and lord—the Spring.

It was so still: it seemed the shadowy trees
Stood with bare arms uplifted, as to freeze
To awe-struck silence every passing breeze
That dared the mystery touch.

And every drop in its appointed place
Fell on the mighty mother's outstretched face,
Whose lips were hungering with an eager grace
To taste the kindling stream.

It was so dark that one far-glistening light,
A diamond on the sable throat of night,
Made a long shining streak of radiance bright,
Along the rain-washed path.

No sound of men was there, nor any bird
With earthly voice on that still night was heard,
Above, was darkness with no motion stirred,
Below, the silent stream.

And none could tell how it had come to be,
And none could any natural end foresee,
But more it seemed a glimpse accorded me
Into eternity.

From *The Cambridge Review*
April 26, 1888

E.

FROM THE BACKS

The hot sky smoulders misty blue,
And, in a dream Arcadian,
I lie at ease in a canoe
That calls itself Canadian.

Above me, golden-green and rich,
Through leaves the sunbeams quiver;
The ripples hardly stir the ditch
That calls itself the river.

My comrade writes : his pen in prose
The latest news rehearses,
I take my pencil and compose
What calls itself some verses.

They scarce deserve a happy fate,
Yet take them as revealing
My friendship—or at any rate,
What calls itself that feeling.

1888

H. D.

From *The Cambridge Review*

BALLADE OF DEAD PERIODICALS

[Où sont les neiges d'antan ?]

Tell me now in what earth does rest
The *Germ* that was sown dull sods between ?
Where is the sheet that *Praed* impressed
With schoolboy wit both gay and keen ?
Where may *Trevelyan's Bear* be seen ?
Where are the columns that *Thackeray*
Penned, in the teeth of don and dean ?...
But where are the "Commons" of yesterday ?
Where's the *Meteor* ? sunk in the west ;
Where is the *Cambridge Magazine*—
That "Journal of General Interest,"
And where may the *May Bee* have been ?
What hidden lair, I pray, doth screen
The prying *Lynx*, that hath fled away ?
And where is the bard of the blithe *Light Green* ?
But where are the Commons of yesterday ?
Where has the *Cuckoo* made its nest ?
Where is the *Star of the Morning's* sheen ?
Is the matutinal *Mail* "non est,"
And the *Summary*, that was scant and lean
Lapped in libations of paraffin
In Cook's uncritical *auto-da-fé* ?
Have they been sacrificed *all to cuisine* ?
But where are the Commons of yesterday ?

L'ENVOI

Ask not, Reader ! "Good words" were best ;
Ask not, Reader, but rather pray—
Never o'er us may they ask in jest :
But where are the Commons of yesterday ?

1888

From *The Cambridge Fortnightly*

Γ

AD COLLEGIUM REGALE CANTABRIGIENSE

The ruddy rose of Lancaster,
Set on a glorious stem,
May well beseem, she doth aver,
A royal diadem.
Not hers to blanch before the storm,
Or scatter at the gale,
Her valiant heart burns close and warm
Beside her sister pale.
Red-lipped the cleft pomegranate glows
And bursts its swelling rind,
Scattering the seed that wisdom sows
Upon the random wind.
The stout portcullis hangs beside,
And will not lightly rise,
But bars the portal's entrance wide
From thievish enemies.
Oh, ruddy rose!—oh, faithful seed!
Strong shelter in distress—
Give warmth of heart, wisdom at need,
And loyal steadfastness.

1888
From *Dorica*

EDWARD DANIEL STONE
King's College

EVENING IN KING'S CHAPEL

"For a scanty band of white-robed Scholars only"

Keep silence! From the chanting draw apart
And take thy seat where ends the monarch aisle,
And where are caught the glories of this pile
Most beautifully, with help of every art.

Forth from the gathering gloom past ages start
Till we feel placed within them for a while,—
Till memories forbid us to beguile
Our soul with sweetness or with sight our heart.

Here is no hint nor any need of change :
It is a dream of that which once hath been,—
Dream lasting still. No strife nor galling doubt.

Nothing doth enter here of new or strange :
Calmly we feel the silent peace within,
Forgetful how the tempest roars without.

1889
From *Erotidia*

CHARLES SAYLE

BYRON'S POOL

Here, where the lifelong splashing of the weir
Makes clamorous silence and all else is peace,
Save when the village youth, on its release
From long day's labour, takes its pastime here,

With naked limb diving from off the pier
That stems the shallow pool; save when the trees
Murmur afresh touched by the summer breeze,
Or the lone church-clock sounds across the mere:

Here, basking on the summer afternoon,
One well might dream of now long distant days,
And mix old fancies with the pool and stream.
Here, watching through the copse-wood, where the moon
Rises and pierces through the night-drawn haze,
Life seems no more a waking but a dream.

1889

CHARLES SAYLE

From *Erotidia*

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Twin angels guard the awful avenue,—
Vaulted infinity of shade—
That seems to stretch far on into the night,
Yea, on and through the night,
Until thou come to that great altar's steps,
Whereon thy life shall then be laid,
Twin angels—in their hand no sword of flame
But trumpets tipped with light.

1890

From *The Cambridge Review*

SAPIENS QUID FEMINA POSSIT

In 1890 Miss Fawcett was placed "above the Senior Wrangler."

In days of old, when Man was ruler,
 and Woman placidly obeyed him,
content she suffered him to fool her,
 and nothing loth a hero made him:
at home supreme 'mid cups and dishes,
 abroad she left to Man priority,
and nought was further from her wishes
 than laying claim to Seniority.

But now who cares if spoons be tarnished?
 Who guards the keys of drawer and cupboard?
The taste for household fact unvarnished
 went out of date with Mother Hubbard.
See Woman problems disentangling
 armed with the lore of *ys* and *xs*:
the palm of mathematic Wrangling
 knows no distinction of the sexes.

For Man she finds a new position;
 on equal terms she moves to meet him:
and nothing—such is competition—
 will serve her purpose but to beat him.
No waste of learning now so long is
 but she with dainty foot will cross it:
no citadel of Man so strong is
 but she with gentle hand will force it.

Thus onward shall we see her striding
 where'er the march of mind may carry her,
or in new ways serenely guiding
 the dauntless man who dares to marry her:
Edwin, reduced from great to small things,
 will rest on Angelina's mercy;
and Kate, responsible for all things,
 reveal no secrets to her Percy.

SAPIENS QUID FEMINA POSSIT

Yet trust, O Man, in Mother Nature;
the sister-sex must need its brother:
wisely the ancient nomenclature
marks each the complement of other.

Woman and Man, no longer strangers,
may boldly turn time's later pages,
and, strong in union, front the dangers
that wait the race in coming ages.

May he, the rougher duties bearing,
from her the grace of suffering borrow:
a pair indeed, together sharing
success and failure, joy and sorrow.
May she, still patient of the tether,
vouchsafe him yet her sweet communion,
true as of old, come wind come weather,
nor hasten to repeal the union!

1890

WILLIAM EMERTON HEITLAND

BILL ASPLEN

(FOR THIRTY YEARS BOATMAN TO THE C.U.B.C.)

What! dear old Bill! Well, I might have known, for the
flags are all half-mast high;
The poor old chap had been ill for months, he knew he was
like to die;
But Bill wasn't one to grumble, though he felt that the end
was near;
"I'll face it," he said, "as a boatman should," and he never
gave way to fear,
And his rugged old face looked worn and wan, and his honest
eyes grew dim,
But he knew he had done his duty straight, and that was
enough for him.

He was only a boatman, true enough, but he never was known
to shirk;
And with bolts and riggers and screws and slides, it isn't the
easiest work.
It was "lengthen my stretcher," or "rasp my oar," or "Bill,
you must plane my sill,"
Or "raise my rigger a bare half-inch"—it was always the same
to Bill;
For he answered them all with a cheery smile, "t'aint much,
sir, I'll put it right,"
And whatever his hand could find to do, he did it with all
his might.

And winters in Cambridge are keen and cold, and the bitter
nor'-easters freeze;
But Bill and his boat-hook were always there, with his
"Ready, gentlemen, please."
And he bustled about in his old blue cap, and his scarf, and
his ancient coat,
And the crew were always "the fastest lot that's ever sat in
a boat."
And if ever a veteran oar turned up, to see how the boys
could row,
"I'm blest," said Bill, as he grasped his hand, "if it ain't
Mr So-and-So."

BILL ASPLEN

"Twenty years back? It's a precious lot! Why, I thought it was only ten;
But there's one thing certain, sir, you and I, we was both of us younger then.
Lor! I remember how strong you were, and how steady you rowed and long;
But I think"—and the old face glowed with pride—"that the young 'uns are just as strong."
For Bill he was never a croaker, no, and nobody heard him say
That the best of the rowing was done for quite when the fixed-seats vanished away.
"They've been good 'uns as long as I've known 'em, sir, and I've known a proper few:
And I warrant there'll always be good 'uns left to row in the Cambridge crew."

Polish! Not much, but who cares for that, if the heart be true as steel,
And the kindly eyes look straight into yours, with a look you can almost feel;
And the voice rings true in its welcome, though the sound be a trifle gruff?
If that's what you call rough manners, I own I prefer them rough.

There's many a nobleman, born and bred, with money in heaps to spend,
And a mincing voice and a shiny hat, and manners and style no end;
But I know that if *they* went missing, I should feel pretty happy still,
If I only could have another day and a shake of the hand with Bill.

Ah, well, good-bye to you, dear old friend, the river won't seem the same
When another stands in the well-known place, and is called by another name.

BILL ASPLEN

Here on the banks of the sluggish Cam the best of your life
was passed,
And I know when your strength was well-nigh spent, your
thoughts turned here at the last.
Loyal and staunch as a man should be, with the heart of
a little child,
After weary months when the summons came, you folded your
hands and smiled.
And I think that the Angel of Mercy who stands on the
top-most hill
Will stretch a hand, for He knows men's hearts, to our dear
old boatman Bill.

1890
From *Anni Fugaces*

RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN
Trinity College

BILL ASPLEN

(DIED MAY 22, 1890. BURIED IN
CHESTERTON CHURCHYARD)

So many years the old familiar name
A by-word stood for zeal and loyalty;
And there was none so jealous for our fame,
So stout in loss, so glad in victory.

And it is fitting that they laid him near
His native river's well-beloved shores,
That, with the slanting sun, he still should hear
The waters rippling and the splash of oars.

1890
From *The Cambridge Review*

X OLD COURT, TRINITY

A GRADUATE MUSES

The storm and wind torment the pane,
The rain-drops make the fountain weary,
The court is wrapped in gloom again,
And all without is dark and dreary.

I light my dusky meerschaum bowl,
And bend my head on hands supported,
While in my ears the curfew's toll
Rings clear although the door is sported.

The eddyng smoke-wreaths slowly rise,
In pleasure half, and half dejection;
I call the past before my eyes,
And give myself to recollection.

Then through the whirling wreaths of smoke
I see my old friends' well-known faces,
I hear their pleasant song and joke,
With them frequent the old loved places.

When shall we meet? The smoke-cloud parts,
And through the gap I see a vision
Of joining hands and joyful hearts,
And cups that drink in swift collision.

Yes: loves of boy and girl may wane,
But close-knit friendship will not alter;
And we shall live to meet again,
And toast—Tobacco and Sir Walter!

circ. 1890
From *Old and New*

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK
Trinity College

BALLADE OF THE GIRTON GIRL

She has just "put her gown on" at Girton,
She is learned in Latin and Greek,
But lawn tennis she plays with a skirt on
That the prudish remark with a shriek.
In her accents, perhaps, she is weak
(Ladies *are*, one observes with a sigh),
But in Algebra—*there* she's unique,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

She can talk about putting a "spirt on"
(I admit, an unmaidenly freak),
And she dearly delighteth to flirt on
A punt in some shadowy creek;
Should her bark, by mischance, spring a leak,
She can swim as a swallow can fly;
She can fence, she can put with a cleek,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

She has lectured on Scopas and Myrton,
Coins, vases, mosaics, the antique,
Old tiles with the secular dirt on,
Old marbles with noses to seek.
And her Cobet she quotes by the week,
And she's written on *κεν* and on *καί*,
And her service is swift and oblique,
But her forte's to evaluate π .

ENVOY

Princess, like a rose is her cheek,
And her eyes are as blue as the sky,
And I'd speak, had I courage to speak,
But—her forte's to evaluate π .

1890

ANDREW LANG
Merton College, Oxford
1844—

AN AGRICULTURAL DUET

- GILES. Oh, where be gwine this marning,
Oh, where be gwine to then?
HODGE. I'm gwine in my gown to Cambridge town
To teach they 'Varsity men.
I've given up all my varming,
There bain't no need to go on,
For I draws my screw much better, I du,
As a Hagricultural Don!

BOTH

Then it's ho for the 'arrow and the 'aystack!
We're all of us gennelmen now,
And the proper eddication for a man of cultivation
Is to learn about the working of the plough!

- GILES. And where be the missus, maister,
And what's she doing of to-day?
HODGE. She's left my door an hour or more,
And started off Newnham way;
For she's a lady professor,
What suitable work has found,
In teaching the she's to plant out peas
And roots, in their 'ockey-ground!

BOTH

Then it's ho for the silo and the dairy!
We're gentlefolk now indeed,
For proof of true gentility consists in the ability
To cultivate the turnip and the swede!

- GILES. I too have got an appointment
To talk on practical crops,
And a class of men is coming at ten
To study my field of 'ops!
So here's to the noble Sennut,
What gives us salaries fine;
A blessed day it was when they
Took up with the practical line.

AN AGRICULTURAL DUET

BOTH (*enthusiastically*)

Then it's ho for the 'igher heddication!
It will bring us heaps of wealth,
No need for us to vindicate the action of the Syndicate,
We wishes them prosperity and 'ealth!

1891
From *Frivolous Verses*

ANTHONY CHARLES DEANE
Clare College

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRANTCHESTER CHURCH TO P. L., ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

Thou know'st the stile full well. Thou know'st the church,
The chancel where the loving ivy clings
And mantles in its richest depth of green;
That modest tower, that lowly tomb so still
Beneath the roses' fragrance, where 'tis writ
"Blest are the pure in heart." And hast thou not
In early summer, when the air is hushed,
And the full glory of the setting sun
Rests in the ivy's thousand glittering drops
Where the fresh shower has fallen, hast thou not stood
Spell-bound, and heard the still air breathing round thee
With music, and with children's happy voices
That chant their hymns within? Long hast thou stood,
Then turned and wandered through the church-yard gate
With silent step, and lingered in the porch,
And where upon the lowly tomb 'tis writ
"Blest are the pure in heart,"—hast musing gazed,
And prayed, and listened in deep reverence,
The while that infant choir within were chanting
Their simple and their solemn melodies.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GRANTCHESTER CHURCH

Then, by that time the golden orb of heaven
Has darkened in the west, and the bright moon
Silvers the eastern window's tracery,
Homeward hast turned thy steps along the lane,
Still turning and still gazing. Silent stands
The church, and o'er the chancel cross there hangs
A bright star glittering. Hushed is all within,
Yet in the evening air is music still;
Yea, brighter now and far more beautiful
Are those clear thrilling notes that, heard afar,
Seem more than mortal joy. Thou scarce may'st breathe
Entrancéd of that most sweet even-song.
Well may a good and humble heart have said,
"Lord! if thou hast given such melody on earth,
What music is in heaven?"

1891

From *Poems*

Written before 1850

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS

Trinity College

1826—1907

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Once in a time of sunshine and cloudless weather,
By the brimming river moving to the sea,
The wind and I and the morning laughed together,
Merrily and loud laughed we.
Mockingly I flung on the turf beside me
My withered volume with its homilies and saws;
Preach on, I said, but whether weal or woe betide me,
No word of yours hath been the cause.
Preach, I said, if ye will, to the old and ailing,
In my hand are the visionary years,
Leave their cloistral dismays to the faint and failing,
I have no faithless fears.
Let me scan as I lie the seasons thronging;
This brings glory and that brings warmth and love;
Surely, I said, my pure and eager longing
Hath its counterpart above.

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Then I reigned so mightily for a season,
Hope and faith and eternity were mine,
I was lord in the royal right of reason
Of a destiny divine.
Time denied me my will, but ever smiling;
What of that? I could wait the promised hour.
Day by day with a certain hope beguiling
Hurricane and cold and shower.
Am I awake at last? and was it dreaming?
While I so wondered, indolently reclined,
Busy brains have been labouring and scheming;—
Am I left behind?
These my comrades who faced the stormy weather,
They sit throned in the ample hall to-day,
Will they remember the years we lived together?
Will they envy my delay?
By the sweet ambitions, I cried, that moved us,
By the birthplace of many a hallowed thought,—
Nay, they said, we remember that you loved us,
Only the time is short.
Who will plead, said I then, for a soul rejected?
Love sat silent and tears were on his cheek:
Wistfully smiled like a stranger half expected,
Only no word would speak.
I am undone, I cried, I have wholly blundered,
I looked for peace and have found despair instead:
Then love nestled towards me, and as I wondered,
Then thou art mine, he said.

1891

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON

From *Le Cahier Jaune*

TENNYSON

Far off, by Cam, I catch the careless chimes,
Through close-cropt meads and stately halls I stray,
Where those disciples of thy glorious day
Made mirth and music underneath the limes,
Thou with the twelve—nigh latest didst thou stay;
But now the last leaf falls, the world is grey.

1892

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY
Balliol College, Oxford
1850—

IN MEMORIAM

J. K. S. (*FEBRUARY*, 1892)

How chill the breath, how cold the long lament—
“Promise new-born, new-shrouded in the grave;
In vain, in vain the midnight oil was spent;
Too frail life’s bark on time’s storm-beaten wave.”

And we who wove for him the laurel crown,
A poet’s garland, had forecast the time
When he should lay his jester’s bauble down
And rise above the littleness of rhyme;

“He should achieve,” we said, “what they achieve
Who lead the busy forum of the world,
Teaching the thoughtless what they should believe,
Bearing aloft the flag of truth, unfurl’d”—

And then pale Death silenced the silvern tongue,
And now we mourn a spirit wayward, strong.
“*Alas!*” we cry, “*whom the gods love die young:*
Whom the gods love are not remember’d long!”

From *In College Groves*

HERBERT MORRAH
St John’s College, Oxford

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

“Wait till you come to forty year!”

I

Among the haunts of sage and saint,
Where I was wont to wear the gown
And honestly attempt to paint
The town.

I greet again the gracious hall
That nurtured me when I began
To be what one is pleased to call
A man.

And now I move at “forty year”
More pensively than once of yore,
And quite a lot of things appear
A bore.

The jaunts and japes of long ago,
That pleased me then, no longer please,
In part because I tend to grow
Obese.

Which thing affronts the Freshman who
Regards it as the cream of crimes
To be at all posterior to
The times.

And when I pass him, flushed and keen,
Light-hearted, sound of limb and lung,
I feel I never *could* have been
So young.

The spotless tie, the spangled vest,
A chrysalis that bursts the shell!—
I had forgotten that he dressed
So well!

But if my taste resembled his,
But now assumes a sober tone,
The fault indubitably is
My own.

* * * *

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

Along the towing-path I strolled;
The situation seemed the same,
And every one was at the old,
Old game.

I passed a little sporting knot
That held in leash the mongrel cur;
I saw that things were fairly what
They were.

I stood to watch a waiting boat;
The coach was cursing No. 3;
The fellow had the face to quote
From *me*!

Full hoary when I made them mine,
These wrinkles, trusty, tried and true—
He ran them out as something fine
And new!

He wore with all the old aplomb
His rude extensions; nay I found
They ended even farther from
The ground.

The captains roamed the river-side;
I wondered, seeing how they sat,—
“Great Nimrod! did we really ride
Like *that*?”

A raucous beast assailed my eye:
“I know that horse,” I said, “it comes
From —” well, I recognised it by
Its gums.

The same whose ribs were like to swords,
Who, when I tossed my men a tip,
Would turn his tufted tail towards
The ship!

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

Anon by Barnwell's oozy bed
I sniffed the old familiar stench;
"*Toujours le même vieux jeu!*" I said
(In French).

All this was beautiful and right,
Long since accepted, long approved;
And yet I own it left me quite
Unmoved.

Perhaps my case was pretty much
His sorry case of whom they sing,
Tithonus, deadly out of touch
With Spring.

For age is apt to loose the link
Of chains that early manhood tied,
And cause a kind of mental kink
Inside.

I could, if necessary, spin
A column on this hallowed text;
I hope to add a trifle in
My next.

II

Thus musing (see my last) I left the bank
That curbs the eager current of the Cam
This myth of Alma Mater seemed a blank
And hollow sham.

I lit a large cigar, a thing I do
Unconsciously when feeling desolate;
Unconsciously I reached and sauntered through
My College gate¹.

¹ No particular college is here suggested.

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

My course was theoretically barred
By that profound and venerable joke,
I mean the printed notice with regard
To dogs and smoke.

I entered; as I trod the verdant plot
An Apparition came within my ken;
My Tutor, I had always said, was not
As other men.

I felt the old effect of being foiled,
Of having no resource except to go;
In fact, by force of habit I recoiled
A yard or so.

He wrought around me some forgotten spell;
I doffed my weed and hat for fear of him;
The ash unfortunately broke and fell
Upon the brim.

“I find that you”—he spoke and slightly bowed—
“Are guilty of a complicated tort;
No dogs” (I hadn’t any) “are allowed
Within the court,

Nor smoking. Vulgar passage we permit
Exclusively upon the paving-stones;
All persons who—why, bless me, surely it
Is Mr Jones?

Nay, no apologies! Our private right
We fence from public usufruct, that’s all!
You’re looking well; you dine, I hope, to-night
With us in Hall?”

I clinched the proposition hard. Indeed
It seemed a boon beyond the common share
To sit above the salt and calmly feed
On Fellows’ fare.

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

I found them, frankly, quite a decent set ;
They touched upon the scandals of the town,
And even now and then exchanged a bet
Of half-a-crown.

Below me, from my elevated seat,
Maintaining there a perfect equipoise,
I watched the rising generation eat
And make a noise.

On yonder lowly bench I once had sat,
Had laved in tepid soup my beardless lips,
And furiously fulminated at
The jaded gyps.

I thought of him, long gathered to the past,
Whose voice would break upon my tympanum—
“More beef, Sir?”—with a strong and steady blast
Of fog and rum.

All this was over. At my dexter hand
The stately College butler deigned to pour
Dry academic sherry, vintage brand
Of '64.

We mounted to the Combination Room ;
It seemed to me a very nice resort ;
And there we lingered late to cull the bloom
Of peerless port.

And in the glow that follows goodly cheer
I learned that if you meet the proper lot
You find the 'Varsity at “forty year”
A pleasant spot.

And so I tossed to-morrow to the wind,
Along with gout and “*hydrops*, *gryps* and *pons*” ;
And said, “Fate cannot touch me ; I have dined
To-day with Dons !”

1888 ?

OWEN SEAMAN
Clare College

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH¹

(Air: *The Battle of the Baltic*)

Of the Battle of the Blues
Sing a really martial strain,
When in parti-coloured hues
Arméd ladies took the plain
(With a fig for Mrs G. and her fads !)
All in caps and dainty shirts
And emancipated skirts,
And, as one report asserts,
Ankle-pads.

Maids from Lady Margaret Hall,
Graces too from Girton went,
Newnham's nymphs obeyed the call,
Somerville her sirens sent,
In the middle of a March afternoon.
Hardy men were on the scene,
Though their fate might well have been
Like Actæon's with the Queen
Of the moon.

Then the usual copper bit
Was with difficulty spun.
And they looked extremely fit
When the battle was begun,
As the whistle piped the start like a linnet;
"On the ball!" the captain saith,
And the backs are grim as death,
And the lot are out of breath
In a minute.

Heart of oak, they meet and clash,
Passing here and tackling there,
And the sticks of sturdy ash
Fairly bristle in the air,
And the partisans remark, "Played, my dear!"

¹ Wimbledon Club ground, March 14, 1894.

OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE

Till a rather nasty knock
Caused a universal shock,
And the men that came to mock
Shed a tear.

Now the triumvirginate
Who interpreted the rules
Were inclined to arbitrate
In the manner of the schools,
And invited any plea or suggestion;
Saying, "What are we to do?
Ladies, we appeal to you;
Will you kindly give your view
Of the question?"

And at length an Oxford wing,
Fleeter than the young opossum,
Getting nicely in the ring
Nearly made her weapon blossom
As she sent a purler pop through the posts;
Then the temporary rout
Brought the smelling-bottles out,
And the Cantabs lay about,
Pale as ghosts.

But they rallied on the spot
With the most superb results;
Three to one the goals they shot
Like to living catapults,
Ending, victors, in the arms of their friends!
Then, my masters, sigh not so,
Let the Sports and Boat-race go,
Since your Ladies' gallant show
Makes amends!

From *Horace at Cambridge*

OWEN SEAMAN

BALLADE OF DEAD WIT

Where are they gone to?—those children of mirth,
Who wandered about through the olden town,
Dosing with laughter the ills of earth,
And shedding a halo on cap and gown:
King Edward's image still looks down
On the court where Trinity freshmen flit,
And asks with a grin on his features brown—
Ah, what has become of our Cambridge wit?

Wits we have many; high deeds abound
In Pollmen's play or in Wranglers' fight,
And with learning prodigious our journals sound
From Monday morning till Saturday night:
But as for the humour once clear and bright,
And the smart lampoons which our fathers lit,
"Three centuries" seem to exhaust the light;
Ah, what has become of our Cambridge wit?

The pasquinade and the epigram,
With those who shot them as darts about,
Are now replaced by a cold exam
That offers a medal the dead to flout:
So the gay (as Hood would have said no doubt)
Have joined the grave; and we who sit
Trying to eke three stanzas out—
Ah, what has become of *our* Cambridge wit?

ENVOY

O Doctors and Proctors, men may say
That a poet *nascitur, non fit*;
But pity our *Granta's* plight, and pay
Your tribute to rescue Cambridge wit.

1892

C.

From *The Cambridge Review*

JOHN COUCH ADAMS

THE ENGLISH DISCOVERER OF THE PLANET
NEPTUNE. DIED AT CAMBRIDGE, JANUARY
21ST, 1892

God stretched His jewelled splendour far and wide
Above the Cornish moorlands, there He met
A boy, and from dark fallows dewy-wet
Bade him look up. He, scholar grown, espied
The wandering of lone Uranus, and plied
Star-quest in heights abysmal, till his net
Of calculations intricate had set
Sure, but unseen, far Neptune at the side
Of that perturbéd planet. Then was hurled
Space from its throne, and distance was enchained,
And mind flung back the gates of ultimate gloom—
But little said the seeker, he who gained
Glory for England in his narrow room
Wherein he searched the Heavens and found a world.

1892

HARDWICKE DRUMMOND RAWNSLEY

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT

The Junior Fellow's vows were said;
Among his co-mates and their Head
His place was fairly set
Of welcome from friends old and new
Full dues he had, and more than due;
What could be lacking yet?

One said, "The Senior Fellow's vote!"
The Senior Fellow, black of coat,
Save where his front was white,
Arose and sniffed the stranger's shoes
With critic nose, as ancients use
To judge mankind aright.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT

I—for 'twas I who tell the tale—
Conscious of fortune's trembling scale,
 Awaited the decree;
But Tom had judged: "He loves our race,"
And, as to his ancestral place,
 He leapt upon my knee.

Thenceforth in common-room and hall
A *verus socius* known to all
 I came and went and sat,
Far from cross fate's or envy's reach;
For none a title could impeach
 Accepted by the cat.

Whilst statutes changed, and freshmen came,
His gait, his wisdom were the same,
 His age no more than mellow;
Yet nothing mortal may defy
The march of *Anno Domini*,
 Not e'en the Senior Fellow.

Beneath our linden shade he lies;
Mere eld hath softly closed his eyes
 With late and honoured end.
He seems, while catless we confer,
To join with faint Elysian purr,
 A tutelary friend.

1892
From *Leading Cases and*
 Other Diversions

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK
Trinity College, Cambridge and
Corpus Christi College, Oxford
1845—

THE CAM

Let other bards the Isis grace,
And scornfully the Cam deride:
With us our river holds a place
No other stream may come beside.
No doubt it's not extremely wide;
Perhaps it's not precisely clean:
But yet its charm no scorn can harm,—
The charm of things that once have been.

Here's Baitsbite, where we've gone ashore,
Stripped sweaters, and embarked again,
And listened for the "cannon's roar,"
And quivered with the needle's pain;
The starting post with bung and chain,
That plagued us so when first we steered;
The path where ran each partisan,
And inarticulately cheered.

The places where a crab we've caught,
Or made a bump, or lost an oar,
Or, sculling, set the rules at naught,
And stopped a trial eight or four;
The bridge, which many a time of yore,
Done up and dry, we've longed to view,
And turned an eye with glances shy,
And get a slating: "Watch it, two!"

Or where our first attempt to scull
Was ended in the usual way;
First potent lesson in the full
Effect of Barnwell Pool Bouquet.
For who has rowed from day to day
That drinks not oft from memory's well?
There's scarce a yard that does not guard
Some tale we're never loth to tell.

THE CAM

More limpid waters there may be,
 There may be other streams more fair;
But what concern with them have we?
 We've rowed no bumping races there.
 Their scenes may make the tourist stare,
And win the homage of the eye;
 But memories green of what has been
Shall keep the Cam's supremacy.

1893

From *Down by the River*

ROBERT HENRY FORSTER
St John's College

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

In the great court of Trinity I waited,
 And watched the fountain play,
And mused upon that land the Spaniard sighted
 On Easter Day.

Deep in that Land of Flowers there springs a fountain—
 De Leon sought it long—
Whose living waters keep the tribes beside it
 For ever young.

'Twas Ponce de Leon, the Spanish leader,
 Sought that enchanted ground;
Far inland with his savage guides he wandered—
 But never found.

Beside the English fountain as I waited,
 And watched the passing throng,
The generations past rose up before me
 And all were young.

1893

CAMBRIDGE

The grey bridge sleeping in the tide,
The chased bridge still as frosty skies,
The converse of the strong and wise,
The gates of knowledge open wide,
The willow weeping to the wave,
The clear tones of rich tracery,
Deep music carved in stone and tree,
Deep music flooding the deep nave;
The long lawns barred with quivering shades,
The long calm summer afternoons,
Where through the lovelorn pigeon croons,
And far-off click of willow-blade;
And restless ball, and careless shout,
Prick the blue calm with golden threads;
The wagtail flickers on the leads,
The ghosts of old times glide about.

1894

From *At the Cross Roads*

ARNOLD WALL
Christ's College

CAMBRIDGE REVISITED

When Tennyson (not yet the Peer)
Revisited his reverend halls
(As *In Memoriam* recalls)
He found distressing changes here.
His name above the door was gone,
And noises thro' the oak aslant
Implied the present occupant
Had got a "Junior Combi" on.
Perchance his still perennial Gyp,
With her that used to make his bed,
Remembered his accustomed tread,
And craved the reminiscent tip.
To them, in calm and cloistered ease,
Small change the whirling cycle brings;
A dividend the less at King's,
A lodging-house the more at Caius.

1895

ARTHUR REED ROPES

WINTER IN THE FENS

A world of white beneath the winter skies :
To the horizon one wide waste of snow,
Save where the high land waters seaward go,
Dark, swift, and loud with crash of splintering ice.
A shrouded corpse the frozen Fenland lies
'Neath frozen heaven, till the red sun sinks low
In storms of colour, with a furnace-glow,
And pomp of gold and crimson blazonries.
The pageant fades, the sky grows steel again
And cruel green, the stars flash dazzling white ;
Leagues upon leagues of snow without a stain,
Without a shadow, make the darkness light ;
And hard and luminous the stark, sheer plain
Stares in the hard and luminous eyes of Night.

1895

HERBERT E. CLARKE

From *Poems and Sonnets*

IN THE FENS SUNSET TO MOONRISE

A cloud-barred sunset scarcely lights the lands ;
And the drowned meadows, deep in Autumn's flood,
Reflect wan yellow skies, streaked as with blood.
Clear-cut against the dying dayshine stands
One gaunt, black watermill ; till day's last sands
Run out, and in the silent solitude,
Like to a mother-bird above her brood,
Night o'er the Fens her shadowy wings expands.
From the bare fields a hundred points of fire,
Made visible by darkness, flash and glow ;
The pungent smoke of burning weeds hangs low
O'er the rich fallows ; farmstead, holt, and byre
Fade in obscurity, until, higher and higher,
Even to mid-heaven, the moon drifts blurr'd and slow.

HERBERT E. CLARKE

LOVE IN THE FENS

Bare, flat and bare, as far as eye can see,
Stretch the long fallows, whence the gray mists rise;
Above them brood the sullen-seeming skies,
As though oppressed with some dark mystery;
And 'twixt its banks the weary river sighs
A sigh of longing for the far-off sea.

The willows stoop, as listening alway
Unto the whispers of the reeds below,
Bowing and bending as the bleak winds blow,
And ever murmuring as they swing and sway,
Songs learned of Pan in ages long ago;
Sweet songs and sad unto the dying day.

So lone it is, so very lone and still,
Of all the world forgotten it doth seem.
No sound, save now and then the sighing stream,
The low of cattle, or the wild and shrill
Note of some bird, awakened by a dream
Of phantom sportsmen or of nameless ill.

And like great giants wrapped in sombre palls,
Stretching wild arms unto the sullen sky,
And stricken dead in that last agony,
Loom the black water-mills: the darkness falls,
Reeds whisper on, and willows shake and sigh,
And to the sea the restless river calls.

And dumb and motionless awhile I stand,
Dreaming of summer and the sunny sea,
Of all things fair, of all things dear to me,
And one, the dearest of them all; my hand,
Yet warm where hers did press it tenderly,
I close, as though 'twere full of golden sand,

That it may not forget her touch too soon.
O Youth, O Love that makest youth so sweet,
Be true, and nought can harm ye; at your feet
The world shall bow, shall bow the sun and moon,
And all the stars, and the great sea shall beat
In all its pulses to your glorious tune.

LOVE IN THE FENS

Hark, the reeds whisper, and the willows sigh;
See the fields fade as falls the winter night;
But now above me rises, clear and bright,
The great white moon; her splendour fills the sky
As fills my heart and soul Love's wondrous light,
Making clouds vanish, doubts and darkness die,

And all the harsh and tuneless voices blend,
As blends each softened sound from field and stream,
Into a music sweeter than a dream.
O light of Love, whereto my heart doth bend.
O heavenly glory splendid and supreme,
Grant that for me that music may not end.

HERBERT E. CLARKE

TENNYSON

And many a sinewy youth on Cam to-day
Suspends the dripping oar and lets his boat
Like dreaming water-lily drift and float,
While murmuring to himself the undying lay
That haunts the babbling Wye and Severn's dirgeful bay.

1896
From *England's Darling*

ALFRED AUSTIN
1835—

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE

Friends, it would shame you, should we fail to greet
This day and house with salutation meet:
And in what fashion dare I to rehearse
A Cambridge prologue, but in Dryden's verse?
His long-resounding march you will not ask,
But paces simple as my simple task:
To bid you welcome all, and draw with hope
Our new-born theatre's good horoscope.

What noble memories of your bravest age
Attach the sons of Granta to the stage!
Here in the streets that almost hear me speak,
Kit Marlowe caught the echo of the Greek,
And strolled from grey St Bene't to St John,
Building "the topless towers of Ilion."
He, and how many in those days of green,
Plucked laurels here to deck the London scene!
Their fresh wild wit and Muse of mighty wing
Made Shakespeare space enough to soar and sing.

Milton—but should not modesty refuse
To summon here that formidable Muse,
Lest, Samson-like, the festival to crown,
Her very weight should pull our pillars down?
And yet we summon her; we should not fear
From Milton's self a judgment too severe.
Our play protects us. L'Allegro beguiled
Would smile on "sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child."

From each and every friend of Granta's fame
A kind reception we would boldly claim.
For who will not confess, that classic rule
Requires a theatre to make a school;
That, where a hundred commentaries doubt,
A gesture yet may flash the sentence out;
That eloquence (to quote the Roman's word)
Is action first, and second too, and third?

* * * *

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE

For all good gifts of peace-pursuing art,
We bid you do with us your friendly part,
These boards, these rounded tiers, with proper state
Of Thespian ritual to inaugurate.

1896

ARTHUR WOOLLGAR VERRALL

SPORT

Where dwells the lively soul of Sport,
say, Colleges and Schools !
finds she her nest and dear resort
in deftly-drafted rules,
or loves she rather 'neath the eaves
of Chivalry to dwell,
vantage to rivals gaily leaves,
and wins or loses well ?

Say, does she, self-restrained and mute,
abide by knightly law,
or grapple like the mindless brute
with fang and sting and claw ?
Say, will she, peddling logic, claim
the most the rules allow,
or deem the essence of the game
not Do we win, but How ?

O sportsmen all of nobler mood,
no more the words discuss !
The morals of the turfy brood
are sure no law for us.
On Cricket law if minds be dark,
this all at least may know,
'tis sweeter far to hit the mark
when Honour bends the bow.

1896

WILLIAM EMERTON HEITLAND

BALLADE OF THE BLUES

I care not for the legends told
Of fights by land or sea,
Of fiery clouds of combat rolled,
Of lance or chivalry;
This mimic tourney is to me
Worth several Waterloo's,
While I am watching, from Block D,
This battle of the Blues.

Here countless mighty chiefs of old
About the ropes will be,
Batsmen whose names are writ in gold,
Bowlers of high degree;
Who fought long summers since, perdie,
And now must humbly choose
To view from bench or balcony
This battle of the Blues.

And kingdoms may be bought or sold,
Great armies fall or flee,
While Fry is caught or Latham bowled,
Or Douglas hits a three:
The world of faddist or M.P.
No longer may amuse
The cheering crowds that sit and see
This battle of the Blues.

ENVOY

Fate, send us sunshine, send us free
Fair cricket, win or lose,
In this historic rivalry,
This battle of the Blues.

1896
From *Leviore Plectro*

ALFRED COCHRANE
Trinity College

JANUARY

AD REDEUNTES

Do not go to *Cambridge*, Sir, there are *Alehouses*, in which you *will* be drunk. There are *Tennis-Courts*, and *Bowling Greens* that *will* heat you to an excess, and then you *will* drink cold small Beer and die. There is a River too, in which you *will* be drowned ; and you *will* study yourself into a consumption, or break your *Brain*.

From *Animadversions on Two Late Books*, 1673

Cambridge again ! and once again
The spacious courts, the ancient halls,
The daily tramp of eager men,
The nightly hush of hoary walls ;

The sacred lawns of shaven grass,
The echoes of the narrow street,
The shout, the laugh, the clinking glass,
The haunts where youth and pleasure meet ;

The hazy commons filled with life,
The crawling river thick with boats,
The ceaseless, ardent, friendly strife,
The coloured flash of scarves and coats ;

The youths too careless of their fate,
The Dean's reproach, the Proctor's frown,
The Porter prowling at the gate,
The sober suits of cap and gown ;

The talk of books, of sport, of wine,
While hearts are warm, though winds be cold,
The friends whose life is part of mine,
The loyal hands I love to hold ;—

All this is Cambridge ; and I hear
The cheerful frolic and the din
Of those who sped the parting year,
And bring the new with laughter in.

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JANUARY

Yet, O you third-year Man, beware;
 Read while you can; turn night to day;
A brooding blackness fills the air,
 The Tripos waits you in the May.

And, O ye Freshmen, safely past
 The terrors of the Little-Go,
The changing terms will fly too fast
 Though here and there the days be slow.

Like you I smiled and quaffed my ale,
 And scorned like you the far exam.;
Yet here I tremble and grow pale,
 And ghost-like haunt the winding Cam.

* * * *

Beshrew the writing on the wall!
 I know the hateful words by heart—
“The smile must fade, the light must fall;
 Too soon the best of friends must part.”

So Jones, my gyp, bestir thyself—
 One glowing night from work I steal—
Go fetch me from my gyp-room shelf
 The bottles with the yellow seal;

And lay my cloth for five or six;
 To-night we meet once more and dine,
And sink the Tripos and its tricks
 And all our cares beneath the wine.

circ. 1896
From *Anni Fugaces*

RUDOLPH CHAMBERS LEHMANN

HERRICK ON THE TRUMPINGTON ROAD

Whenas on wheels my Julia goes,
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly shows
That piston-action of her toes.

Next when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that waggling taketh me!

December 3, 1896

P.

From *The Book of the Cambridge Review*

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM

[This Fragment will be found to contain, in a concentrated form, all the constituent parts of Greek Tragedy. It has an anagnorisis, because its subject is the Recognition of Women. It also contains *at least one* Peripeteia : and the action has been strictly confined, chiefly by the Editor of the *Magazine*, within one revolution of the sun.]

SCENE : *Interior of a Ladies' College*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS OF LADIES

Sisters, from far upon my senses steals
A sound of crackers and of Catherine wheels,
By which I know the Senate in debate
Decides our future and our country's fate:
And lo ! a herald from the city's stir
I see arrive—the usual Messenger.

Enter a Messenger

M. O maiden guardians of this sacred shrine—

Ch. Observe the rules : you've had your single line.

M. Say, is the Lady Principal at home ?

Ch. Thou speak'st, as one for information come.

M. I ask the question for I wish to know.

Ch. By shrewd conjecture one might guess 'twas so.

M. Go, tell your Lady I would speak with her.

Ch. About what thing ? what quest dost thou prefer ?

M. I bear a tale I hardly dare to tell.

Ch. Why vex her ears, when ours will do as well ?

M. Hear then the facts which with self-seeing eyes
I witnessed, not receiving from another.

For when I came within those walls august

Where sat the Boule, doubting if to grant

The boon of honour which the women ask,

Or not : and like some Thracian Hellespont

Tides of opinion flowed in different ways,

Until obeying some divine decree

(This is a Nominative Absolute)

The hollow-bellied circle of a hat

Received their votes (and now, but not till now,

Observe my true apodosis begin)—

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM

Arithmetic, supreme of sciences,
Proclaimed that persons to the number of
One thousand seven hundred and thirteen
Voted Non-Placet (or, It does not please),
While thrice two hundred, also sixty-two,
Voted for Placet on the other side:
Who, being worsted, come as suppliants
With boughs and fillets and the rest complete,
Winging the booted oarage of their feet
Within your gates: the obscurantist rout
Pursue them here with threats, and swear they'll drag
 them out!
Such is my tale: its truth should you deny,
I simply answer, that you tell a lie.

CHORUS

Woe! woe! woe! woe! what shall we do and where
 shall we go?
Dublin or Durham, Heidelberg, Bonn,
All to escape the recalcitrant don?
In what peaceful shade reclined
Shall the cultured female mind
E'er remunerated be
By a Bachelor's Degree?
φεῦ, φεῦ! Whence, O whence (here the antistrophe
 ought to commence)
Whence shall we the privilege seek
Due to our knowledge of Latin and Greek?
Shall we tear our waving locks?
Shall we rend our Sunday frocks?
No, 'tis plain that nothing can
Melt the so-called heart of man.
While with loud triumphant pealings
Ring his cries of horrid joy,
Let us vent our outraged feelings
In a wild ὀτοτοτοῖ—
Justifiable impatience, when the shafts of fate annoy,
Makes one utter exclamations such as ὀτοτοτοτοῖ!

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM

Enter PROFESSOR PLACET

I ask you, ye intolerable creatures,
Why raise this wholly execrable din,
O objects of dislike to the discreet?
Six hundred persons, also sixty-two
(Almost the very number of the Beast)
Have voted for you, and defend your gates.
Moreover, mark my subtle argument:—
When gates are locked no person can get in
Without unlocking them: your gates are locked,
And I have got the key: so that, unless
I ope the gates, the foe cannot get in.
This statement is Pure Reason: or, if this
Is not Pure Reason, *I* don't know what is.

CHORUS

Holy Reason! sacred Νοῦς!
Thou that hast for ever parted
From the Cambridge Senate House,
Make, O make us valiant hearted!
Wisdom, still residing here,
Calm our mind and chase our fear
While with wild discordant clamour
On our College gate they hammer!

[*Confused Noise without*]

Hemich. a. Horrid things! I really wonder how any ever
dared to come,

When they know to base Non-Placets that we're
always Not At Home.

Hemich. β. 'Tis a national dishonour: 'tis the century's dis-
grace.

Hemich. a. If the College rules allowed it, *I* should like to
scratch their face.

Hemich. β. Never mind! a time is coming when despite of
all their Dons

We will sack the hall of Jesus, and enjoy the
wealth of John's!

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM

Hemich. a. Vengeance ! let us face the foeman, boldly bear
the battle's brunt,
With our Placets to assist us, and our chaperons
in front !

[*Alarums ; Excursions—special trains for voters*]

(*A violation of the rule “Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet” is about to commence, when—*)

Enter APOLLO

(*With apologies to Dr V-rr-ll for his profligate character*)

When all too deftly poets tie the knot
And can't untwist their complicated plot,
'Tis then that comes by Jove's supreme decrees
The useful *θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς*.
Rash youths ! forbear ungallantly to vex
Your fellow students of the softer sex !
Ladies ! proud leaders of our culture's van,
Crush not too cruelly the reptile Man !
Or by experience you, as now, will learn,
Th' eternal maxim's truth, that e'en a worm will turn.

1898

ALFRED DENIS GODLEY
Magdalen College, Oxford

EPILOGUE

The years are the years of a Fresher,
 Since first undergraduate brains
Were big with the pang and the pressure
 Of fruitful and fortunate pains;
With the sign of our shield on her bodice
 Of cheap and cadaverous blue,
SHE sprang into being, our Goddess,
 The Cambridge Review.

And the depths of the dwellings infernal
 Were scared at the sound of her laugh,
And the heart of the *Undergrad's Journal*
 Was pierced in its orient half;
For a season it strove to be bitter,
 Then, then its illegible page
Expired in a tremulous twitter
 Of impotent rage.

But our Goddess was throned in the city,
 The queen of our head and our heart,
And her priests were a mighty Committee,
 And used to attend—at the start—
For she spread as a vine in a hot house,
 As the running of Gallican beans,
From Magdalene to Pembroke and Pothouse,
 From Jesus to Queens'.

And the songs and the skits and the sonnets
 Uprose as the flowers from the sod,
When the boarded collegiate bonnets
 Buzzed loud with the bees of the god;
From the head and the hand of the shapers
 Like leaves of the autumn they flew
To the place of the wasting of papers,
 O Cambridge Review!

EPILOGUE

Thou wast filled with all science and knowledge,
Thou wast novel and nearly unique ;
Thine envoys in every College
Told tales of the deeds of the week—
Of anthems and services stately,
Of names in the Little-Go list,
Of Corpus's Chess Club that lately
Had met to play whist.

Thou wast filled with the facts of athletics,
The boat and the bat and the ball,
And the deeds of the modern ascetics
Debarred from the dainties of hall.
Thou hadst news of Oxonian brothers,
And forecasts of oar and of scull,
Thou wast witty at times, and at others
Undoubtedly dull.

Thou hast seen the ephemeral papers
That catered for sectional needs ;
They have vanished as vortical vapours
Blown blue from Baconian weeds ;
Time writes not a wrinkle (*Childe Harold*)
To corrugate *thy* azure brow ;
In fact, it was never apparelled
So bluely as now.

Though their lays may be lightsome and clever,
They last but the life of a leaf ;
Their *entrées* endure not for ever,
But thou art our mutton and beef.
They shall pass, they shall pale, they shall perish,
Unknown, or but known to a few,
While the ages of ages shall cherish
The *Cambridge Review*.

We must change as the seasons that vary,
We must fall as the leaves that are brown,
As the facings of classic canary
From W-ldst-n's doctoral gown ;

EPILOGUE

And the feet that outran Atalanta
No longer our cinders may crunch,
While the wits that were great on the *Granta*
Are punsters in *Punch*.

For the time of our years is a worm-time,
We rust as a moth (so to speak);
But thou shalt be published in term-time,
And thou shalt be sixpence a week.
When the veil of the future is rifted,
Thou shalt gladden our children anew
With thy numbers five hundred times fiftied,
Our *Cambridge Review*!

February 25, 1897 X.
From *The Book of the Cambridge Review*, 1898

MAY WEEK PHILOSOPHY

In the chosen land of lore,
In wisdom's chiefest seat,
The burden of "work-no-more"
Is loud by river and street;
For the month of months is here,
And this is the sweet of the year;
You may harden your heart, you may sport your oak, but
you cannot choose but hear.

Through the casement opened wide
Is wafted the faint perfume
Of summer and summer's pride,
Gay lilac and golden brown.
And the bees in the blaze of noon
In a dreamy, drowsy tune
For ever repeat the anthem meet of languorous, lazy June.

MAY WEEK PHILOSOPHY

Laughter and song go free,
Revel and jocund din;
Like Solomon's lilies, we
Toil not for a while, nor spin.
And dons and deans are not,
And lectures all forgot,
And the proctor goes where no man knows, and gloats o'er
his gains ill-got.

O scholar of fervid brain,
The road of thorns you tread,
What is it but sorrow and pain?
Go, get to the Backs instead,
And there in a little canoe,
Or else in a punt for two,
The primrose path of dalliance sweet by meadow and lawn
pursue.

Serenely unperplexed
With woman and her degree,
We read—do we not?—the text
Amabile semper—she.
And here for an idle hour,
Enmeshed in an Eden-bower,
We envy not the great who plot for profit and place and
power.

The fool he comes and goes,
Nor ever of life the best,
The full fruition, knows:—
Desipere dulce est.
To *feel*, not know—there lies
The goal of the truly wise,
The thrill intense of spirit and sense with nature that har-
monise.

1897
From *The Cambridge Review*

E. S. S.

THE DRAINS

This subtil clerk swich routhe had of this man,
That night and day he spedde him that he can,
To wayte a tyme of his conclusioun,
This is to say, to make illusioun.
By swich an apparence or jogelrye—
I n'can no termës of astrologye—
That he and every wight shold wene and seye,
Of Cauntebrigge the smellës were aweye,
Or ellës they were *sonken under grounde*.

So thurgh his magik, for a wyke or tweye,
It seemëd that the smellës were aweye.
Aurelius, which that yet despeirëd is,
Whër he shal han his hope or fare amis,
Awaiteth night and day on this miràcle,
And when he knew that ther was noon obstàcle,
That voided were thise smellës everichon,
Down to his maistres feet he fil anon,
And seyde, I woful wrecche Aurelius,
Thankë you, lord, that ben propitious,
That me han holpen fro my carës colde.

1898

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT
Christ's College

A SONG OF THE CAMBRIDGE STREETS

We dwelt where youthful brains grow ripe,
A town not drain'd too well,
With here and there a choky pipe,
And here and there a smell.

They tore up streets, they dug below,
They made a deal of fuss,
Now sick'ning manholes reek, and Oh!
The difference to us!

1898

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT

ICHABOD

AN EDICT PROHIBITING BONFIRES FOR THE
FUTURE IN PUBLIC PLACES IS TO BE CON-
SIDERED BY THE SENATE.

There's a cry from the uttermost porches
Where the railings lie shattered and spilt,
There's a hiss of expiring torches
Like the hiss of insatiate guilt ;
And the Senate's convened to determine
A question of burning import,
Shall they foster or flatten the vermin
Of frolic and sport ?

"They have wasted with fire our high palings,
They have battered and cleft and thrown down
The strength and the glory of railings
That embellished our excellent town ;
Their cohorts our gardens infested,
They abused our delightful police,
They insulted, and were not arrested,
Or tried to release.

"Our proctors, all pale at our orders,
Plied clumsy and timorous feet,
And rude fingers took hold on the borders
Of bands that were stainless and neat ;
The bulldog went home by the byeways,
Went homeward all gory and sad,
Like a motor they ravaged the highways,
A motor run mad.

"Where were they, Emmanuel, Jesus,
Caius, Magdalene, and Trinity, where ?
Did they really desire to displease us
Or merely to stroll in the air ?
This last we might possibly pardon ;
But why, at *that* hour in the day,
Was Christ's gate and the wall of Christ's garden
So swarming and gay ?

ICHABOD

“Out of John’s, in his forage for firing,
With a roller, unbound and unsta’ll’d,
A President, purple, perspiring,
On a brow that the world has appa’ll’d,
With a toolshed that mutters and melloes
As it oozes its tar to the flame,
The despoil of the Trinity Fellows,
Triumphant he came.”

As of old at the building of Babel,
With the talking of turbulent tongues,
They gesticulate, stand on the table,
And distend their incompetent lungs;
E’en now, Oh erectors of Wembley¹,
Ye convene, and the glory departs;
Oh august and egregious assembly
Oh Masters of Arts.

1899
From *The Granta*

FRANCIS HERMAN LUCAS
Trinity College

¹ Since dismantled, like the earlier structure mentioned above.

CAMBRIDGE

(REVISITED)

"This is the place—" you stop me with a smile.
Thank you! Else had you found me garrulous.
Happy the man who, facing lost youth thus,
Finds in a friend the link to reconcile
The Past and Present in a cheerier style
Than with a sigh. I think this place to us
Has aspects twain. For each one sees *plus*
Himself. 'Twere rash should either say meanwhile
"This is the place."

Man certainly approximates the ghost
When he revisits college: and his eyes
Are apt to—well, no matter! 'Tis almost
A sin to slip such chance to memorise:
Is't virtue too? Then for its exercise
This is the place!

From *Echoes*, 1900

CLIFFORD HARRISON
St John's College
1857—1903

FROM FELLOWS' BUILDING

Across my gleaming lawn again
 I mark the cheerful sunlight swim;
Once more I love my dear domain,
 My well-kept acres fresh and trim.
I greet with praise the ordered spires,
 The huddled roofs beyond the gate,
My pigeons pouring grave desires
 From many an archèd throat sedate.
My hours are told by nasal tones,
 That swiftly mark them as they fly,
To which in varied antiphons
 The richer voices make reply.
The sun strides on; the gentle day
 In rapture dies behind the trees;
The brooding air divinely grey
 Throbs deep with liquid ecstasies.
Or when against the splendid night
 The sharp moon pencils tree and tower,
Then, then with knives of rare delight
 The world is stabbed one boundless hour.
So once again the brimming dawn
 Across my simple realm is shed.
Once more I greet my sumptuous lawn
 With rustling hoar-frost overspread.
From *Basileona*, Nov. 21st, 1900

THE CLERKE OF CANTEBRIGGE

It was a clerke of Cantebrigge
 Fared forth into the night,
And O but the fume of the wine so red
From the wassail-bowl had filled his head,
 And he walked as best he might.
And when he came to St Peter's house
 He plucked at the bell and rang,
And when he came to the King's College
 Lift up his voice and sang.

THE CLERKE OF CANTEBRIGGE

Then was he ware how that one there
 With two stout knaves came speedilie,
And down the brow of that clerke so bold
With fear the salty droppes rolled.
And in his veins the blood ran cold
 (Some sights are ugsomelike to see).

“Now Christe thee save sir clerke alway,
 Now Christe thee save and see,
But I think that ne’er yet did I hear
 Such dulesome harmonie.

O cocks are crowing a merry midnight,
 And the owl to her nest is gone;
So tell me now wherefore do you
 Thus wander here alone?”

“A truce to thy talk thou silly old man
 Of thy prating now let me be,
For I trow that a clerke through the streets may fare
From the Castle Hill to the Market Square.
Or, an he list, any otherwhere,
 Nor ever ask leave of thee.”

“Now out on thee sir clerke” straightway
 The proctor-wight did chide,
“Who speaketh thus, nowe by my fay,
 A sore pain he must bide.

For that thou art a graceless loon,
 Now four-score pence thou shalt give me;
For an thy purse be lighter grown
 So shall thy manners better be.”

Anon he hath given him pence four-score
 (Small joy he had of that monie).
Now sweet seyncte Margaret be my speede,
To whom I turn in my sore neede
 That I be never such as he.

From *Basileona*, June 1, 1900

THE FRESHMAN AND THE DEAN .

I

It was a fast Freshman who slumbering lay
At a quarter to eight by the right time of day,
Yet still did he slumber, nor heeded the bell,
Which so early did ring him to morning Chapel.

Chorus—

Yes, time flies away and such changes it brings,
That it's hard to believe in the Oneness of things!
For an acorn grown old as an oak may be seen,
And a Freshman himself may some day be a Dean!

2

There's a hurrying of Gownsmen, their Chapels to keep,
But this gay gallant Freshman lay soundly asleep;
The psalms were all sung and the prayers were all said,
But this fastest of Freshmen lay fast in his bed!

3

'Twas past ten o'clock, when our hero at last
Was leisurely taking his morning repast,
When a neat "billet-doux" from the Dean did arrive,
Requesting his presence at quarter past five.

4

"How now, Mr Newman, this must not go on,
Sunday morning Chapel is a '*sine qua non*,'
In the future don't give me occasion to speak,
But keep two on each Sabbath and four in the week."

5

"Mr Dean," said our Freshman, "I'm in your bad books,
But I'm sure that my fault's not so bad as it looks,
For to Chapel each morning in spirit I go,
Though my body sleeps snugly in bed as you know."

THE FRESHMAN AND THE DEAN

6

"Oh, if that be the case," said the Dean with a frown,
"You are free, Sir, (in spirit) to roam through the town,
But remember, or treatment more stringent awaits,
That your body, this week, will keep snug within Gates."

MORAL.

This moral, my friends, you may all take to heart,
In your dealings with Dons, it don't pay to be smart;
For, though briefly you score in an elegant way,
They've a card up their sleeve when it's their turn to play!

DR FURNIVALL AND THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

IN HONOREM F.J.F. (A.D. 1900)

A clerk ther was of Cauntebrigge also
That unto rowing haddè long y-go.
Of thinnè shidès¹ wolde he shippès makè,
And he was nat right fat, I undertakè.
And whan his ship he wrought had attè fullè,
Right gladly up the river wolde he pullè,
And eek returne as blythly as he wente.
Him rekkèd nevere that the sonne him brentè²,
Ne stinted he his cours for reyn ne snowè;
It was a joyè for to seen him rowè!
Yit was him lever, in his shelves newè,
Six oldè textès³, clad in greenish hewè,
Of Chaucer and his oldè poesyè.
Than ale, or wyn of Lepe⁴, or Malvoisyè.
And therwithal he wex a filosofre;
And peyned him to gadren gold in cofre
Of sundry folk; and al that he mighte hentè⁵
On textès and emprinting he it spentè;

¹ Thin boards. ² Burnt. ³ See the "six-text" edition of Chaucer.

⁴ A town in Spain. ⁵ Acquire.

DR FURNIVALL AND THE OXFORD DICTIONARY

And busily gan bokès to purveyè
 For hem that yeve him wherwith to scoleyè¹.
 Of glossaryès took he hede and curè²;
 And when he spyèd had, by aventure,
 A word that semèd him or strange or rare,
 To henten³ it anon he noldè sparè⁴
 But wolde it on a shrede⁵ of paper wrytè,
 And in a chest he dide his shredès whytè,
 And preyèd every man to doon the samè;
 Swich maner study was to him but gamè.
 And on this wysè many a yeer he wroughtè,
 Ay storing every shreed that men him broughtè,
 Till attè lastè, from the noble pressè
 Of Clarendoun, at Oxenforde, I gessè,
 Cam stalking forth the Gretè Dictionárie
 That no man wel may pinche at⁶ ne contrárie.
 But for to tellen alle his queintè gerès⁷,
 They wolden occupye wel seven yerès;
 Therefore I passe as lightly as I may;
 Ne speke I of his hatte or his array.
 Ne how his berd by every wind was shakè
 When as, for hete, his hat he wolde of takè.
 Souning in⁸ Erly English was his spechè,
 "And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly techè."

1900

WALTER WILLIAM SKEAT

From MS. Harl. 7334,
 fol. 999, back.

¹ For those that gave him the means to study with. ² Care. ³ Seize upon. ⁴ Would not hesitate. ⁵ All quotations illustrating special uses of English words were written on pieces of paper of a particular size. ⁶ Find fault with. ⁷ Curious ways. ⁸ In accordance with.

Dr F., who was a total abstainer, was the first to build outriggers on the Cam.

WHEN I AM GONE

When I am gone and in my place
There comes an unaccustomed race,
 Will one among them think of me,
 Or shall I quite forgotten be,
And leave behind no lasting trace?

When careless hands my name erase,
And in my rooms strange footsteps pace,
 Will other voices ring with glee
 When I am gone?

It must be so! Time moves apace,
And none can 'scape his chill embrace;
 'Tis destiny's unmoved decree,
 From which no mortal e'er can flee,
And no one will recall my face
 When I am gone.

1901
From *'Varsity Verses*

HARRY DEBRON CATLING
St John's College

KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

Unhappy King, look not upon these towers,
Remember not thine only work that grew.
The moving world that feeds thy gift devours,
And the same hand that finished overthrew.

1902
From *A Hermit of Carmel*

GEORGE SANTAYANA

IN GRANTCHESTER MEADOWS ON FIRST HEARING A SKYLARK SING

Too late, thou tender songster of the sky,
Trilling unseen, by things unseen inspired,
 I list thy far-heard cry
That poets oft to kindred song hath fired,
As floating through the purple veils of air
 Thy soul is poured on high,
A little joy in an immense despair.

Too late thou biddest me escape the earth,
 In ignorance of wrong
To spin a little slender thread of song;
 On yet unwearied wing
 To rise and soar and sing,
 Not knowing death or birth,
Or any true unhappy human thing.

 To dwell 'twixt field and cloud,
By river-willow and the murmurous sedge,
 Be thy sweet privilege,
To thee and to thy happy lords allowed.
My native valley higher mountains hedge
 'Neath starlit skies and proud,
And sadder music in my soul is loud.

 Yet have I loved thy voice,
Frail echo of some ancient sacred joy.
 Ah, who might not rejoice
Here to have wandered, a fair English boy,
And breathed with life thy rapture and thy rest
Where woven meadow-grasses fold thy nest?
 But whose life is his choice?
And he who chooseth not hath chosen best.

1902
From *A Hermit of Carmel*

GEORGE SANTAYANA

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE A.D.C., ON FEBRUARY 25, 1905

Stay yet a moment, friends; dissolve not yet
The charm which dreams of other days beget:
One moment more, beneath that gentle pow'r,
Indulge the genius of the place and hour!

Yes, fifty years have fled, since Drama's reign,
Once known in storied hall and stately fane,
Once linked with solemn revels of the gown,
Rose to new life in Granta's ancient town:
Drama returned,—less classic than of yore,
Child of the time, and modern to the core.
Lo, we salute our founder on the scene
Where still the laurels of his youth are green,
And bid BURNAND recall that happy thought
By which the A.D.C. to birth was brought!

When the young Club five lustres now could tell,
Our genial PRINCE adorned that festival;
Five lustres more succeed, and, closing, bring,
For seal, the gracious message of our KING.

LOWTHER, our Chairman, still, as ever, kind,
Has left the cares of Westminster behind:
See him preside, though for a single night,
Where Bills are peaceful and where Acts are bright.

O for the skill to trace from page to page,
Through years gone by, the annals of our stage;
To hail those sprightly authors of our choice
In whom the lighter Muse has found a voice,
BURNAND, TOM TAYLOR, ever seen with zest,
PINERO, HENRY BYRON, and the rest,
That various fellowship whose lively praise
Runs through our story, to the later days
When LEHMANN, zealous in THALIA's cause,
Gave JUPITER the Doctorate of Laws!
Here, too, the masters of an elder school,
Lov'd of our fathers, vindicate their rule:
Modes pass, the victories of wit remain;
Still SHERIDAN is matchless in his vein;
Still LYTTON's star o'ertops the western hill,
And GOLDSMITH's lady stoops to conquer still.

EPILOGUE

But who shall render justice to that line
Of actors whom our chronicles enshrine?—
Our favourites of the old time and the new,
Some with us still, some pass'd beyond our view,—
Whose varied gifts, embracing all the spheres
Betwixt the springs of laughter and of tears,
Gained on our stage those plaudits, doubly sweet,
Where joy in art and joy of friendship meet,
Whether in greater parts they bore the stress,
Or helped with care and spirit in the less.
Who would choose names from such a brilliant roll?
We bring our grateful tribute to the whole.

O friends and guests! To-morrow's cold grey light
Will spare, perchance, some vision of to-night,
Some vestige of those hours which gathered here
Comrades well-tried in many a vanish'd year,
Drawn once again within that magic ring
Where breathe the memories of the golden spring.
And well it was that in our Granta's seat,
On ground once trod by youthful MARLOWE's feet,—
His, by whom first those paths of verse were prov'd
In which our SHAKESPEARE's earlier footsteps mov'd,—
His, who first taught our language to prolong
Such tones as swell in MILTON's pealing song,—
Well was it that beneath these kindly skies
A gownsman's home of Drama should arise,
Where the most human of the liberal arts,
Midst graver tasks, should weave a bond of hearts.
O may one loyal aim, through times to be,
Still knit the brethren of the A.D.C.,
Humour with pathos mingle, grace with fire,
Bid ease with force, and wit with sense conspire!
Hail to our founder, ere the curtain fall;
Thanks to our Chairman, and good-night to all!

1905

Sir RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB
Trinity College
1841—1905

NEWNHAM COLLEGE GARDEN

I passed amid the foliage and the flowers :
The heavy luscious branches of the lime,
All heavy with the burden of their prime,
Laid gentle touch of blessing on my brow,
In thankfulness my passing form should bow
Their weight of sweetness, and behind me leave
A gentle oscillation, to relieve
The long monotony of summer hours.

HILDA HUDSON
Newnham College

A FEN VILLAGE

White cottage standing by the way,
Small garden, stocks and roses gay,
A row of ricks, a brown-roofed barn,
Close by a house, a manor farm.

A blacksmith's forge, the village inn,
A pond, white ducks by grassy rim,
A village green where bye roads meet,
And one of them is called a street.

With shop where everything is sold
And all the news is heard and told,
An old grey church and churchyard green,
A bridge across a rushy stream

Leads out into the fields again,
Wide spreading as the rolling main,
And standing up against the sky
A windmill and grey steeple high.

Flat land that once was marsh and fen,
You breed a stubborn race of men,
You taught a nation how to die,
Calm as your dykes, free as your sky.

circ. 1906

T. F. VEASEY

From *Meadowsweet*

CAMBRIDGE

What stage is this? The opening scene of life,
 'Twixt youth and manhood's pause!
Young gladiators, eager for the strife,
 Gold, or the world's applause!

Too soon, alas! we part (for time is fleet)
 To strive for might, or right;
But here in youth's far-happiest hour we meet,
 With hopes both brave and bright!

1906?
From *Out of Darkness, Light*

RICHARD GLYNN VIVIAN
Trinity College

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

Birds, that cry so loud in the old, green, bowery garden,
 Your song is of Love! Love! Love! Will ye weary
 not nor cease?
For the loveless soul grows sick, the heart that the grey days
 harden;
I know too well that ye love! I would ye should hold
 your peace!
I too have seen Love rise like a star; I have marked his setting;
 I dreamed in my folly and pride that Life without Love
 were peace.
But if Love should await me yet, in the land of sleep and
 forgetting!—
Ah, bird, could you sing me this, I would not your song
 should cease.

1907
From *The Cambridge Review*

B.

A BALLADE OF THE BACKS

Is it true, think you?—*Winter's Tale*.

I like my cousin, only she's
A Cambridge girl, and when I tried
To show her what I thought would please,
And play the Ciceronian guide,
She metaphorically "shied"
At all my darkly blue attacks,
And to each point I made, replied,
"You've *nothing* like the Cambridge Backs."

I thought those stately lines of trees
Through which the Cher and Isis glide
Would win her heart, but even these
It was her humour to deride;
E'en the Ashmolean she defied,
And still (the thought my bosom racks)
In smooth "Fitzbilliambs" cried,
"You've nothing *like* the Cambridge Backs."

We reached "The High": "Now then, Louise,"
Said I (as Univ. we espied),
"Don't tell me Peterhouse or Caius
Can match this pile"; but, cut and dried,
Her swift retort my hopes belied;
"One thing," she cooed, "your city lacks,
Though you have prospects fair and wide,
You've nothing like the *Cambridge Backs*."

L'Envoi.

Oxonians, doff your naughty pride,
And go and put your heads in sacks;
Though you may boast the Oxford *Side*,
You've nothing like the Cambridge *Backs*!

1907
From *The Muse in Motley*

HARTLEY CARRICK
Hertford College, Oxford

IN CHRIST'S COLLEGE GARDENS

"Ad honorem Christi Jesu et fidei ejus incrementum."

Our saintly Beaufort built this house of peace
To Christës honour and His faith's increase.

Toil then, grave Doctors, till your life shall cease,
For Christës honour and His faith's increase.

Dear Scholars, that from sin do crave release,
Seek Christës honour and His faith's increase.

PAUL ENGLAND
Christ's College

A golden stillness sleeps among the trees
Of this old garden, where the chestnuts rear
Their blossomed height, the haunt of droning bees
When full-leaved summer leads the crownëd year.
On yonder showering birch that frets the blue
The cuckoo sits and flutes a lazy note,
Or in yon aspen's shade breaks forth anew,
Where sullen carp in cool recesses dote.
Here Milton mused, here Darwin's brow unbent,
Here strolled the singer of a later day
Who taught to English ears the ravishment
Of sweet 'Theocritus' undying lay.
These glories were: to me fresh joys belong,
That thou dost tread these paths, whose love hath made
me strong.

1883
From *The Desert and other Poems*

PAUL ENGLAND

THE RETURN

(1883—1907)

O sweet retir'd garden! How the light
Dreams amethystine o'er the enchanted pool
Where those gray watchers, statues once of men,
Translated now to sylvan deities,
Guard the cool virgin waters! How the dawn
Wakes emerald flames along the spangled grass
And fires the encircling plots, where every flower
Is sweet in song or story!—Joy and woe!
Here's Hyacinthus with his locks new-curled,
And sad Narcissus here, the poet's dream;
Here, Love-lies-bleeding; there, shy southernwood
Lurks in the shade, with rosemary and rue.

* * * *

God gave me here to walk, when first these lips
Grew tremulous with love—a boy, as blind
As pagan Love, as wanton and as wild.
Long did ye woo me, solemn cloister walls,
Long did ye speak of love: yet I went forth,
Not knowing, wildered with fantastic dreams,
To walk in other gardens.

I have known

The gardens of Adonis—rose-gardens,
Whose roses hung like flames of fire, whose dew
Was like a fiery wine. Old Babylon
Hath held me on her flowery poisoned slopes—
And perfumed gardens, far in ominous seas,
Have dipped, and left me drowning.

Now at last,

Weary of wandering, a man, storm-spent,
With bruised heart, with new-created eyes,
O Garden of all gardens, home I come—
Home to the solemn shade, the cloistering stone,
The secret path that finds the virgin pool,
The freshness, and the wonder, and the dream.

1907

PAUL ENGLAND

WRITTEN IN A CANOE ABOVE GRANTCHESTER

When Light, with jewels all aglow,
Comes singing through the poplar grove,
She glitters on the stream below,
And flows along the bank above.

She speaks to every girl and boy,
She flings her gems for all mankind,
She fills the children's hearts with joy,
But glances off the wise man's mind.

1909

ESMÉ CECIL WINGFIELD-STRATFORD
King's College

A FAREWELL

Here Cambridge now I bid farewell,
Adieu to students all;
Adieu unto the colleges,
And unto Gunvil-Hall:
And you, my fellows once,
Pray unto Jove that I
May have relief
For this my grief,
And speedy remedy.

From *A Proper New Song*
By a Student in Cambridge

NOTES

CHAUCEER. (p. 1)

There is no evidence that Chaucer had ever been to Cambridge when he wrote this tale; and he certainly was ignorant of the distance between Cambridge and Trumpington. Nor has the University any real share in the glory or disgrace that attaches to association with the Reeve's Tale; for, as was proved long ago, that tale is based on a French *fabliau*. Nevertheless, it has pleased the poets to fancy that Chaucer roamed the fields and fens he here describes. Thus Wordsworth, in *The Prelude* (III. 280), says,

Beside the pleasant mill of Trumpington
I laughed with Chaucer in the hawthorn shade;
Heard him, while birds were warbling, tell his tales
Of amorous passion;

and the author of *College Days* (1883) tells us how he rowed

Towards Grantchester, which Chaucer loved,
Where a fair mill still grinds the golden corn,
And keeps the memory of his miller green.

On the strength of this idea the compiler of the *Cambridge Tart* (1823) inserts in his collection a bad modernisation of the tale, in which the Soler Hall is actually represented by "Scholar's Hall!" It is uncertain what college is really meant by the "Soler." A tradition long prevailed that it was Clare, and that Chaucer himself was educated at that College. Dean Stubbs thinks it was Garret Hostel, a *soler* or sun-chamber being the equivalent of a garret; but Professor Skeat, in his note on the passage, regards it as practically certain that the Soler was King's Hall, founded in 1337 by Edward III, and now merged in Trinity College. This Hall possessed numerous *solaria*. It stood on the right of the Great Court, on the ground now occupied by the Chapel, the Bowling Green, and the Master's Lodge.

"The modern mill," says Professor Skeat, "is familiar to all Cambridge men; but this mill and bridge are both comparatively modern, being placed upon an artificial channel. The old 'bridge' is that over the old river-bed, somewhat nearer Trumpington; the 'brook' is the old course of the Granta, which is hereabouts very narrow and circuitous; and the mill stood a quarter of a mile above the bridge, at the spot marked 'Old Mills' on the ordnance-map, though better known as 'Byron's pool,' which is the old mill-pool. We like to think that Chaucer saw the spot himself, but...he might easily have learnt some local particulars from his wife's friend, Lady Blaunche de Trumpington, or from Sir Roger himself."

Made fare in line 19 means simply "made a fuss": the *maunciple* had many of the duties of a modern bursar; *soken* means "toll, gain."

NOTES

LYDGATE. (p. 2)

The accompanying verses are to be found in the Baker MS. in the Cambridge University Library; they are printed in full in Mullinger's *History of Cambridge*. Apart from Chaucer's, they contain the earliest known poetical reference to the University. The legendary lore contained in them was fully believed to a very late date. "Down even to the middle of the last century," says Dr Stubbs, "the ears of Cambridge graduates were still beguiled by strange stories of the early renown of the University—how it was founded by a Spanish prince Cantaber ('Cantebro') 'in the 432nd year of the creation of the world,' and in the sixth year of Gurgant, King of Britain; how Athenian astronomers and philosophers, 'because of the pleasantness of the place,' came to Cambridge as its earliest professors, 'the King having appointed them stipends,'...and how the University had among its earlier Doctors of Divinity the great Saxon scholars Bede and Alcuin." (Stubbs, *Mediaeval Towns, Cambridge*, p. 3.) Dr Stubbs proceeds to quote from Nicholas Cantelupe:

"Anaximander, one of the disciples of Thales, came to this city on account of his Philosophy and great skill in Astrology....After his example, Anaxagoras, quitting his Possessions,...came to Cambridge, where he writ Books, and instructed the unlearned, for which reason that City was by the People of the Country call'd the city of *Scholars*."

"King Cassibelan...bestowed such Preheminence on this City, that any Fugitive or Criminal, desirous to acquire Learning, flying to it, was defended in the sight of His Enemy....For which Reason, as also on account of the Richness of the Soil, the Serenity of the Air, the great Source of Learning, and the King's Favour, young and old, from many Parts of the Earth, resorted thither, some of whom *Julius Caesar*, having vanquished Cassibelan, carry'd away to Rome, where they afterwards flourish'd."

More of this sort may be found in the old histories of Cambridge, such as Fuller's. It is needless to add that modern historians give these tales short shrift: but Lydgate, as a monk of the neighbouring abbey of Bury, would be familiar with them all, and would doubtless be not unanxious to claim for Cambridge a superiority over Oxford, not only in its freedom from Lollard "heresie," but in the length of its history.

In the scanning of Lydgate one special peculiarity should be observed. Not only does he, like Chaucer, affect the omission of the syllable at the beginning of the line (as in "Twenty bokēs clad in blak and red"), and not only (like Shakspeare) does he often add a syllable at the caesura, but he frequently *omits* an unaccented syllable *within the line* after a pause. The result is almost intolerable to modern ears.

The present copy is an exact transcript of Mr Bass Mullinger's reprint. I had made a collation with the other copies; but in a work like the present it seemed unnecessary to trouble the reader with an *apparatus criticus*, which would be but a list of variations like *wch* for *which*, *jerusalem* for *Iherusalem*, capital letters for small ones, and the like. The only serious error is in verse 11 line 1: cp. verse 14.

A slight reference may perhaps be permitted to the ballad of "Kinge John and the Bishoppe." This old ballad, printed in the Percy Folio (edit. Furnivall and Hales, 1. 508), tells how King John quarrelled with the Bishop (*sic*) of Canterbury, and finally threatened to put him to death unless he could answer three questions: what the King is worth, how soon he can go round the world,

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and what he is thinking about. As usual in such cases, the Bishop consults the learned, but finds them as helpless as was Teiresias in face of the riddle of the sphinx; and despair fills his heart.

the Bishopp bade the King "god night" att a word.
he rode betwixt Cambridge & oxenford,
but neuer a Doctor there was soe wise
cold shew him these questions or enterprise;
wherewith the Bishopp was nothing gladd,
but in his hart was heauy & sadd.

Speedily, however, he is rescued from his dilemma: his half-brother goes to the King and tells him he is worth certainly one penny less than the thirty pieces paid for Christ, and so on in the well-known style.

The *story* can be traced back to the fifteenth century.

Circ. 1500.

THE COURT OF LOVE. (p. 5)

This poem, included by Stowe in his edition of Chaucer (1561), is really of the early sixteenth century. Its author was a Cambridge man, who calls himself *Philogenet*, a name which affords a fine field for conjecture. At any rate he may be added to the long list of Cambridge poets. The attribution of this poem to Chaucer was doubtless one of the reasons why that poet was supposed to have studied at Cambridge. Thus Fuller (date 1373), quoting our passage, says "about this time Geoffrey Chaucer studied in Cambridge. For, being commanded to give an account of himself, he returned, under the assumed name of *Philogenet*, 'of Cambridge, clerk.' Here 'clerk' is not taken in the restrictive sense of one in Orders, but for a scholar, skilled in learning. I confess, this Chaucer, living at New-Elm in Oxfordshire, probably studied also in that University, being one of that merit who may with honour be acknowledged a member of both Universities."

The spelling *Cambrige* fixes the date at least later than Chaucer's death; Chaucer's own spelling being *Cantebrigge*. In the imperfect line (9) the words in brackets are supplied by Professor Skeat. *In-fere* = "together."

ON DR SCOT. (p. 7)

Cuthbert Scot, Master of Christ's, was a leader of the University during the troubled days at the beginning of Queen Mary's reign. In 1556 he was made Bishop of Chester; and staunchly opposed the changes inaugurated under Elizabeth. He was deprived in 1559, and died abroad in 1565. As was natural in the case of so strong a Catholic, there were two opinions as to his merits. Richard Shacklock, of Trinity, wrote a glowing epitaph on him, from a translation of which (by an uncertain author) Cooper quotes the lines here given.

TUSSER. (p. 9)

Thomas Tusser, the author of *Five Hundreth Pointes of good Husbandrie*, was born about 1525, and educated first at St Paul's, then at Eton, under the famous Udal (author of *Ralph Roister Doister*), who appears to have been a regular *plagius Orbilius*. He entered King's in 1543, but soon removed to Trinity Hall. After a long absence he returned to that college, and seems to have been employed in the choir there. As he says in the autobiographical poem from which our extract is taken,

Let musicke win, let stocke come in,
Let wisdom keue, let reason serue,
For here I craue such end to haue,
as God shall giue.

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DR CAIUS. (p. 10)

John Caius, the second founder of Gonville Hall, died in London on July 29, 1573. He was buried in the College chapel. On him were written the accompanying lines, which are quoted by Dr Venn in his *History of Caius* III. 56.

On him cp. the *Carmen Caianum* :

Suae memor juventutis,
Viam indicans salutis,
Portam condidit Virtutis
Et Honoris proximi :
His praeifixit arctam satis
Januam Humilitatis,
Monens intrent ne sublati
Animis discipuli.

GASCOIGNE. (p. 10)

George Gascoigne, a descendant of the famous judge, has an importance in the history of English literature as an early writer of comedy, and as one of the pioneers of blank verse. His *Steele Glas*, or *Mirror of Truth*, is the earliest blank verse satire; a fairly good picture of the times, but tedious, and monotonous in its versification. This monotony is made more clear by the constant use of a comma to mark the "caesura." Such as he is, however, Gascoigne is one of the very earliest in the long roll of Cambridge poets.

GABRIEL HARVEY. (p. 12)

The extreme classicism of Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser, is well known : indeed, it went nigh to depriving us of *The Faerie Queene*, and substituting a miserable series of pseudo-Virgilian hexameters. In one of his *Four Letters* (1592) Harvey lays claim to the doubtful honour of being the "Inventour" of this metre, which "learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill, and excellent Sir Phillip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia, and elsewhere." That the accompanying specimen of Harvey's versification perhaps had to do with a tree at Trinity Hall may be gathered from the statement of Nashe in his *Strange News* (1592).

"Tyll Greene awakte him out of his selfe admiring contemplation, hee had nothing to doe, but walke under the Ewe tree at Trinitie hall, and say :

'What may I call this tree, an Ewe tree, O bonny Ewe tree,
Needes to thy boughs will I bow this knee, and vaile my bonneto,'

Or make verses of weathercocks on the top of steeples, as he did once of the weathercocke of Alhallows in Cambridge :

'O weathercocke that stands on the top of the Church of Alhallows,
Come thy waies down if thou darst for thy crowne and take the wall
on us.'

O Heathenish and Pagan Hexameters, come thy waies down from thy doctorship, and learne thy Primer of Poetry ouer again, for certainly thy pen is in state of a Reprobate with all men of iudgement and reckoning." (See Dyce's *Greene*, I. p. lxxxvi).

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SPENSER. (p. 12)

This is the only passage in which Spenser directly alludes to Cambridge. It is however perhaps not presumptuous to guess that in his picture of Eumnestes in the house of Alma (*F. Q. II. 9*) he was drawing from the model of some old Cambridge don.

And therein sat an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
Yet lively vigour rested in his mind....
The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine....
His chamber all was hanged about with rolles
And old recordes from auncient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, some in long parchment scrolles,
That were all worm-eaten and full of canker holes.

JOSEPH HALL. (p. 13)

Joseph Hall, afterwards the famous Bishop of Norwich, issued in 1597, when he had but just taken his degree at Cambridge, the first set of his "Toothless Satires." In the first he makes a plain allusion to the passage in Spenser, on the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, from which our last selection was taken.

In the second book occurs the curious passage here quoted, in which the Signs of the Zodiac are called inns and adorned with the names of inns in Cambridge. For this passage, so late as 1642, Hall was severely and somewhat unjustly taken to task by Milton in his *Apology for Smectymnus*. "Turning by chance to the sixth (*sic*; *seventh*) satire of his second book, I was confirmed; where, having begun loftily in 'heaven's universal alphabet,' he falls down to that wretched poorness and frigidity, as to talk of 'Bridge-street in heaven, and the ostler of heaven, and there wanting other matter to catch him a heat... with thoughts lower than any beadle betakes him to whip the signposts of Cambridge alehouses, the ordinary subject of freshmen's tales, and in a strain as pitiful." The conceit is indeed wretched enough; but it is hard that a man of sixty-eight should be lashed for his freaks committed at twenty-three.

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS. (p. 14)

The Pilgrimage to Parnassus was acted at St John's College at Christmas time, 1597; a sequel, called *The Returne from Parnassus*, in 1599; and the second part of *The Returne* in 1601. This last part, alone of the three, was known until in 1886 the other two were discovered in the Bodleian and published by Mr Macray. The whole trilogy is perhaps the most typical specimen of those academic plays which were so common for centuries, and of which *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Club Law*, *Ezechias*, *Pammachius*, and *Ignoramus* are other examples, Latin or English. The Parnassian plays are chiefly quoted for their references to the great contemporary dramatists; but they are almost more interesting as pictures of the life of those who, in Bentley's phrase, vainly "strive to mount Parnassus' hill"—the poor scholars of former days. Properly to be appreciated, these plays should of course be read in full. A few passages, more especially bearing on Cambridge, are here selected. These, with the specimens relating to *Ignoramus*, will give a fair idea of the squibs of three hundred years ago.

NOTES

IGNORAMUS. (p. 19)

On March 7, 1614 (1615), King James I and Prince Charles visited Cambridge. A full account of the ceremonies may be found in Cooper's *Annals* (III. 69 sq.). Several plays were performed for the entertainment of the royal guests: a comedy (*Aemilia*) in Latin by the men of St John's; another (*Albumazar*) in English, at Trinity; and, most famous of all, the Latin comedy of *Ignoramus*, at Clare Hall. This play, by George Ruggle, Fellow of that college, was one long attack upon the lawyers. We give as much of it as can be called at least partially English—that is, the macaronic prologues. Many effusions, more or less poetical, were occasioned by this and the other entertainments, of which the one given next, by (Bishop) Corbet, is the most famous. It was answered by a certain Lakes in the verses printed next. In the third poem, the entertainment received by James at Cambridge is compared with that given him at Oxford.

When the play was acted in 1712 the following prologue was spoken:

Once in an Age let *Ignoramus* come
To make a Visit near his Proper Home:
Long is it since at *Cambridge* he appear'd,
And since that Time (I speak with due Regard)
He has not oft at *Westminster* been heard.

* * * *

For at that ancient Seat of Learning, where
This Play first enter'd on a Theater,
The gravest Students deign'd to have a Share.
And twice, if *Cambridge* Poets rightly sing,
Did *Ignoramus* entertain a King.
The Character his pleasant humour hit,
The King with gracious Mirth had like to—split.

A CERTAIN POEM. (p. 20)

- v. 2, 3. Quia valde lutosa est Cantabrigia.
- v. 2, 4. Ludus per spatium 6 horarum infra.
- v. 2, 6. "A bushel of March dust is worth a King's ransom."
- v. 4, 1. Coll. Eman. abundat puritanis.
- v. 5, 1. The King enterd Cambridge 7 Mar. 1614-5.
- v. 8, 1. Samuel Harsnett, then bp. of Chichester.
- v. 8, 2. Vestis indicat virum.
- v. 11, 1. Nethersoli Cant. orator, qui per speculum seipsum solet ornari.
- v. 12, 4. Orator hoc usus est vocabulo in oratione ad regem.
- v. 14, 4. Actores omnes fiere theologi.
- v. 16, 6. Ludus dicebatur Ignoramus, qui durabat per spatium sex horarum.
- v. 18, 4. Idem quod Bocardo apud Oxon.
- v. 19, 4. Insigniss. stultus.
- v. 20, 4. Paulus Tompsonus, qui nuper læsæ majest. reus ob aurum decurtat.
- v. 21, 4. Decorum quia Coll. est puritanorum plenum: scil. Emanuel. [The chapel of Emmanuel, a Puritan college, stood north and south.]

LAKES'S POEM. (p. 25)

v. 1. The former is Taylor, the celebrated water-poet: the latter, William Fenner, a puritanical poet and pamphleteer of that period, was educated at Pembroke-hall, Oxford. He was preferred to the rectory of Rochford in Essex, by the Earl of Warwick. He died about 1640. G.

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Archbishop Laud in his annual account to the King 1636, p. 37, mentions one Fenner, a principal ringleader of the Separatists, with their conventicles, at and about Ashford in Kent. G.

v. 11. The crotchet to which this verse answers is not found in Corbet's poem. It evidently refers to the tenth verse in the *Courtiers Censure* given on p. 29. (Cooper, III. 81.)

A COURTIERS CENSURE. (p. 29)

The play of *Ignoramus* roused intense indignation among the assailed lawyers, and none the less so because the King delighted in it, and actually came twice to Cambridge to hear it. Many answers were made to it by the aggrieved profession, one of which is quoted as follows by Cooper (*Annals* III. 88):

“To the comedians of Cambridge, who in 3 acts before the King abused the lawyers with an imposed Ignoramus, in two ridiculous persons, Ignoramus the master, and Dulman the clerk: John a Stile, student in the common law, wisheth a more sound judgment and a more reverent opinion of their betters.

Faith, gentlemen, I do not blame your wit,
Nor yet commend, but rather pity it;
Ascribing this, your error and offence,
Not unto malice, but to ignorance;
Who know the world by map, and never dare,
If beyond Barkeway [gone, to] ride past Ware,
But madly spurgall home unto your schools,
And there become exceeding learned fools.

1615.

The following lines also are quoted by Cooper from a poem called *The Soldier's Counterbluff to the Cambridge Interludians of Ignoramus*.

Where, among news, some of more plain import,
Some of more danger, under show of sport,
I heard of two occurrents, strange to tell,
Both touching Cambridge preachers of God's spell:
First, that Paul Tomson¹ clipped the king's coin;
Next, that George Rugler's interlude did join
Our laws with ignorance, with mere intent
To tax our king and happy government.

These verses on *Ignoramus* are almost the only verses known that deal with the performance of a Cambridge comedy. The following, however, written by Henry Molle of King's, relate to the play *Fucus Histriomastix*, which was performed probably in 1623. For my knowledge of them I am indebted to Professor G. C. Moore Smith.

Molle matriculated in 1612, took his B.A. degree in 1617, and was Public Orator from 1639 to 1650.

The reference in the sixth stanza is to Barton Holyday's *Technogamia*, acted at Christchurch in February 1618, and again before James I at Woodstock in 1621. The Trinity play of stanza 9 was Hacket's *Loiola*, performed before the king at Trinity on March 12, 1623.

¹ Paul Tomson, one of the Seniors of Trinity, was lodged in Cambridge Castle, and deprived of his Fellowship, for clipping coin. He was however pardoned, and allowed to keep his livings; he actually “had the face to appear in the town while the King was there.”

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ON FUCUS.

A Comedy acted before the King by some of Queens' Colledge
in Cambridge.

The Queenes Colledge Play, from Cambridge away
The King to the Court did call,
Because it was pittie, that a thinge so witty
Should dye in a private Hall.
They thought it no slander to the Court for to wander,
Though men might judge never so hard,
The King did command it, they could not withstand it,
And therefore went thitherward.

Three coaches came empty to carry some twenty
With bagge and baggage to boote,
And when they had done, 'twas twenty to one
They had not come home on foote.
Sure they were not wise that did them advise
To appeare in so publike a place,
But things that are vicious will still bee ambitious
To runne into farther disgrace.

The Puritan surely lookt very demurely
With his little ruffe and hose,
Each word that he spoke was as long as his cloake
And drawn quite through his nose.
And being in orders he past not his borders
In shewing the world his art,
For he thought a Divine need never decline
To play a grave Ministers part.

A Foole and a Morris provided was for his
Good Majesties greater delight,
When a suddaine mischance might have spoyled the dance,
Theire bells were forgotten quite.
But at a dead lift there were freinds for a shift
To whom they became greate debtors,
For the Hawkes of the Court to farther their sport
Did give up their bells to their betters.

Now honour befall those merry boyes all !
To see the good chance of thinges !
For they that while ere the Queens players were
Are now become the Kinges.
The players of London will surely be undone,
They have little cause to thanke 'um,
For Lowin, nor Towley, nor Tayler, nor Rowley
Could ever dance Prinkum prankum.

Poor Technogamia may sitt down and dye a
Most bitter and sorrowfull death,
For these went beyond her, judge which was the fonder
To runne themselves out of breath.

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She went but six mile and gate not a smile
 And came her wayes home againe,
 These were better serv'd, had what they deserv'd,
 They were well laught at for their paine.

The King, as they say, at their coming away
 Greate grace unto them did show
 And gave them ten pound to drink his health round,
 But I thinke it was not soe.
 That gift was too small to give 'mongst them all,
 For every man for his share
 Deserved no worse than ten pound and a purse,
 I'le be judg'd by them that were there.

Now when you make more, bee advised before
 Your Ignavia must not bee such,
 Your Ingenium, your Judicium
 Had needs bee twice as much.
 And then last of all, ye fift act was too small,
 At least you must make it soe bigge
 That when there's an end men need not attend
 As if they expected a Jigge.

Now Trinity Colledge, you needs must acknowledge
 They were to you of good use,
 For thus they did toyle to bee but the foyle
 And rayse your noble Muse.
 For they that will looke without their owne booke
 Will quickly be brought to see
 And easily know their's was but a shew
 And your's the Comœdy.

1623

HENRY MOLLE
 King's College
 B.A. 1617.

DRAYTON. (p. 31)

That Sigebert of East Anglia, assisted by Felix, Bishop of Dunwich, founded Cambridge University about 630 A.D., and that King Alfred, two hundred and fifty years later, was led by this example to found University College at Oxford, is a tradition too pleasant to the patriotic Cantab to be lightly dismissed. It was held, for instance, by Randolph, a true son of Trinity. Drayton, in his note, confesses that he has only recorded it for poetical reasons; "I will believe it," he says, "not much sooner than that Gurgunsius, with Cantaber, founded it, or those charters of King Arthur and bulls of Pope Honorius." However, here is his poetical creed, as distinguished from his historical view.

ON DR PERSE. (p. 35)

Stephen Perse, a physician of wealth, and a Fellow of Caius, died in 1615, leaving a number of legacies to the town and University of Cambridge, as well as to his native city of Norwich. He is of course the founder and *eponymus* of the Perse School. He composed this epitaph on himself, which is to be seen on his monument in Caius chapel. "Praenomen Stephanus, cognomen Perse vocatum; non ulli melius, quam mihi, notus eram."

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THOMAS NEVYLE. (p. 35)

Master of Trinity, 1593—1615

Thomas Nevile, one of the greatest Heads that Trinity has known, may be justly regarded as the second founder of the college. To him is due the Great Court as we now have it, to say nothing of a large portion of the Court still known by his name. "I think," writes Giles Fletcher in dedicating to him his poem of *Christ's Victory*, "(King Henry 8 being the Uniter, Edward the 3 the Founder, and yourself the Repairer of the college wherein I live) none will blame me if I esteem the same, since your polishing of it, the fairest sight in Cambridge; in which being placed by your onlie Favour, ... I could do no less than acknowledge that debt."

Nevile's motto was *Ne vile velis*; and he lived up to it. "He never had his like," said Hackett, "for a splendid, courteous, and bounteous gentleman."

THIRSIL. (p. 39)

In this Eclogue, Fletcher appears to allude to some incident in the life of his father, who would seem to have been cheated of a preferment he had a right to expect by the intrigues of a man here satirised under the name of Gripus. This misfortune seems to have overtaken him while employed in the service of Queen Elizabeth, under whom he was employed on diplomatic work on the Rhine and even in Russia. But some similar trouble, apparently, overtook him in Cambridge.

Dr Giles Fletcher, father of Giles and Phineas, took his degree at King's in 1569. He was, like his sons, distinguished for his poetical skill; but he is best known as the agent by whose means, in 1588, a commercial treaty was concluded with Russia.

It is obvious that the hatred of Cambridge expressed in this Eclogue is to be understood in a highly Pickwickian sense.

GEORGE HERBERT. (p. 46)

George Herbert, though one of the most fortunate and favoured sons of Cambridge—he became major Fellow of Trinity at twenty-two, and Public Orator at twenty-six—was not comfortable here. "He had often," says Walton, "designed to leave the University, and decline all study; but his mother would by no means allow him to leave the University, or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate as to prove an undutiful son to so good a mother." The present poem, *Affliction*, describes his feelings in these circumstances. Herbert's other allusions to Cambridge are few: they are chiefly to be found in his Latin poems, especially his famous satirical answer to Andrew Melville's *Anti-tami-cami-categoria*, from which a few specimens are here given.

QUARLES. (p. 48)

The famous author of the *Emblems* took his degree in 1609. About 1620 he presented to his old college the 1616 edition, by James Montagu, of the *Workes of the Most High and Mighty Prince James*, magnificently bound. The inscription here given is on a blank leaf of this copy. It is a good specimen of the "conceited" poetry of the time.

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ON THOMAS RANDOLPH. (p. 49)

Compare the following :

When he in Cambridge schools did moderate
(Truth never found a subtler advocate)
He had as many auditors as those
Who preach, their mouths being silenc'd, through the nose.
The grave divines stood gazing, as if there
In words was colour, or in th' eye an ear :
To hear him they would penetrate each other,
Embrace a throng, and love a noisome smother.

1635

RICHARD WEST
Christ Church, Oxford
(Brother-in-law of Randolph)

A CAMBRIDGE ECLOGUE. (p. 50)

In this poem Randolph, as "Damon," addresses Ben Jonson as "Tityrus."

ON THE FALL OF THE MITRE TAVERN. (p. 52)

The Mitre stood at the south end of the site now occupied by the screen of King's. It "fell" through a fire in 1633, three years after the well-known conflagration on London Bridge; but, as we see from Smart's poems, it was afterwards rebuilt, and again flourished on the patronage of "freshmen and doctors." In *Aristippus* and *The Conceited Peddler*—two one-act plays which simply swarm with reminiscences of Cambridge—there are numberless allusions to the taverns of the town; nor are Randolph's other plays without such allusions. Thus in *Aristippus* we have: "your *quando* is midnight, your *ubi* the Dolphin, your *habitus* carousing; topics or commonplaces are the taverns, and Hamon, Wolf, and Farlows (the landlords respectively of the Dolphin, the Rose, and the Mitre) are the three best tutors in the University." Again, "Aristippus lies at the Dolphin, and that, methinks, is an ill sign; yet they say, too, the best philosophers of the town never lie from thence." In the Prologue to *The Conceited Peddler* we read, "Generous Gentlemen, such is my affection to Phœbus and the ninety-nine Muses, for the benefit of this Royal University I have strodled over three of the terrestrial globes with my geometrical rambling, viz., the Asia of the Dolphin, the Africa of the Rose, and the America of the Mitre, besides the *terra incognita* of many an ale-house." In *Aristippus*, Simplicius is made to swear "to observe the customs and ordinances instituted and ordained by Act of Parliament in the reign of King Sigebert, for the establishing of good government in the ancient foundation of Mitre College."

The Cardinal's Cap, alluded to in verse 5, was the sign of a tavern opposite Pembroke Hall, on the site of the Pitt Press. Hazlitt's idea that the line refers to Shakspeare's Earl of Pembroke, who died 1630, is a curious mistake.

In verse 7, Hazlitt reads *fox'd* for *forced* (forc't). *Fox* is to intoxicate. Cp. *Aristippus*, "O tutor, tutor, well might *Fox* be a college porter, that he might open the gates to none but thy pupils."

Sam, in verse 13, is obviously Farlow (or Farlows) the landlord.

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THE TOWNSMEN'S PETITION OF CAMBRIDGE. (p. 54)

It would seem that about this time the perennial dispute between Town and Gown had again come to a head, and that the Town was anxious to increase its importance, and to redress the balance between itself and the arrogant University, by securing higher privileges from the king. The poem here given is a satire upon the ambitious corporation.

RUSTICATION. (p. 58)

In this elegy, written to his friend Charles Diodati, Milton refers to his rustication from his college. This was due to a quarrel he had had with his tutor William Chappell, and resulted in Milton's transference from the tutorship of Chappell to that of Nathaniel Tovey. It would seem that the authorities regarded the disagreement as involving no disgrace to Milton, for he was allowed shortly to return, and finished his course without the loss of a term. Nor, to judge from this elegy, was the rustication in itself of an unpleasant nature. The date of the poem is the Lent Term of 1626.

HOBSON. (p. 59)

Thomas Hobson, the famous carrier between Cambridge and the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate, died in 1631, aged eighty-six. In 1630 he was forbidden, in consequence of the plague, to make his usual journeys to and from the town. It would seem that he actually died of cessation of toil. The death of the chief "character" in Cambridge naturally caused a stir; and many copies of verses on the old gentleman were written, of which Milton's two poems are of course the best known. As Masson says, it is plain that the young poet had a considerable fondness for the old man. On *Hobson's Choice* was written the following poem:

Complures (ita, Granta, refers) Hobsonus alebat
 In stabulo longo, quos locitaret, equos;
 Hac lege, ut foribus staret qui proximus, ille
 Susciperet primas, solus et ille, vices.
 Aut hunc, aut nullum—sua pars sit cuique laboris;
 Aut hunc, aut nullum—sit sua cuique quies.
 Conditio obtinuit, nulli violanda togato;
 Proximus hic foribus, proximus esto viae.
 Optio tam prudens cur non huc usque retenta est?
 Tam bona cur unquam lex abolenda fuit?
 Hobsoni veterem normam revocare memento;
 Tuque iterum Hobsoni, Granta, videbis equos.

VINCENT BOURNE
 Trinity College
 1695—1747

The portrait of Hobson by John Payne († 1648) represents the carrier in a cloak, and grasping a bag of money, and has these lines underneath:

Laugh not to see so plaine a Man in print,
 The shadows homely, yet ther's something in't,
 Witnes the Bagg he wears (though seeming poore)
 The fertile Mother of a thousand more;

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He was a thriveing Man, through lawful Gain,
And wealthy grew by warrantable paine.
Then laugh at them that spend, not them that gather
Like thriveing Sonnes of such a thrifty Father.

Cooper, *Annals* III. 237

DR CHADERTON. (p. 62)

In November 1640 died Laurence Chaderton, first Master of Emmanuel, at the reputed age of over a hundred years. Though, as became a Master of Emmanuel, a great favourer of the Puritans, he was apparently beloved by all parties. His funeral (to judge by this poem) was delayed for some little while.

ELEGIA DEDICATORIA. (p. 64)

The following is the original of this fine poem :

O mihi jucundum Grantae super omnia Nomen !
O penitus toto corde receptus Amor !
O pulchrae sine Luxu Aedes, vitaeque beatae,
Splendida Paupertas, ingenuusque decor !
O chara ante alias, magnorum nomine Regum
Digna Domus ! Trini nomine digna Dei !
O nimium Cereris cumulati munere Campi,
Posthabitis Aennae quos colit illa jugis !
O sacri Fontes ! et sacrae Vatibus Umbræ,
Quas recreant Avium Pieridumque chori !
O Camus ! Phoebo nullus quo gratior amnis !
Amnibus auriferis invidiosus inops !
Ah mihi si vestrae reddat bona gaudia sedis,
Detque Deus docta posse quiete frui ;
Qualis eram cum me tranquilla mente sedentem
Vidisti in ripa, Came serene, tua ;
Mulcentem audisti puerili flumina cantu ;
Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
Nam memini ripa cum tu dignatus utraque
Dignatum est totum verba referre nemus.
Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
Et similis vestrae candida fluxit aquae.
At nunc caenosae luces, atque obice multo
Rumpitur aetatis turbidus ordo meae.
Quid mihi Sequana opus, Tamesisve aut Tybridis unda ?
Tu potis es nostram tollere, Came, sitim.

THE ROUNDHEADS. (p. 67)

In 1653 Barebone's Parliament began to discuss the advisability of suppressing the Universities. One Samuel Herring introduced no fewer than thirty propositions, one of which was "that two colledges in each university should be sett apart for such as shall wholly and solely apply themselves to the studdy of attaining and enjoying the spirit of our Lord Jesus, to which studdy needs few bookes or outward humane helps." Many books, says Cooper, were written against the Universities.

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A POEM ATTEMPTING SOMETHING ON THE RARITIES. (p. 68)

This quaint poem we have reproduced in full, as it has never been reprinted. It will repay perusal. The title-page is as follows :

A
POEM
attempting something
upon the
RARITIES
Of the most
Renowned University
of
CAMBRIDGE

[Design of head, with cornucopia on each side]

London,
Printed for *Robert Nicolson* Bookseller in *Cambridge*,
Anno Dom. 1673

ADDRESS TO CATHERINE OF BRAGANZA. (p. 86)

In 1681 Charles II and Queen Catherine visited Cambridge. According to custom, the King was addressed by the Vice-Chancellor in Latin, the Queen in English. They dined at John's, where the dinner was worthy of the culinary reputation of the college. They enjoyed the view from the top of King's, and then proceeded to Neville's Court, Trinity, to view the structure of the Library, Wren's great work, which was then in process of erection. There, the accompanying verses were addressed to the Queen. The author, Richard Duke, was one of the smallest of poets ; but he wrote a set of verses on the marriage of Anne to George of Denmark, and he occupies a place in Johnson's *Lives*.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH'S PICTURE. (p. 87)

The Duke of Monmouth was made Chancellor of Cambridge University by his father Charles II. In 1682, in consequence of the defeat of the Whig party, he retired to Holland, and was deprived of the Chancellorship : and his picture was removed from the Senate House. In June 1685 he invaded England, and assumed the title of King ; whereupon the Senate ordered the yeoman Bedel (Titus Tillet) to burn the picture. This suggested to George Stepney, then at Trinity, the parallel to the treatment of the statues of Sejanus by the Roman populace which is developed in the lines here given. They must, however, have been written somewhat later ; for the battle of Sedgemoor was not fought till the 6th of July, and the grace of the Senate bears date the 3rd. The Vice-Chancellor referred to is Dr Blythe, Master of Clare Hall.

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CONGRATULATORY ADDRESSES. (p. 89)

It was the recognised business of the Universities in former times to act as a sort of corporate Poet Laureate. Whenever any event of public importance happened, such as the accession of a king, the birth of a prince, or the death of the monarch, the long-suffering press travailed with "genethliac" Odes, or "Lacrimae Cantabrigienses." Good specimens of these performances may be found in two volumes issued in 1688 and 1689, the first on the birth of Prince James Edward, the second on the happy revolution. Here are to be found *Alcaics*, whose adherence to rule is hardly on a par with their loyalty, Hebrew poems both literally and metaphorically without points, and even Arabic and Turkish Odes. To read these volumes in succession is to give rise to sad reflections on the mutability of human affairs. In the first series James is the greatest of Kings, sometimes "our great Jove," sometimes, blasphemously enough, a "reflexion of the Trinity." In the second, we learn that all the time he had been the idolatrous Popish tyrant. "Rome," we are told, had "smiled to see her plots succeed so well, and Loyola some pleasure felt in hell." However, the same stock of images served for both occasions. We give a short quotation from two poems by the same author, written within a period of eight months.

ADVICE TO HORACE. (p. 92)

Bentley's *Horace*, as is well known, is full of somewhat arbitrary emendations. He began to print it in 1706, and finished it in 1711. Rumours of its daring character were spread abroad, and inspired Bentley's old enemy, Dr William King, to write this somewhat dull satire. He imagines Horace, a "swine of the herd of Epicurus," to have fulfilled his dream (*Visam Britannos*) of visiting Britain, but to have lost the airy form in which he proposed to do so, under the influence of "craggs" of potent Trinity ale.

BENTLEY. (p. 93)

These are the only English verses which Bentley is known to have written after his youth. When Johnson recited them, Adam Smith remarked that they were "very well." "Yes, they *are* very well, Sir," said Johnson: "but you may observe in what manner they are well. They are the forcible verses of a man of strong mind, but not accustomed to write verse; for there is some uncouthness in the expression."

"A Trinity undergraduate," says Jebb (*Bentley*, p. 178), "had written a graceful imitation of Horace's Ode, *Angustam amice pauperiem pati* (III. 2); with which Bentley was so much pleased that he straightway composed a parody on it. The gist of the young man's piece is that an exemplary student is secure of applause and happiness; Bentley sings that he is pretty sure to be attacked, and very likely to be shelved. The choice of typical men is interesting; Newton, and the geologist, John Woodward, for science; Selden, for erudition; for theological controversy, Whiston, whom the University had expelled on account of his Arianism."

UPON DR BENTLEY. (p. 94)

Bentley, after middle life, was subject to severe colds, and abstained from public appearances. In 1729 it was complained that for many years he had ceased to attend chapel. In 1724, after his degrees had been restored (he had been deprived of them by Vice-Chancellor Gooch in 1718) he went to the chapel; but the lock of the Master's stall was so rusty that he could not open it. These verses were written on the occasion; they are to be found in Granger.

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BALLAD. (p. 97)

That "My time, O ye Muses," refers to Bentley's daughter Joanna ("Jug") is not certain; there are some who have found its subject in Byrom's own sister Phoebe; but its intrinsic interest is sufficient to justify its insertion here. We are sure that many will be glad of the excuse for reading it again.

DR LONG'S MUSIC SPEECH. (p. 100)

These speeches, made only at "Commencement," and in St Mary's Church (of all places) were partly in Latin, and partly, for the benefit of the ladies, in English verse. They were full of topical and personal allusions, and often extraordinarily Rabelaisian. That, for example, of the Rev. Laurence Eusden, Poet Laureate (1718) is quite unfit for modern print. This feature in them may be regarded as a survival of the old days when a Fescennine liberty was allowed to University players and public speakers. Among such speakers may be counted the "Prevaricators" and "Triposes," who at certain ceremonies indulged in the vilest personal abuse, and were frequently suspended or even expelled in consequence (see Wordsworth, *University Society*, p. 230).

Very few of the Music Speeches have been published. That by Eusden may be found in a *Select Collection of Poems*, 1780.

Dr Roger Long (1680?—1770) was an eminent divine of Pembroke Hall (Master 1733), and the first Lowndesean Professor of Astronomy; but during his life he seems to have been chiefly noted for his poems and his longevity: at least he is thus commemorated in the satirical poem called the *Capitade*:

Not far from hence, where once famed Spenser strung
His golden lyre, and amorous ditties sung,
There dwells a Bard, a reverend Bard, of old
In the first lists of Tory chiefs enroll'd.

In 1714 Roger Long was chosen to give the Music Speech—the last *public* Commencement till 1730, when Taylor was the speaker. Long's speech, as we learn from Thoresby's *Diary*, was smart and ingenious, and was attended with volleys of hurrahs. Before this time the ladies had been allowed to sit in the "Throne," an elevated and commanding position; but now they were turned away, and compelled to sit in the chancel under the throne. Long's poem takes the form of a petition for their reinstatement.

The Vice-Chancellor alluded to was Greene, Master of Benet College, and afterwards Bishop of Ely, a lady-like person, generally known as "Miss Greene." At this Commencement Long, availing himself of the "prevaricator's" privileges, carefully addressed Greene as "Dignissima Domina Procancellaria," and the joke was instantly caught by the audience. It is satisfactory to learn that future speeches of the kind were made in the Senate-House.

This Music Speech and that of Dr Taylor are taken from a collection by John Nichols, London, 1819.

LOYAL CAMBRIDGE. (p. 102)

The Revolution, while it produced more actual nonjurors at Cambridge than at Oxford, was certainly more popular in the former University than in the latter. The same was the case with the change of dynasty that took place in 1714. A few trifling disturbances represented the work of Cambridge Jacobitism; they were easily suppressed, or could be regarded as mere breaches of good manners. At Oxford things were more dangerous; it required a troop of horse to crush out the disaffection. Recognising the loyalty of Cambridge,

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King George, on the advice of Lord Townshend, purchased the fine library of Bishop Moore of Ely, and presented it to the University. On this an Oxford poet, either Dr Trapp or Thomas Warton, composed the first of the two famous epigrams here given. The second, by Sir William Browne of Peterhouse, the founder of the Browne Medals, is said by Mrs Piozzi to have been made on the spur of the moment, in answer to Johnson's triumphant quotation of the Oxonian verses. "Mr Johnson did Browne the justice to say, it was one of the happiest extemporaneous productions he ever met with; though he once comically confessed, that he hated to repeat the wit of a whig in support of whiggism."

THE ABANDONED GOWN. (p. 103)

William Pattison, the "Sidney poet," was the son of a farmer in Sussex. A "very great ripeness of parts" being discovered in him, he was, by the kindness of Lord Thanet, sent to Appleby School. Here he contracted a debt of ten pounds for books, and was incessantly dunned by the booksellers. Unable to pay them, he wrote an Ode to Sir Christopher Musgrave of Edenhall, and presented it to him in person. Sir Christopher, pleased with the boy's talents, paid the debt. In 1724, Pattison entered at Sidney, where at first he seems to have been happy in his studies and his recreation of angling; but later, for some unknown reason, a quarrel arose between him and his tutor, William Bell, whose "rigour was not easy to brook." The tutor's threats of expulsion, and the dread of such a scandal, made him cut his name out of the College-Book. He left pinned to his gown this sarcastic apology for his unceremonious departure. Pattison died miserably in 1727, at the house of Curll, the notorious bookseller, who published his *Remains* shortly afterwards. Curll's kindness to Pattison deserves to be remembered as a good act in a life not otherwise distinguished for goodness.

PATTISON. (p. 104)

William Pattison was a great admirer of Dr Taylor. In one of his poems he makes Apollo come down to judge the Cambridge bards—rejecting them all till he comes to Taylor.

And, sick at the Numbers still swarming around,
Thrice *Taylor* he call'd, but no *Taylor* was found;
Not here? (cries the God) oh! I guess at his Stay—
He stole a few Poems of mine t' other Day—
But, howe'er, I forgive him the cunning Device,
And, since his are my Labours, I give him my Prize.

DR TAYLOR'S MUSIC SPEECH. (p. 107)

John Taylor (1704—1766), Fellow and Tutor of St John's, was appointed in 1730 to make the Latin oration (then annual) commemorating the death of Charles I, and the Commencement speech in July. This speech sufficiently shows his sarcastic powers; but he could tell a good story against himself. In 1732 he became University Librarian; and he used to say that he had put *Longinus on the Height of Eloquence* among the mensuration books, and *A Discourse on the Salt of the World*, that good Christians ought to be seasoned with, among the chemical works.

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He was known as "Demosthenes Taylor" from his edition of Demosthenes. It is of him that the famous story is told (Boswell's *Johnson*, April 25, 1778). "I once dined in company with him; and all he said during the whole time was no more than *Richard*. How a man should say only *Richard*, it is not easy to imagine. But it was thus: Dr Douglas was talking of Dr Zachary Grey, and ascribing to him something that was written by Dr Richard Grey. So, to correct him, Taylor said (imitating his affected sententious emphasis and nod) *Richard!*"

But Taylor was far from being the "mere statue of a man" that Johnson thought him. Among his friends he was a very convivial companion, and a great retailer of anecdotes.

In the present verses, it will be seen, Taylor openly accuses his Oxford contemporaries of retaining their wives along with their fellowships in direct defiance of their oaths: and it is not hard to detect that he has all the proverbial Johnian dislike of Trinity.

Taylor seems to have written the Ode also; but this was not performed, Greene, the musician, setting to music Pope's *Ode on St Cecilia's Day*, somewhat altered for the occasion by the author. Hence Taylor's speech ends:

But more exalted numbers wake the chord,
And flying sounds inform the melting word;
Hear the glad string explain the Poet's thought,
And Greene express how Pope with justice wrote.

THE TRINITY BEAUTIES. (p. 110)

The Beauties are obviously the bedmakers of the time.

ON AN EAGLE CONFINED IN A COLLEGE COURT. (p. 114)

Mr Whibley notes that "the Bursar's accounts at Trinity College for 1744—1746, during which years Smart resided at Cambridge, record expenses for a trough and chain 'for the eagle.' This entry gives an unexpected actuality to Smart's verses."

INAUGURAL ODE. (p. 118)

Odes to order are perhaps the worst species of so-called poetry; and academic odes to order are perhaps the worst even of their bad class. Even Gray's bears some traces of the occasional; and when the task falls into the hands of a mere mechanical rhymers, the result is poor indeed. It is not therefore as a specimen of true poetry that Mason's *Ode on the installation of the Duke of Newcastle* is here given, but to serve as a foil to Gray's on the Duke of Grafton; and also because there is a kind of historic interest in reading what our ancestors thought good. If it saves readers from the trouble of ploughing through the rest of Mason's works, it will serve a useful purpose.

The *Ode* was set to music by Boyce, and performed in the Senate-House on July 1, 1749.

DR ROOKE. (p. 121)

In 1745 George Henry Rooke was elected Master of Christ's, and speedily became unpopular. In 1750 he was largely responsible for the famous "Orders and Regulations," a series of eighteen very drastic rules for the conduct of undergraduates. If an undergraduate, for example, "cut" the University sermon, he was fined sixpence; if he appeared with a gun he was fined ten shillings; he could not go to a coffee-house or cricket-ground between nine and

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twelve. "Respect was to be shewn to superiors: any M.A. could demand a man's name and college." If an undergraduate was out of college after eleven o'clock four times, he was to be expelled. [The whole list may be seen in Cooper.] For this terrific code Rooke got the main discredit, sharing some of the odium with Chapman, Master of Magdalene, and the Vice-Chancellor Keene, Master of Peterhouse. There were many sarcastic pamphlets against the three. One in which Mason had a hand, was called *The Academic*. A poem on the subject, called *The Happiness of a Good Assurance*, may be found in full in Whibley: it points out that a man with plenty of "cheek" may disregard these rules with impunity.

Whoe'er with frontless *phyz* is blest,
Still in a blue or scarlet vest
 May saunter thro' the town,
Or strut, regardless of the *rules*,
Ev'n to St *Mary's* or the *Schools*
 In hat or poplin gown.
A hat he unconcern'd maintains,
And seeks with gun the sportive plains
 Which ancient *Cam* divides.

But the most famous of the pamphlets is the *Capitade*, from which the present lines are taken. Nicknames are of course employed: Rooke is "Gobrias," "the Crow," or "Dr Rock," Keene is "Mun" (Edmund), or "Acutus"; Chapman is "Tom."

THE LOUNGER. (p. 123)

For a full account of the "Loungers" of the early part of the eighteenth century see Wordsworth (*University Society*, pp. 374 sq.). Steele, in *The Spectator* (No. 54), describes them with some vigour. In *The Connoisseur*, Aug. 21, 1755, we learn that they still survived: "a Lounger is a creature that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance." (We may compare J. K. Stephen's scathing satire on the "Blood" of the late nineteenth century.) "He takes as much pains as the sot to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body." A "Lounge-Book" is defined as "a novel, or any book but a mathematical one." Maps, the famous bookseller, possessed a choice selection of lounge-books, including Rabelais (of course in English), Wycherley, Joe Miller, Aphra Behn, and Rochester's Poems. The Oxford analogue was "the Smart," of whom Wordsworth gives a description.

The Tuns, and its landlord Whish or Wish, were almost as well known as the Mitre itself. In *The Happiness of a Good Assurance*, already referred to, the author speaks of himself as "with Whish's claret fired."

Compare the passage from Nevile's *Poor Scholar*, quoted by Wordsworth, p. 441: "I had need then have my wits about me, for had I been over to the Butteries they'd have their rods about me. But *Pege*, let us, for joy that I'm escaped, go to th' Three Tuns, and drink a pint of wine and laugh away our cares.

Sings:

Wee'l carouse in *Bacchus's* fountains, hang your Beer and muddy Ale;
'Tis only Sack infuses courage, when our spirits droop and fail;
'Tis drinking at the *Tuns* that keeps us from ascending Buttery Barrels;
'Tis this that safely brings us off, when we're engaged in feuds and quarrels."

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THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION. (p. 124)

Whether "Jack Bookworm" belonged to Oxford or to Cambridge is not made clear by his creator. According to the libel of Dr Taylor, Oxford men were accustomed to defy the statutes and keep their fellowships after their marriage. Cambridge, never affected with heresy, probably never permitted so base an action. We may therefore conclude that Bookworm belonged to the purer University.

ROBERT LLOYD. (p. 129)

The following verses of Lloyd's are perhaps worth quoting:

TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

On the opening of the New Buildings of the University Library, 1753

O tu, qui doctas Cami feliciter artes
Protegis, Aonii duxque decusque chori,
Quod domus incipiat tam laeto haec omine condi,
Quae nec Bodleio cedat, id omne tuum est.
Munera dant numerosa manus procerumque patrumque,
Exemplo et monitis exstimulata tuis.
Perge fovere artes, nec vanum urgere laborem:
Tam pulchrum pulchre Musa rependet opus.
Haec moles quamquam ipsa ruet, monumenta Camenae
Quae condent, nullo sunt ruitura die.

1753

ROBERT LLOYD
Trinity College
1733—1764

In the accompanying poem, Lloyd ridicules the congratulatory Odes on the birth of the Prince of Wales, 1762.

CAM, AN ELEGY. (p. 130)

This satire, the point of which is that the election of Newcastle as Chancellor has not received its reward, was written at the time when George III was beginning to give preferment to the Tories. It takes the form of a lamentation on the part of Cam as to official neglect of her claims.

She's doom'd to see the royal favor beam
Its cheering rays on Isis' rival stream.
And dare *her* clerks aspire in stalls to sit,
And can *Oxonian* heads the mitre fit?

The whole poem may be compared with Mason's *Isis*.

It will be remembered that Randall was the Professor of Music who set Gray's Ode in 1769.

THE CANDIDATE. (p. 131)

In 1764 the High-Stewardship of Cambridge University fell vacant by the death of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. The two candidates for the vacancy were the new Earl of Hardwicke and Lord Sandwich, a member of Grenville's unpopular administration, who had disgraced himself still more by betraying his old friend Wilkes, with whom he had shared many a midnight orgy. Posing as a moralist, Sandwich moved in Parliament that Wilkes should be

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prosecuted for his *Essay on Woman*. This excited universal ridicule, and, as is well-known, gained for Sandwich the nickname of *Jemmy Twitcher*, the "peach" of *The Beggars' Opera*.

Among Wilkes's friends was Charles Churchill, just then immensely famous for his satires. Churchill threw himself into the fray with vigour, and attacked Sandwich in this poem, *The Candidate*, often in language which will scarcely bear reprinting to-day: not forgetting, of course, incidentally to assail others of his enemies, such as the Scots, and Burton, Head Master of Winchester. On the side of Sandwich were the majority of the senior men, including Sumner (then Vice-Chancellor), Roger Long, Master of Pembroke (see page 100), and others. For Hardwicke the undergraduates are said to have been unanimous. The voting resulted in a tie; and the Proctors were accused of falsifying the numbers—an accusation of which Churchill does not scruple to avail himself to the full. After a scrutiny, the subject was referred to the Chancellor, who decided in favour of Hardwicke.

Churchill can be claimed with equally doubtful right by both Oxford and Cambridge. He is said to have stood for matriculation at Oxford, and to have failed in consequence of satirising the examiners instead of answering the questions. He then entered Trinity College, Cambridge, but stayed only a very short time. He entertained an unbounded contempt for the whole system of college examinations, which, as he says in *The Ghost*,

Balaam's ass,
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.

The part of the poem here selected is an invocation to the "goddess" Science or Knowledge.

GRAY. (p. 134)

Gray's Installation Ode was written in gratitude for the presentation to him, by the Duke of Grafton, of the Professorship of Modern History. His apparent change of principles did not escape notice. The following letter appeared in a newspaper of 1769: "As a certain Church-yard Poet has deviated from the principles he once profest, it is very fitting that necessary alterations should be made in his Epitaph—*Marcus*."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
One not to fortune nor to fame unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And smooth-tongued flatt'ry mark'd him for her own.

Large was his wish—in this he was sincere—
Fate did a recompence as largely send,
Gave the poor C - - r four hundred pounds a year,
And made a d - - y Minister his friend.

No further seek his deeds to bring to light,
For, ah! he offer'd at Corruption's shrine;
And basely strove to wash an Ethiop white,
While Truth and Honour bled in ev'ry line."

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THE NEW BATH GUIDE. (p. 139)

Christopher Anstey, the author of the famous light satire, *The New Bath Guide*, was educated at Eton and King's. He took his B.A. in 1746, but, in consequence of his refusal to deliver certain declamations, he quarrelled with the authorities and never received his M.A. This circumstance accounts for the dislike to the University shown in this passage. The poem, though the pioneer in a whole class of literature, is not to-day very interesting, its humour being of a kind not likely to be appreciated by modern readers.

CAMBRIDGE. (p. 140)

This poem is plainly ironical.

THE PETERHOUSE CUP. (p. 140)

This famous cup was presented to Peterhouse in 1773 by Sir William Browne, President of the Royal College of Physicians, and founder of the Browne Medals. The inscription on it is in Latin, thus freely versified in English by Dr Verrall.

THE ACADEMIC DISPUTATIONS. (p. 141)

The barrenness, real or imaginary, of the "Acts and Opponencies" of the schools was not likely to escape the sarcasms of poets. We have already seen how it struck Pattison in 1725. Another poet, in 1774, produced an *Academic Dream*, the aim of which was not the destruction of Mathematics, but the opening of other avenues to university distinction. (On the whole subject see Wordsworth, *Scholae Academicæ*, ch. iv.) A few extracts from the *Academic Dream* are here given.

SIR WILLIAM BROWNE'S MEDALS. (p. 142)

In 1775 Wallop, Master of Magdalene, Vice-Chancellor, set as subject for the Browne medals "Laus Gulielmi Browne"; in the following year his successor as Vice-Chancellor, Farmer of Emmanuel, the famous Shaksperian scholar, set the "American War," then raging, as the subject. Farmer was a staunch opponent of the Americans. He assailed them in a sermon, in which he preached a doctrine hardly to be distinguished from the old High-Church doctrine of Passive Obedience. "Even a Nero," he said, "was commanded to be obeyed." The announcement of the subject for the Browne Medals, therefore, not unnaturally roused a Whig member of Farmer's college to indite the accompanying Ode. The historical allusions need little explanation. In 1776 Howe, the successor of Gage, abandoned Boston and sailed to Halifax. Carleton, the general in Canada, was a favourite of the Whig party.

DR JOWETT'S GARDEN. (p. 149)

Joseph Jowett, Tutor of Trinity Hall, had fenced in a space of ground near Trinity Hall Lane, and made it into a garden. He afterwards turned it into a gravel walk. This unpretending epigram is ascribed to almost as many authors as the *Letters of Junius*; among others to Porson, to Archdeacon Wrangham, and to Horry of Trinity; and there are almost as many versions as claimants to its authorship.

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A LATE ADVERTISEMENT. (p. 151)

It is unknown how the name of Johnian Hogs was at first applied to the students of that college; but it is difficult to lose an appellation, formerly, perhaps, acquired by some resemblance of manners to those animals, though the peculiar qualities from which the Johnians are [*sic*] so eminently distinguished, are no longer visible.

From Mullinger's *History of John's*,
pp. 272, 273

From the *Evening Mail*
28 April, 1794

TO THE SCHOLLERS OF SAINT JOHN HIS COLLEGE. (p. 152)

Why the John's men should be called Hogs or Swine is one of those questions which will probably never be satisfactorily settled. By some, the phrase is said to be simply due to a perversion of the name of the Foundress of the College—Lady Margaret, Lady Peggy, Piggy. If this be the case, it is a remarkable posthumous vengeance of the "Bristled Boar," Richard III, upon the Tudor line. A number of other explanations were given in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795 and 1796. Among them occurs a long and very far-fetched story, which may be found in a note to the *Cambridge Tart*, or in Whibley's Introduction, p. xxvi. Mr Whibley himself inclines to think that the name is due to the fame of the Johnian kitchen. At any rate it has an immortality in verse, both Latin and English. Smart, as we saw above, in the *Bar-keeper of the Mitre*, makes the Johnian "feed with the tickling dust his snout." Browne (1709) writes:

Hic Johannensi latitans suili
Grunnio scribens sitiente labro
Aut graves haustus inimica musis
Pocula duco.

And the piece of land to the west of Trinity Library is called the Isthmus of *Sues*.

The following letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1796 attempts to show that the appellation was known as early as 1613: but the verses are almost evidently a forgery: Wordsworth would ascribe them conjecturally to the famous Shaksperian humbug William Henry Ireland. Such as it is, the letter, and the verses asserted to have been discovered, are here given.

CHELSEA,
Jan. 3 [1796]

MR URBAN,

Perusing a very old, and, I believe, also a very scarce book of epigrams, written by one Master James Johnstone, clerk, printed anno 1613, I, the other day, found the following *jeu d'esprit* against the Cambridge Johnian hogs. If you approve of its insertion, your university readers may perhaps be pleased with perceiving your judicious correspondent W. Williams's assertion corroborated with regard to the antiquity of the appellation.

ANTHONY HUS.

Many of the spellings are obviously false for the time to which they are assigned.

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ON "MAPS." (p. 152)

John Nicholson, universally known as "Maps," and familiar to all Cambridge men from his portrait on the Library staircase, started business as a seller of maps and pictures, and later moved into a large house near the Provost's Lodge at King's. He lent out books to reading men at seven shillings and sixpence a quarter; "and," says Gunning, "I do not think I expended in my undergraduate-ship twenty shillings in books for the lecture-room." When alterations were made in the King's buildings, he removed to the house now occupied by Messrs Bowes and Bowes. He was a strictly honest man, but he was obliged to indemnify himself for the depredations of undergraduates by seizing from their rooms such books as he could find. He died in 1796. The present piece, "on seeing the portrait of old Maps placed over the door of a country library," is given in the *Cambridge Tart*, 1823: it obviously needs a Bentley to emend it. It looks like a puff of Maps's son, who succeeded him in the business.

EPIGRAM. (p. 154)

Compare the medieval "leonine" tag,

Oxonium veniunt multi, redeunt quoque stulti.

KIRK WHITE. (p. 154)

The correct spelling seems now to be established as Kirk, not Kirke.

ON A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY. (p. 169)

Richard Porson, the most "sure-footed, exact, and neat" of English scholars, was elected Fellow of Trinity in 1782, and Professor of Greek in 1792. He was celebrated alike as a scholar, as a boon-companion (he "hiccuped Greek like a helot" in his cups, says Byron) and as a writer of satirical verses. Many of these were extempore, and have largely perished; others, being pseudonymous, are not certainly known to be his. A collection of those which can be safely ascribed to him may be found in Mr Whibley's book.

TO DR KIPLING. (p. 169)

Thomas Kipling, Deputy Professor of Divinity to the pluralist Bishop Watson of Llandaff, was equally famous for ignorance and for a narrow and bigoted orthodoxy. His great work was the publication in facsimile of the *Codex Bezae*, the great treasure of the Cambridge Library. He was ridiculed for the title *Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis*, as though he had meant that Beza was a Cambridge man; and his mistakes were so many that for long a blunder in Latin was called a Kiplingism. This epigram of Porson's was an impromptu made for the benefit of the Trinity Combination Room.

THOUGHTS ON AN EXAMINATION. (p. 173)

Magnus. William Lort Mansel, Master of Trinity.

CAMBRIDGE IN 1809. (p. 175)

Oh, dark asylum. Byron's note is as follows: "Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable number of Vandals." (Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*.) "There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection."

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Hodgson. Francis Hodgson, the well-known friend of Byron, was Tutor at King's from 1808 to 1814. He thought little of his own college as it then was. "Our having all been at the same school certainly deadened emulation by placing us at that rank in Cambridge, in which we relatively stood at Eton. Neither had we any public honours to contend for; and ambition too often expired in indolence." Writing to his friend Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, he urges him as follows not to reside in King's:

But haste to life! no glorious scope
Can in these walls be found;
The grave of disappointed Hope,
Ambition's narrow bound.
Here indolence with baneful frost
Shall nip the vernal bloom,
Here shame shall mourn its glory lost,
And Vice await its doom.

EPIGRAM. (p. 176)

Sir Busick. Sir Busick Harwood, the distinguished Cambridge physician.

ON E. D. CLARKE. (p. 176)

This popular and eccentric lecturer, so famous in his day, is exactly hit off in this poem. Several versions of it exist. It is often ascribed to Professor Smyth, but there is little doubt that the real author was Edward Smedley.

DEDICATION. (p. 179)

God-knows-most-unworthy peer. Mansel: he used these words on his promotion to the Bishopric of Bristol. See the epigram above.

ON HEARING THAT THE REV. GEORGE A. BROWNE WAS SUDDENLY BECOME SERIOUS (p. 180)

Of this poem several versions exist. One version shows the following variations.

Stanza 1: same as A.

Stanza 2: for "imitate" read "emulate."
for "be" read "prove."

Stanza 3: for "Pretyman" read "Pettyman."

4

Sooner, George Leeds, his pledge redeem,
His ill-timed rank forego,
Another Soame George Jenyns prove (?seem)
And hospitable grow.

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Sooner George Barnes go hand in glove,
George Hewitt turn Cornaro,
George Pryme espouse his plighted love,
Erskine eclipse a Garrow.

6

Sooner George Butler's¹ pedantry,
With real learning muster.
George Tavel lay his fiddle by,
And nurse the young Augusta.

Stanza 7 : for "we" read "I."

[George Browne: Fellow of Trinity, commonly called "Sinner Browne" to distinguish him from John Browne, another Fellow, called "Saint" Browne.]

Written by Edward Smedley, Sidney College 1812.

Third Version.

Stanza 1 : l. 1 George Brown is serious grown they say,
l. 2 same as A
l. 3 for "soon" read "well"
l. 4 same as A.

Stanza 2 : for "rule" read "reign."

Stanza 3 : for "Prettyman" read "Prettyman."

Stanzas 4 and 5 omitted.

Stanza 6 (4) :

In short each George's son on earth,
Some strange device might follow,
But no, by George! George Brown's new birth
Is more than we can swallow.

Another poem is as follows :

When John Brown was the only Saint
'Ere George a Saint had grown
The names they bore were good and quaint
'Twas Saint and Sinner Brown.
But now that this distinction's gone
Some other names we'll forge
Henceforth Saint Brown be named Saint John
And Sinner Brown Saint George.

George Davys. Afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

John Browne. Trinity, B.A. 1794, †1850.

George Browne. Trinity, B.A. 1795; Vicar of Chesterton; †1843.

George Hanger. The notorious friend of the Prince Regent.

It was the influence of Arnold of Rugby that substituted the word "earnest" for "serious."

¹ Late Master of Harrow; father of the present Master of Trinity: Dean of Peterborough.

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PHILOSOPHICAL BREAKFAST SONG. (p. 182)

"The editor recollects the very agreeable breakfast parties to which it alludes: in anno 1813." Forster's note.

SONNET. (p. 185)

Mr E. V. Lucas, in an article in *The Cambridge Review*, has given good reasons for the belief that this Sonnet was not really "written at Cambridge."

THE BATTLE OF PEAS HILL. (p. 186)

In 1820, to the ordinary causes of discord between Town and Gown, was added a difference of opinion as to the merits of Queen Caroline. As a result, there was a battle of more than usual vigour on the 13th of November, which happened to be a Matriculation day. Many verses were written on this combat, of which the present is a fair specimen.

Carter's mutton-wicks. Carter was a noted vendor of wax-lights, short sixes, etc.

THE UNION IN 1823. (p. 190)

Macaulay was elected High Steward of the Borough of Cambridge in 1857. On May 11, 1858, he was sworn in. On that occasion he went with G. O. Trevelyan to his old rooms, then occupied by Sir George Young; and he quoted these lines with great gusto. "Præd's verses," he said, "were written for Cookesley to spout at supper-parties. They called *me* the favourite," he added with pardonable vanity.

A LETTER. (p. 193)

From the *Cambridge Independent Press* of Saturday, August 16, 1823:

On Tuesday the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new buildings of Trinity College was performed. About 150 gentlemen afterwards sat down to a most splendid banquet in the noble Hall of the College. The Hilarity of this most interesting part of the ceremony was however interrupted by one unfortunate proceeding. It has been the custom upon previous occasions of a like nature, for the Fellows to take their wine and make speeches without removing from the Hall, and the younger members of the College have been uniformly invited to remain and participate in the conviviality and kindly feeling of the event. Upon the present occasion the Master and Seniors determined to exclude all members in Statu Pupillari, immediately that the cloth was drawn from the table and the cork from the claret; and the Bachelors, Scholars, Pensioners, and Sizars, naturally indignant at this exertion of Prerogative, resolved unanimously to absent themselves altogether from the Hall. The lower end of the Hall presented a very ludicrous appearance. Venison in plenty, and no one to eat, beer in abundance and no one to drink, gyps in crowds and no one to require their services. We confess that the spirit of the young men, although perhaps savouring of violence, was gratifying to us. "Murder and—," said a passionate stripling in our hearing, "high venison is a good thing, but high language is a bad; I should be glad to sit down over a haunch, but blight me

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if I sit down under an insult." The following *jeu d'esprit* was handed about the next morning:

Out spoke the Rover
To his gallant crew;
Up with the *black* flag
And down with the blue!

[*The Pirate*, ch. xxxii.]

EPILOGUE. (p. 203)

On March 19, 1830, *Much Ado about Nothing* was given by Cambridge amateurs at the Hoop Hotel. The cast was remarkable. Stafford O'Brien was Benedick, Eliot Warburton the Friar, J. M. Kemble Dogberry, and Arthur Hallam Verges; while Monckton Milnes took the part of Beatrice, managed the stage, and wrote the epilogue. The full cast, and the epilogue, may be seen in Sir Francis Burnand's *Reminiscences of the A.D.C.*, where, of course, there is much further interesting information about Cambridge amateur acting.

ODE TO THE UNAMBITIOUS. (p. 205)

The men "allowed the ordinary" have been called by different names. If there was but one, he was called Bion, who carried all his learning about him without the slightest inconvenience: if two, they were dubbed the Scipios, Damon and Pythias, etc. If three, Noah, Daniel, and Job, or the like. If thirteen, the thirteenth was called the least of the Apostles; if fourteen, the fourteenth was "unworthy to be called an Apostle." An unknown pen has immortalised the *οἱ πολλοί* in the Ode here presented.

VERSES. (p. 207)

"These verses are on the occasion of Bankes's election. The initials subscribed, J. F. E., may mean John Francis Edwards of Corpus, the only name I can find in the lists that corresponds"—Extract from letter signed Richard Allott, November 28, 1840.

A NEW SONG TO AN AULD FLING. (p. 209)

In the above verses "old Greenwood" is Robert Hodgson Greenwood, Senior Fellow in residence. He had taken his B.A. degree in 1791, and therefore in 1838 was about 60 years old. "Our sweet bird" is George Peacock, then one of the tutors, a man of wide cultivation and knowledge of affairs, deservedly popular with everybody. He became Dean of Ely in 1839. Brown ought to be John Brown, then Vice-Master; but possibly there may be a clerical error, and George Adam Browne, one of the Seniors, may be meant. Thompson is W. H. Thompson, then a junior Fellow, afterwards Greek Professor, and Master in 1866. "Whistle" was a nickname for William Whewell, then one of the tutors, and Master in 1841. *Memories and Customs*, J. W. Clark, p. 23.

INSTALLATION ODE. (p. 224)

This Ode, on the Installation of Prince Albert as Chancellor, is interesting for its occasion and for its authorship. It should be judged as the work of a man of seventy-seven, and as done to order by a poet whose genius was perhaps as little capable of responding to an external call that as that of any poet who ever lived.

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THE CANDIDATES. (p. 225)

Prince Albert had invented a military hat ; Lord Powis had saved a mitre by opposing the fusion of Bangor and St Asaph into a single diocese. This copy differs slightly from Mr Whibley's.

WILLIAM SMYTH. (p. 229)

The inscription on his tomb in Norwich Cathedral represents Smyth as a remarkable man. He was made Professor of Modern History in 1780, though born in 1765 !

THE DEATH OF THE CAPUT. (p. 241)

Perhaps the chief hindrance to effective internal reform of the University lay in the peculiar powers and constitution of the "Caput." This body, founded (or, rather, re-created) in 1570 with the purpose of bringing the University more directly under the control of the Crown, had by 1850 long survived its usefulness. It consisted of six members, most of whom were likely to be strongly opposed to change of any kind ; and *any one* of whom could veto any grace submitted to the Senate. The Vice-Chancellor was ex-officio chief of the "Caput" ; his assessors were three men chosen from the other Heads of Colleges or Professors in divinity, law, or physic, and the seniors in the "Non-Regent" and "Regent" houses respectively. The Non-Regents were M.A.'s of five years' standing ; the Regents those of under five years, who presided in the schools. It is sufficiently plain that with such a body, possessing such powers, reform was impossible ; and the Commission of 1854, among other drastic proposals, recommended the abolition of the "Caput." Its place was taken by the Council, which, however, by no means retains the power of veto so often exercised by its predecessors.

CAMBRIDGE. (p. 247)

Thou hast no bells. Faber's complaint that we have no bells in Cambridge appears strange to us in 1910. It would also have seemed strange to John Mair in 1500. This Scotchman was in Cambridge in 1493, and attached himself to what is now Christ's College, for the patriotic reason that it was in the parish of St Andrew. His remark on the inferiority of Cambridge to Oxford then need not trouble us now.

ON DR WHEWELL. (p. 247)

In 1856 Whewell published *The Plurality of Worlds*. On this several *jeux d'esprit* were perpetrated. "Nonne sunt decem mundi?" said a man. "Ubi sunt novem?" retorted Whewell. The apparent vanity of Whewell (which was the external sign of an inward and profound modesty) led someone to say "Whewell thinks himself a fraction of the universe, and wishes the denominator to be as small as possible." On the appearance of the work Sir Francis Doyle wrote the following :

Though you through the regions of space should have travelled,
And of nebular films the remotest unravelled,
You'll find, though you traverse the bounds of infinity,
That God's greatest work is—the Master of Trinity.

A different version is that in the text.

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IO PAEAN. (p. 248)

In 1858 Sir G. O. Trevelyan was the most prominent figure at the Union, and seems to have shown a fire and vigour very different from the gentlemanly meekness associated with his later political days. In the Union "Suggestion Books" are many sarcastic poems ascribed to his pen. The one here given seems to celebrate a stormy private business campaign in which Trevelyan and Mr Raikes, afterwards Post-Master General and M.P. for the University, were actively concerned. The pun in line 3 is not the weakest that can be found in some of these performances.

THE CAMBRIDGE DIONYSIA. (p. 249)

"In the year 1858 there appeared at Cambridge the *Lion*, a magazine very creditably conducted, written chiefly or entirely by undergraduates. [It was edited by H. R. Haweis.] It displayed Transcendental tendencies, which, combined with the belief that some of the contributors knew a good deal of German and the certainty that others knew very little Latin, excited the bitter wrath of those young men who aspired to classical honours, and among them of the author, who parodied the first number in a performance entitled the *Bear*. A second number of the obnoxious publication soon followed, and produced the *Cambridge Dionysia*, which was written in a frenzy of boyish indignation....

"The verse is in imitation of an Athenian Comedy. Whether it be that the author's mind was at the time more Greek than English, or that Cambridge society was so limited as to admit of the personal allusions being generally intelligible, and, if truth be told, rather scurrilous:—or that the style and tone of a writer are most readily assimilated by those at his own period of life:—from some or all of these causes it happens that this trifle...faithfully enough reproduces the mannerism [of the author].

"The plot, and much of the text, are in pretty close paraphrase of the *Wasps*....By a fortunate chance the names of the two principal characters in the original play required nothing but the elision of a single letter to adapt them for Cambridge use....The *Cambridge Dionysia* is the only one of the author's republished writings which was seen by Macaulay, who read it with the favouring eyes of a former Trinity undergraduate and a very indulgent uncle." [From Sir George Trevelyan's preface, *Interludes in Verse and Prose*, 1905.]

THE PROCTOR. (p. 262)

In 1857 *Alonzo the Brave*, a burlesque on the subject of *Faust*, by F. C. Burnand, was performed by the A.D.C. It was a great success. "Mr Rowley played Faust in Faust-rate style," said Tom Thornhill. It was repeated with still greater *éclat* in 1859. The hit on that occasion was the introduction, in which the Proctor and his bulldogs appeared. Faust in his study hears a noise without, and sends for the Proctor to know what is going on. The Proctor and the bulldogs arrive, and tell Faust that Alonzo the student is giving a farewell supper. On being questioned further by Faust, he exclaims "Excuse me, Sir, I can no longer stay. (*Rushes to window.*) A man without his cap and gown! Away!!" Then follows the accompanying Trio, to tune of "Begone dull care." The passage was encored no less than six times. "It was," says Sir Francis, "the funniest thing, of its kind, I ever saw on the A.D.C. stage:" but when *Alonzo* was played away from Cambridge, the Proctor was cut out.

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THE A.D.C. (p. 262)

In March, 1860, the A.D.C. pulled down its barns and built greater; *i.e.* it removed into new and more commodious rooms; the subscription was increased and the membership enlarged. On March 6 the first performance took place on the new stage. *Still Waters Run Deep* was the main piece, followed by Burnand's burlesque, *Barefaced Impostors*. G. O. Trevelyan wrote the preliminary address, which was spoken by C. Weguelin. The allusion in "Dido's great author" is to the first *London* play of Burnand, first produced at the St James's. The Drum-major was E. Hambro, six feet four, who acted the Bulldog in the Proctor-scene of *Alonzo* in the previous year. "Monday week" refers to the Littlego, then looming very near; and the "clotted gravy" is one more sarcasm on the never-failing subject of the Trinity kitchen—a sarcasm likely to be appreciated, as nearly everybody in the Club was a Trinity man.

Twiss—"The fame of our new honorary member Quintin Twiss (in *To Paris and back for Five Pounds*) attracted the largest audiences ever known." Burnand, p. 162. Twiss was supposed to have *painted* his studs on his shirt-front; many brought opera-glasses to see these wonders more clearly. It was in vain that he announced he had never painted them, and never would paint them. At last some one stepped forward, and announced that "Mr Twiss did not paint his studs as a rule, but perhaps to-morrow night he would do so, to oblige."

Bleeding beef. Cp. the lines in *The Cambridge Boat of 1860*:

And say that our grumbling exceeds all belief,
So well have you thriven on Trinity beef;

with Sir George Trevelyan's note: "The burning question with Trinity undergraduates was the alleged badness of the dinner in hall."

THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT OF 1860. (p. 265)

"In accordance with a custom established for some years past, the following lines were written, by request, before the event of the contest. Whether they had a Tyrtæan effect may be doubted; their prophetic attributes cannot be denied. The allusions are of a local nature; but the general interest excited by the race may justify their insertion. It may be well to remind our readers of the names of the oarsmen, and their position in the boat—1 S. Heathcote, Trin. 2 H. J. Chaytor, Jesus. 3 D. Ingles, Trin. 4 J. S. Blake, Corpus. 5 M. Coventry, Trin. H. 6 B. N. Cherry, Clare. 7 A. H. Fairbairn, Trin. 8 J. Hall, Magd. Cox. J. T. Morland, Trin." [From *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1860.]

James Stirling. Senior Wrangler of the year, afterwards the eminent judge.

The Cambridge boat won the race of 1860, for the last time for ten years.

SONG OF THE ROWERS. (p. 269)

This poem is interesting on account of its authorship. Timothy Loker was a National School boy in Cambridge, and was sent to work before he was ten. Yet he contrived to give himself an education, and wrote some very respectable verses to *The Family Herald* (the proprietor of which,

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G. Biggs, left him £100) and to other papers. The volume of poems from which these verses are taken was published by request; and Loker "hopes he shall be forgiven by a few to whom his warmest thanks are due." There are many poems on the delights of "Eights;" few on those of the less distinguished "townees."

HORACE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ATHENS. (p. 272)

For the adequate appreciation of the accompanying extracts, this very clever extravaganza ought to be read in full: but it is perhaps too long for complete reproduction here. Sir George Trevelyan's own preface says, "The passages that refer to the fighting then taking place in Virginia will serve as specimens of the tone in which young Englishmen of the day wrote and talked about the greatest event of our time." On the "Paley card" his note is as follows: "The card alluded to was an epitome of evidences of Christianity. In this synopsis doctrinal arguments were summed up in rude Hexameters and Pentameters for the assistance of treacherous memories. The eleven proofs of the authenticity of the Historical Scriptures were contained in the lines:

Quoted, sui generis, vols, titles, publicly, comment,
Both sides, without doubt, attacked, catalogue, apocryphal."

COLUMNÆ ROSTRATÆ. (p. 280).

Mr Heitland's admirable Latin epitaph on Goldie, inscribed on the brass in John's Chapel, will be familiar to many.

THE VULTURE AND THE HUSBANDMAN. (p. 286)

We may perhaps add the following little epigram by Hilton:

"St Catharine's College have kindly offered to surrender themselves bodily to King's College upon condition of perfect incorporation, and that King's should take the name of St Catharine's. It is uncertain whether the following epigram was composed by the Provost of one College or the Master of the other."

Cats may look up at Kings,
The proverb says, but that's
By no means proof that King's
Should not look down on Cat's.

1872

IN MEMORIAM. (p. 292)

Robert Bendall, of Peterhouse, was the last of the old race of college barbers, who were as much on the foundation as the cooks. At King's, as Mr Clark says, the Fellows paid for their shaving, but that of the Provost was paid for by the College.

Richard Shilleto, one of the most famous of later Greek scholars, was, like Porson, also noted for his epigrammatic ability, which—in Greek, Latin, or English—often distorted itself in verses on persons or incidents of local interest. He was elected Fellow of Peterhouse (late in life) in 1867.

NOTES

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT. (p. 296)

These verses, which conclude Sir Francis Burnand's *Reminiscences of the A.D.C.*, are a paraphrase of Lord Houghton's Epilogue to *Much Ado*, 1830, given on a previous page.

CAMBRIDGE DAYS. (p. 307)

This sonnet is addressed to a friend, the Rev. Henry Sandwith, M.A.

While Shirley (a friend of Laud) was at Catharine Hall, Cambridge, he formed a close attachment with Bancroft, the Epigrammatist, who has recorded their friendship in the following lines (1635):—

James! thou and I did spend some precious yeares
At Katherine Hall, since when we sometimes feele
In our poetick braines (as plaine appeares)
A whirling tricke, there caught from Katherine's wheele.

AN AGRICULTURAL DUET. (p. 345)

It was suggested by the Agricultural Syndicate that farming should be taught at Cambridge, and that lectures should be given by "Practical Agriculturalists."

BALLADE OF DEAD WIT. (p. 357)

"Three centuries" alludes to the title of Mr Whibley's work.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A COLLEGE CAT. (p. 358)

We fear these lines refer to the "Senior Fellow" of an Oxford College; but their authorship perhaps justifies us in including them in this collection.

ON THE OPENING OF THE NEW THEATRE. (p. 366)

"Our play" was *Hamlet*, in which Mr Beerbohm Tree played the Prince. This prologue was spoken by Mrs Tree.

SPORT. (p. 367)

In the University cricket-match of 1896 occurred an incident trifling in itself, but seeming to indicate that the old chivalry was giving way to the modern sporting principle of "Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo."

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM. (p. 372).

On the 21st of May, 1897, the question of admitting women to degrees, which had agitated the University for months past, was brought to a vote in the Senate-House, where the women's cause was lost by an overwhelming majority. The scene at the voting was remarkable. Across Caius College was hung a long sheet, inscribed "Get you to Girton, Beatrice, get you to Newnham; here is no place for you maids": the voters, many of whom came from a distance, were pelted with flour or confetti, and in every way it was made plain that the majority of the undergraduates were against the claims of the women. At night the rejoicings were almost unprecedented; the Market-Place in particular being the scene of a great uproar.

NOTES

THE DRAINS. (p. 380)

In the year 1898 a new and expensive system of drainage was inaugurated in Cambridge, the effect of which, at least for the first few months, was to make the town a formidable rival of Cologne as described by Coleridge. Many fly-sheets, sarcastic sets of verses, and innumerable "odorous comparisons" were a scarcely less painful secondary result. Parodies of Tennyson's *Brook* or of Shirley's *Actions of the Just*, showed the indignation of the inhabitants at the inordinate length of time during which these pungent odours assailed their nostrils. A controversy between Dr Clifford Allbutt (Regius Professor of Medicine) and Dr Hyde Hills, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*.

When two Doctors dispute and, to lighten their brains,
Ventilate their opinions (as if they were drains)
We are left to infer, if the knot we would cut,
That the one is all wrong and the other all but.

It was actually discovered (appropriately enough by Professor Skeat) that the situation had been predicted by no less a poet than Chaucer. (See *Canterbury Tales*, F 1261—1305.) These verses differ in only a few words from the original.

THE FRESHMAN AND THE DEAN. (p. 386)

"Many of these verses," says Mr E. H. Griffiths of Sidney in his *Lyra Fumosa*, "were common property in this University as far back as 1870, and were then usually chanted to the measure of *Villikens and his Dinah*; and the original chorus was 'With a torral loral' etc." Mr Griffiths is responsible for one stanza in the version here given, for the refrain, and for the now unimpeachable moral.

Although the scheme of this book excludes prose, some of our readers may be glad to see the following quaint description of Cambridge as it was in the seventeenth century. It may form a pendant to the *Poem attempting something on the Rarities of Cambridge* (1673).

"Cambridge, after Oxford, is the most famous university of England, also one of the greatest towns, and the most peopled with rich merchants, although its situation does not seem the most advantageous, on account of the many rivers and great marshes in the neighbourhood, which make it resemble one of the towns in the low Countries; but it is not on this account the less agreeable and convenient, as one may, by these means, bring from afar such things as are wanted. But above all, what I think the most remarkable is, its colleges; for here are no fortifications, nor is it enclosed by walls. One sees only, on that side through which I arrived, a castle somewhat elevated, having in the center a large dungeon, commanding all its environs. This quarter is properly a suburb, distinguished from the town by the river Cam, over which is a great bridge, where the two great streets meet which cross the whole town. They reckon here twelve colleges, among which are four worth going to see; these, for the most part, are in one of those fine streets on the right hand of the bridge foot. That of the Trinity is the finest; which has a great court, and in the midst thereof an admirable fountain; it has also a garden and a fine library. That of St John has two fine courts, both enclosed by large and well-constructed buildings.

NOTES

"I was introduced to the Principal of this college, who had resided a long time in Italy, and spoke Italian well. He would not quit me till I had seen all the colleges, and every thing worth notice in the town. During the five days I remained at Cambridge, he conducted me over his college, and made me observe curiously the library, and the garden, which extends along the bank of the great canal of the river, where there is a long walk of several rows of trees. King's College, and that of the university, called Clerhal, are also remarkable, particularly the church of the latter, which is the handsomest in the town. Its outside is ornamented with many little miniatures, and with pyramids, which make it appear as if crowned with flowers. The windows seem to be of chrystal, of every colour, representing the history of the Old Testament; and under them, in bas-relief, are the blasons of the greatest lords of the country, which serve round about that fine church like tapestry. Its lobby, or interval, between the nave and choir, is in the fashion of a lattice, covered with leaf-work, accompanied by all sorts of fruit and birds, represented according to nature, and so well, that the Principal, who had, as well as I, made the voyage of Italy, obliged me to acknowledge that nothing more beautiful, or of better workmanship, was to be seen there. The whole of divine service is sang there every day to music. I think I there counted more than fifty musicians, as many clerks, and the like number of ministers. We ascended to the top of the church, which has a platform surrounded with balustrades, with four small turrets at the four corners, which gives much grace to this edifice. The fourth college to be noted is Christ Church, situated almost at one end of the town. Its fountain is tolerably handsome. What are the most wonderful to see in Cambridge are the many fountains, although the town is situated on a low spot; and that there are so many people, and so many rich shop-keepers, that the scholars are scarcely perceived in the town, although they are in great numbers. Besides the two great streets, there is the large market-place, where a market is held several days in the week: it has a fountain in the middle, and round about it some good public houses, in one of which was my inn, where I treated the before-mentioned head of the college with some good French wine.

"There are many pleasant walks in the environs of Cambridge, to which one may go on the river, the barks from the sea coming up to the great quay in the center of the town. I departed, after having satisfied my curiosity, and thanked my intelligent conductor, and some other professors, who had accompanied me."

1672

STEPHEN JOREVIN

Translation in Grose,

Antiquarian Repertory, Vol. IV. p. 518

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Tost logick, suckt Philosophy,
Eate Cues, drunk Cees, and cannot giue a letter
The right Courtiers crest?

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